Frontispiece



W Hamilton del.

C Grignion Sc

THE

ARGONAUTICS

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS,

IN FOUR BOOKS,

By FRANCIS FAWKES:

THE WHOLE

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND COMPLETED,

By his COADJUTOR and EDITOR;

WHO HAS ANNEXED A TRANSLATION OF

COLUTHUS'S GREEK POEM

ON THE

RAPE OF HELEN,

OR

THE ORIGIN OF THE TROJAN WAR;

WITH NOTES.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.LXXX.

TO THE

MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

FREDERIC,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND

AND METROPOLITAN,

THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS

IS, BY PERMISSION,

AND WITH ALL HUMILITY,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MOST DUTIFUL,

AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

THE

PREFACE.

THE author of this poem was the ſon of Silleus and Illeus. He was born at Alexandria in Egypt, and educated under Callimachus. He received the name of Rhodius, or the Rhodian, either from his mother, whoſe name was Rhoda, or, more probably, from the city Rhodes. During his ſtay in this place he finiſhed his Argonautic poem, and founded a ſchool of rhetoric. Ptolemy Euergetes, in whoſe reign our poet flouriſhed, two hundred and forty-four years before Chriſt, recalled him from his retirement at Rhodes, and appointed him ſucceſſor to Eratoſthenes in the care of the Alexandrian library. The favours which had been conferred on Callimachus in the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, were continued to him by his ſucceſſor Ptolemy Euergetes. So that Callimachus, no leſs than his ſcholar, was protected and patroniſed by his prince. This circumſtance, among others, gave occaſion to thoſe jealouſies and diſſenſions, which ſubſiſted between theſe rival poets. Callimachus is ſuppoſed to have alluded, in

the following lines, to that invidious ſpirit which prevailed in his ſcholar.

Ὁ φθόνος Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπ' ὄατα λάθριος εἶπεν,
Οὐκ ἄγαμαι τὸν ἀοιδὸν, ὃς οὐδ', ὅσα Πόντος, ἀείδει.
Call. Hymn. ad Ap. v. 105.

For Apollonius, anxious to eſtabliſh his own reputation, and jealous of his maſter's, had depreciated thoſe more numerous, but lighter productions, in which the Muſe of Callimachus excelled; epigrams, hymns, and elegies.

It will be no improper introduction to the following poem to trace the ſubject of it to its ſource: nor can we expect to be guided through its intricacies by a ſafer clue, than that which the ancients have afforded us.

Ino was the wife of Athamas, king of Orchomenos; from whom he was ſoon after divorced, and married Nephele. But ſhe incurring his diſpleaſure, he reſtored the repudiated Ino to his bed. By her he had two children, Learchus and Melicerta; by Nephele he had Phrixus and Helle. Ino beheld the children of her rival with a jealous eye. For they, being the eldeſt, had a prior claim to their father's inheritance. Reſolved on their deſtruction, ſhe concerted the following plan, as moſt likely to effect it. A grievous famine laying waſte the country, it was judged expedient to conſult the oracle about the means of ſuppreſſing it. Ino having gained

over

over the prieſts to her intereſt, prevailed on them to return this anſwer; that the ravages of famine could no otherwiſe be ſuppreſſed, than by the ſacrifice of Nephele's children. Phrixus, who was made acquainted with the cruel purpoſe of Ino, freighted his veſſel with his father's treaſures, and embarked with his ſiſter Helle for Colchis. The voyage proved fatal to her; and the ſea, into which ſhe fell, was named from her the Helleſpont. But Phrixus arrived ſafe at Colchis; and was protected from the cruelties of his ſtep-mother Ino, at the court of Æetes his kinſman, who beſtowed on him his daughter Chalciope in marriage. Upon his arrival he conſecrated his ſhip to Mars; on whoſe prow was repreſented the figure of a ram. This embelliſhment, it is ſuppoſed by ſome of the hiſtorians, gave riſe to the fiction, of his having ſwam to Colchis on the back of that animal, of his having ſacrificed it to Mars, and hung up its fleece in the temple of that God. It is this imaginary fleece which is celebrated by the poets for having given birth to the expedition of the Argonauts. A variety of whimſical conjectures have been formed concerning it. Some are of opinion, that it was a book of ſheep-ſkins, containing the myſteries of the chymic art. Others have aſſured us, that it ſignified the riches of the country; with which their rivers, that abounded in gold, ſupplied its inhabitants: and that, from the ſheep-ſkins made uſe of in

collecting the golden duſt, it was called the Golden Fleece.

For a further illuſtration of the ſubject of this poem, it will be neceſſary to inſert the following hiſtory.

Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, had two ſons by Neptune, Neleus and Pelias: by Cretheus ſhe had Æſon, Pheres and Amithaon. The city of Iolcos in Theſſaly, which Cretheus built, was the capital of his dominions. He left his kingdom at his death to Æſon his eldeſt ſon; but made no proviſion for Pelias. Pelias, however, growing every day more powerful, at length dethroned Æſon. And hearing that his wife Alcimeda was delivered of a ſon, he was reſolutely bent on his deſtruction. For he had been forewarned by the oracle, that he muſt be dethroned by a prince, deſcended from Æolus, and who ſhould appear before him with one foot bare. Æſon and Alcimeda being informed of the tyrant's intention, conveyed their ſon to mount Pelion, where he was educated by Chiron. Having attained to maturity, he conſulted the oracle; who encouraged him to repair to the court of Iolcos. Pelias, hearing of the arrival of this ſtranger, and of the circumſtance of his appearance with only one ſandal, concluded that this muſt be the perſon, whom the oracle had foretold. Having made himſelf and his ſituation known to his uncle, Jaſon demanded of him the crown, which he had ſo unjuſtly

unjuſtly uſurped. Pelias was greatly alarmed at this requiſition. But knowing that a thirſt for glory is the darling paſſion of youth, he contrived to appeaſe his nephew's reſentment by diſcloſing to him the means of gratifying his ambition. He aſſured him, that Phrixus, when he ſailed from Orchomenos, had carried with him a Fleece of Gold, the poſſeſſion of which would at the ſame time enrich and immortalize him. The propoſal had its deſired effect. Jaſon ſignified his acceptance of it, and collected ſpeedily the moſt illuſtrious princes of Greece, who were eager to embark in a cauſe, that was at once advantageous and honourable. Who theſe heroes were, the route they took, the dangers with which they encountered, and the ſucceſs they met with, are particulars recorded by Apollonius, and on which he has laviſhed all the graces of poetry.

Such is the hiſtory of the Golden Fleece, as delivered down to us by the ancient poets and hiſtorians. This celebrated expedition is generally ſuppoſed to be the firſt æra of true hiſtory. Sir Iſaac Newton places it about forty-three years after the death of Solomon, and nine hundred and thirty-ſeven years before the birth of Chriſt. He apprehends, that the Greeks, hearing of the diſtractions of Egypt, ſent the moſt renowned heroes of their country in the ſhip Argo, to perſuade the nations on the coaſt of the Euxine ſea to throw off the Egyptian yoke, as the Lybians, Ethiopians, and Jews had before done. But Mr. Bryant

has given us a far different account of this matter in his very learned ſyſtem of mythology: whoſe ſentiments on this head I have endeavoured to collect, and have ventured to give them a place in this preface. For the novelty of his hypotheſis, and the learning and ingenuity with which it is ſupported, cannot fail to entertain and inſtruct us.

The main plot, ſays the learned and ingenious mythologiſt, as it is tranſmitted to us, is certainly a fable, and replete with inconſiſtencies and contradictions. Yet many writers, ancient and modern, have taken the account in groſs; and without heſitation, or exception to any particular part, have preſumed to fix the time of this tranſaction. And having ſatisfied themſelves in this point, they have preſumed to make uſe of it for a ſtated æra. Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that this hiſtory, upon which Sir Iſaac Newton built ſo much, did certainly not relate to Greece; though adopted by the people of that country. He contends, that Sir Iſaac's calculation reſted upon a weak foundation. That it is doubtful, whether ſuch perſons as Chiron or Muſæus ever exiſted; and ſtill more doubtful, whether they formed a ſphere for the Argonauts. He produces many arguments to convince us, that the expedition itſelf was not a Grecian operation; and that this ſphere at any rate was not a Grecian work: and if not from Greece, it muſt certainly be the produce of Egypt. For the aſtronomy of Greece confeſſedly came from that country: con-

ſequently the hiſtory to which it alludes, muſt have been from the ſame quarter. Many of the conſtellations, ſays our author, are of Egyptian original. The zodiac, which Sir Iſaac Newton ſuppoſed to relate to the Argonautic expedition, was, he aſſerts, an aſſemblage of Egyptian *hieroglyphics*.

After having enumerated all the particulars of their voyage, the different routes they are ſuppoſed to have taken, and the many inconſiſtencies with which the whole ſtory abounds, Mr. Bryant proceeds to obſerve, that the mythology, as well as the rites of Greece, was borrowed from Egypt; and that it was founded upon ancient hiſtories, which had been tranſmitted in hieroglyphical repreſentations. Theſe, by length of time, became obſcure; and the ſign was taken for the reality, and accordingly explained. Hence aroſe the fable about the bull of Europa, and the like. In all theſe is the ſame hiſtory under a different allegory and emblem. In the wanderings of Rhea, Iſis, Aſtarte, Iona and Damater, is figured out the ſeparation of mankind by their families, and their journeying to their places of allotment. At the ſame time, the diſperſion of one particular race of men, and their flight over the face of the earth, is principally deſcribed. Of this family were the perſons, who preſerved the chief memorials of the ark in the Gentile world. They repreſented it under different emblems, and called it Demater, Pyrrha, Selene, Meen, Argo, Argus, Archas, and Archaius,

or Archite. The Grecians, proceeds the learned writer, by taking this ſtory of the Argo to themſelves, have plunged into numberleſs difficulties. In the account of the Argo, we have undeniably the hiſtory of a ſacred ſhip, the firſt that was ever conſtructed. This truth the beſt writers among the Grecians confeſs, though the merit of the performance they would fain take to themſelves. Yet after all their prejudices they continually betray the truth, and ſhew that the hiſtory was derived to them from Egypt. The cauſe of all the miſtakes in this curious piece of mythology aroſe from hence. The Arkites, who came into Greece, ſettled in many parts, but eſpecially in Argolis and Theſſalia; where they introduced their rites and worſhip. In the former of theſe regions, they were commemorated under a notion of the arrival of Da-naus, or Danaus. It is ſuppoſed to have been a perſon, who fled from his brother Ægyptus, and came over in a ſacred ſhip given him by Minerva. This ſhip, like the Argo, is ſaid to have been the firſt ſhip conſtructed; and he was aſſiſted in the building of it by the ſame Deity, Divine Wiſdom. Both hiſtories relate to the ſame event. Danaus, upon his arrival, built a temple, called Argus, to Iona, or Juno; of which he made his daughters prieſteſſes. The people of the place had an obſcure tradition of a deluge, in which moſt periſhed, ſome few only eſcaping. The principal of theſe was Deucalion,

who took refuge in the acropolis, or temple. Thoſe who ſettled in Theſſaly, carried with them the ſame memorials concerning Deucalion, and his deliverance; which they appropriated to their own country. They muſt have had traditions of this great event ſtrongly impreſſed upon their minds; as every place, to which they gave name, had ſome reference to that hiſtory. In proceſs of time, theſe impreſſions grew more and more faint, and their emblematical worſhip became very obſcure and unintelligible. Hence they at laſt confined the hiſtory of this event to their own country; and the Argo was ſuppoſed to have been built, where it was originally enſhrined. As it was reverenced under the ſymbol of the Moon, called Man or Mon, the people from this circumſtance name their country Ai-mona, in after times rendered Aimonia.

This extract from the ingenious and learned mythologiſt will enable the reader to form ſome idea of his ſentiments on this ſubject.

But whatever diſguſt the grave hiſtorian may have conceived at this unſightly mixture of the marvellous and the probable, the poet needs not be offended at it. Fiction is his province. He may be allowed to expatiate in the regions of fancy without controul, and to introduce his fiery bulls and ſleepleſs dragons without the dread of cenſure.

The Argonautic expedition has been the admired ſubject of the Greek and Roman poets from Orpheus,

or rather from Onomacritus, who lived in the times of Piſiſtratus, to thoſe of our author's imitators, who lived in the decline of the Roman empire. To weigh the merits of theſe ancient poets in the juſt ſcale of criticiſm, and to appropriate to each his due ſhare of praiſe, is a taſk too arduous and aſſuming for an humble editor to engage in. Yet ſuch is the partiality of tranſlators and editors to their favourite poets, that they wiſh, either to find them ſeated above their rivals and contemporaries on the ſummits of Parnaſſus, or, if poſſible, to fix them there. But vain are theſe wiſhes, unleſs the teſtimonies of the firſt writers of antiquity concur to gratify them. The reputation of Apollonius can neither be impaired nor enhanced by the ſtrictures of Scaliger and Rapin: the judgment of Quintilian and Longinus may, indeed, more materially affect it. They have delivered their opinions on our author in the following words:

Ἐπείτοι γε καὶ ἄπλωτος ὁ Ἀπολλώνιος, ὁ τῶν Ἀργοναυτικῶν ποιητὴς, ἂρ' ἐν Ὁμήρου ἄν μᾶλλον, ἢ Ἀπολλώνιος ἐθέλοις γενέσθαι; Sect. xxxiii. *Longin.* de Sublim.

Non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quadam mediocritate. *Quinctil.* Inſt. Orat. L. x. c. 1.

Unfortunately, as it ſhould ſeem, for the Rhodian, theſe celebrated ſtrictures wear the double face of approbation and cenſure. The praiſe that is conveyed under the term ἄπλωτος, that he no where ſinks,

ſinks, is loſt in the implication, that he is no where elevated. The expreſſion, *non contemnendum opus*, apparently a flattering meioſis, is limited to its loweſt ſenſe by the ſubſequent obſervation, *æquali quadam mediocritate*. But we muſt not deſert our poet even in this extremity; for if imitation implies eſteem and admiration, Apollonius's nobleſt eulogy will be found in the writings of Virgil. Thoſe applauded paſſages in this poet, which are confeſſedly imitated from our author, may ſerve as a counterpoiſe to the ſentence of the critics. Apollonius was Virgil's favourite author. He has incorporated into his Æneid his ſimilies and his epiſodes; and has ſhewn the ſuperiority of his judgment by his juſt application and arrangement of them.

But it is not the Mantuan poet only, who has fetched from this ſtorehouſe the moſt precious materials. Valerius Flaccus, who has made choice of the ſame ſubject with the Rhodian, has diſcovered through every part of his work a ſingular predilection for him. He is allowed to have imitated the ſtyle of Virgil with tolerable ſucceſs; but he is indebted for the conduct of his poem chiefly to Apollonius. It is remarkable, that Quintilian, who has objected mediocrity to our author, has mentioned this his cloſeſt imitator in terms of the higheſt reſpect. Yet muſt it be confeſſed, that the genius of Flaccus ſeldom ſoars ſo high, as when it is invigorated and enlightened by the Muſe of Apollonius.

But

But the admiration, in which this writer has been held by the Roman poets, did not expire with them. The rage of imitation, far from ceasing, has caught congenial spirits in every succeeding period; and the most approved passages in this elegant poem have been diffused through the works of the most admired moderns. It were needless to mention any others than Milton and Camoens. Milton's imitations of Apollonius are, many of them, specified in the notes inserted in Bishop Newton's valuable edition of all that writer's poetical works. Camoens, who has hitherto been known to the English reader only through the obscure and crude version of Fanshaw, has appeared of late greatly to advantage, in the very animated translation of Mr. Mickle. That the refined taste of Camoens was formed on the model of the Greek and Roman poets, is evident throughout the Lusiad; which abounds in allusions to the pagan mythology, and is enriched with a profusion of graces derived from the ancient classics. In the number of these it can be no disparagement to his poem to reckon Apollonius Rhodius; to the merit of whose work Camoens, if I misjudge not, was no stranger. The subject of the Portuguese poem bears a striking resemblance to that which our author has chosen. For the heroes both of Portugal and Greece traversed unknown seas, in pursuit of the wealth with which an unknown country was expected to supply them. Camoens not only alludes to Argo

and

and her demigods, but ſeems particularly fond of drawing a compariſon betwixt the heroes of his country and thoſe of Theſſaly.

Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown, &c.

B. i. p. 9.

With ſuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the firſt keel the Euxine ſurges plow'd;
When bravely venturous for the Golden Fleece,
Orac'lous Argo ſail'd from wondering Greece.

B. iv. p. 172.

And ſoon after;

While each preſaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet ſhould give ſome ſtarry band a name.

" The ſolemnity of the night ſpent in devotion, the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and intereſting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, *unborrowed from any of the claſſics.*" See *the concluding note* to B. iv.

Apollonius has admitted into his firſt book, on a ſimilar occaſion, moſt of the above-mentioned particulars, and many others equally intereſting. The prayer of Jaſon, and the ſacrifices previous to their embarkation, are circumſtantially related. The lamentations of Alcimeda at the loſs of her ſon, the ſilent grief of Æſon his father, and the tears of his friends,

friends, contribute to make this parting ſcene the moſt pathetic imaginable. Through the whole of this affecting interview Camoens ſeems not to have loſt ſight of Apollonius. But, leſt it ſhould be ſaid, that a ſimilarity of ſituations naturally produces a ſimilarity of ſentiments; and that we ought not to interpret a reſemblance like this, which might be caſual only, to be the effect of ſtudied imitation; another paſſage may be ſelected from the Luſiad, which is univerſally admired for its genuine ſublimity, and is affirmed to be the happieſt effort of unaſſiſted genius. "The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandeſt fiction in human compoſition; *the invention his own!*" See *the diſſertation* prefixed to Mr. Mickle's tranſlation of the Luſiad.

There is a paſſage in the third book of Apollonius, to which the deſcription of the apparition at the Cape bears a ſtriking reſemblance; I mean, the appearance of the ghoſt of Sthenelus, ſtanding on his tomb, and ſurveying the Argonauts as they ſail beſide him. The deſcription of Camoens is indeed heightened by many additional circumſtances, and enriched with a profuſion of the boldeſt images. The colouring is his own; but the firſt deſign and outlines of the piece appear to be taken from our poet.

But it is time to quit the imitators of Apollonius, and to give ſome account of his tranſlators.

Dr.

Dr. Broome, well known in the literary world for the part he took in the tranſlation of the Odyſſey, and for his notes annexed to it, has given an elegant verſion of the loves of Jaſon and Medea, and of the ſtory of Talus; which are publiſhed with his original poems. Mr. Weſt, who has transfuſed into his verſion of the odes of Pindar much of the ſpirit of his ſublime original, has preſented us in an Engliſh dreſs with one or two detached pieces from our author. Mr. Ekins has tranſlated the third book, and about two hundred lines of the fourth. Had this gentleman undertaken a verſion of the whole poem, Mr. Fawkes, I am confident, would have deſiſted from the attempt. The public has long been in poſſeſſion of ſeveral tranſlations by this latter writer. Thoſe of Anacreon and Theocritus are acknowledged to have conſiderable merit. The work before us was undertaken at the requeſt of Mr. Fawkes's particular friends: and the encreaſing number of his ſubſcribers encouraged him to perſevere in his deſign; but the completion of it was prevented by the premature ſtroke of fate. What part the editor has taken in this work, is a matter of too ſmall importance to need an explanation. But leſt his motive ſhould be miſtaken, and vanity ſhould be ſuppoſed to have inſtigated what friendſhip only ſuggeſted, he begs leave to add, as the beſt apology he can offer for engaging in this work; that with no other ambition than to aſſiſt his friend,

friend, did he comply with his ſolicitations to become his coadjutor; and with no other motive does he now appear as his editor, than to enable the widow to avail herſelf of thoſe generous ſubſcriptions, for which ſhe takes occaſion here to make her thankful acknowledgments.

March 27,
1780.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK.

B THE

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book commences with the liſt and character of the Argonauts. Before they embark, two of the chiefs quarrel; but are pacified by the harmony of Orpheus. They ſet ſail, and land at Lemnos, an iſland inhabited by female warriors; who, though they had ſlain their huſbands and turned Amazons, are ſo charmed with theſe heroes, that they admit them to their beds. Thence they ſail to the country of the Dolions, and are kindly received by their king Cyzicus. Looſing from thence in the night, and being driven back by contrary winds, they are miſtaken for Pelaſgians, with whom the Dolions were then at war. A battle enſues, in which Cyzicus and many of his men are ſlain. The morning diſcovers the unhappy miſtake. Thence they ſail to Myſia. Hercules breaks his oar; and while he is gone into a wood to make a new one, Hylas is ſtolen by a nymph, as he is ſtooping for water at a fountain. Hercules and Polyphemus go in ſearch of him. Meanwhile the Argonauts leave them behind, and ſail to Bithynia.

THE

THE ARGONAUTICS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

BOOK I.

INSPIR'D by thee, O Phœbus, I resound
The glorious deeds of heroes long renown'd,
Whom Pelias urg'd the Golden Fleece to gain,
And well-built Argo wafted o'er the main,
Through the Cyanean rocks. The voice divine
Pronounc'd this sentence from the sacred shrine;
'Erelong, and dreadful woes, foredoom'd by fate,
'Thro' that man's counsels shall on Pelias wait,
'Whom he, before the altar of his God,
'Shall view in public with one sandal shod.'
And, lo! as by this oracle foretold,
What time adventurous Jason, brave and bold,
Anaurus past, high swoln with winter's flood,
He left one sandal rooted in the mud.

To Pelias, thus, the haſty prince repair'd,
And the rich banquet at his altar ſhar'd.
The ſtately altar, with oblations ſtor'd,
Was to his ſire erected, ocean's lord,
And every Power that in Olympus reigns,
Save Juno, regent of Theſſalia's plains.
Pelias, whoſe looks his latent fears expreſs'd,
Fir'd with a bold adventure Jaſon's breaſt;
That, ſunk in ocean, or on ſome rude ſhore
Proſtrate, he ne'er might view his country more.
Old bards affirm this warlike ſhip was made
By ſkilful Argus, with Minerva's aid.
'Tis mine to ſing the chiefs, their names and race,
Their tedious wanderings on the main to trace,
And all their great achievements to rehearſe:
Deign, ye propitious Nine, to aid my verſe.

First in the liſt, to join the princely bands,
The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, ſtands;
Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's ſhore,
Near Pimpla's mount, to bold Œägrus bore.
Hard rocks he ſoften'd with perſuaſive ſong,
And ſooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along.
Yon beeches tall, that bloom near Zona, ſtill
Remain memorials of his vocal ſkill:

His

His lays Pieria's liſtening trees admire,
And move in meaſures to his melting lyre.
Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Biſtons reign'd,
By Chiron's art to Jaſon's intereſt gain'd.
Afterion next; whoſe ſire rejoic'd to till
Pireſian valleys by Phylleion's hill,
Born near Apidanus, who ſportive leads
His winding waters thro' the fertile meads;
There where, from far, Enipeus, ſtream divine,
And wide Apidanus their currents join,
The ſon of Elatus, of deathleſs fame,
From fair Lariſſa, Polyphemus came.
Long ſince, when in the vigour of his might,
He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight
Againſt the Centaurs; now his ſtrength declin'd
Thro' age, yet young and martial was his mind.
Not long at Phylace Iphiclus ſtaid,
Great Jaſon's uncle; pleas'd he join'd his aid,
And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from far,
Urg'd by affinity and love of war.
Nor long Admetus, who at Pheræ reign'd,
Near high Chalcodon's bleating fields remain'd,
Echion, Erytus, for wiles renown'd,
Left Alope, with golden harveſts crown'd;

The gainful ſons of Mercury: with theſe
Their brother came, the bold Æthalides;
Whom fair Eupolema, the Phthian, bore
Where ſmooth Amphryſos rolls his watery ſtore:
Thoſe, Menetus, from thy fair daughter ſprung,
Antianira, beautiful and young.
Coronus came, from Gyrton's wealthy town,
Great as his ſire in valour and renown,
Cæneus his ſire; who, as old bards relate,
Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.
Alone, unaided, with tranſcendent might,
Boldly he fac'd, and put his foes to flight.
But they, reviving ſoon, regain'd their ground;
Yet fail'd to vanquiſh, and they could not wound.
Unbroke, unmov'd, the chief his breath reſigns,
O'erwhelm'd beneath a monument of pines.
From Titareſus Mopſus bent his way,
Inſpir'd an augur by the God of day.
Eurydamas, to ſhare fair honour's crown,
Forſook near Xynias' lake his native town,
Nam'd Ctimena: Menœtius join'd the band,
Diſmiſs'd from Opuns by his ſire's command.
Next came Eurytion, Irus' valiant ſon,
And Eribotes, ſeed of Teleon.

Oïleus join'd theſe heroes, fam'd afar
For ſtratagems and fortitude in war;
Well ſkill'd the hoſtile ſquadrons to ſubdue,
Bold in attack, and ardent to purſue.
Next, by Canethus, ſon of Abans, ſent,
Ambitious Canthus from Eubœa went;
Doom'd ne'er again to reach his native ſhore,
Nor view the towers of proud Cerinthus more.
For thus decreed the deſtinies ſevere,
That he and Mopſus, venerable ſeer,
After long toils and various wanderings paſt,
On Afric's dreary coaſt ſhould breathe their laſt.
How ſhort the term aſſign'd to human woe,
Clos'd, as it is, by death's deciſive blow!
On Afric's dreary coaſt their graves were made,
From Phaſis diſtant far their bones were laid;
Far as the eaſt and weſtern limits run,
Far as the riſing from the ſetting ſun.
Clytius and Iphitus unite their aid,
Who all the country round Œchalia ſway'd;
Theſe were the ſons of Eurytus the proud,
On whom his bow the God of day beſtow'd;
But he, devoid of gratitude, defy'd,
And challeng'd Phœbus with a rival's pride.

The ſons of Æacus, intrepid race!
Separate advanc'd, and from a different place.
For when their brother unawares they ſlew,
From fair Ægina diverſe they withdrew.
Fair Salamis king Telamon obey'd,
And valiant Peleus Phthia's ſceptre ſway'd.
Next Butes came from fam'd Cecropia far.
Brave Teleon's ſon, a chief renown'd in war.
To wield the deadly lance Phalerus boaſts,
Who, by his ſire commiſſion'd, joins the hoſts:
No ſon, ſave this, e'er bleſs'd the hoary ſage,
And this heaven gave him in declining age:
Yet him he ſent, diſdaining abject fears,
To ſhine conſpicuous 'midſt his gallant peers.
Theſeus, far more than all his race renown'd,
Faſt in the cave of Tænarus was bound
With adamantine fetters, (dire abode!)
E'er ſince he trod th' irremeable road
With his beloy'd Pirithoüs: had they fail'd,
Much had their might, their courage much avail'd.
Bœotian Tiphys came, experienc'd well
Old ocean's foaming ſurges to foretell,
Experienc'd well the ſtormy winds to ſhun,
And ſteer his veſſel by the ſtars, or ſun.

Minerva urg'd him by her high command,
A welcome mate to join the princely band.
For ſhe the ſhip had form'd with heavenly ſkill,
Tho' Argus wrought the dictates of her will.
Thus plann'd, thus faſhion'd, this fam'd ſhip excell'd
The nobleſt ſhips by oar or ſail impell'd.
From Aræthyrea, that near Corinth lay,
Phlias, the ſon of Bacchus, bent his way:
Bleſs'd by his ſire, his ſplendid manſion ſtood
Faſt by the fountains of Aſopus' flood.
From Argos next the ſons of Bias came,
Areius, Talaus, candidates for fame,
With bold Leodocus, whom Pero bore,
Neleus' fair daughter, on the Argive ſhore;
For whom Melampus various woes ſuſtain'd,
In a deep dungeon by Iphiclus chain'd.
Next Hercules, endued with dauntleſs mind,
At Jaſon's ſummons, ſtay'd not long behind.
For warn'd of this adventurous band, when laſt
The chief to Argos from Arcadia paſt,
(What time in chains he brought the living boar,
The dread, the bane of Erymanthia's moor,
And at the gate of proud Mycenæ's town,
From his broad ſhoulders hurl'd the monſter down:)

Unaſk'd

Unask'd the stern Mycenian king's consent,
Instant to join the warlike host he went.
Young Hylas waited with obsequious care,
The hero's quiver and his bow to bear.
Next came, the list of demigods to grace,
He who from Danaüs deriv'd his race,
Nauplius; of whom fam'd Prætus was the son,
Of Prætus Lernus; thus the lineage run:
From Lernus Naubolus his being claim'd,
Whose valiant son was Clytoneüs nam'd.
In navigation's various arts confess'd
Shone Nauplius' skill, superior to the rest:
Him to the sea's dread lord, in days of yore,
Danaüs' fair daughter, Amymone bore.
Last of those chiefs who left the Grecian coast,
Prophetic Idmon join'd the gallant host;
(Full well he knew what cruel fate ordain'd;
But dreaded more than death his honour stain'd)
The son of Phœbus by some stolen embrace,
And number'd too with Æolus's race,
He learn'd his art prophetic from his sire,
Omens from birds and prodigies from fire.
Illustrious Pollux, fam'd for martial force,
And Castor, skill'd to guide the rapid horse,

Ætolian

Ætolian Leda ſent from Sparta's ſhore:
Both at one birth in Tyndarus' houſe ſhe bore.
No boding fears her generous mind depreſs'd;
She thought like them whom Jove's embrace had bleſs'd.
Lynceus and Idas, from Arene's wall,
Heard fame's loud ſummons, and obey'd her call:
The ſons of Aphareus, of matchleſs might,
But Lynceus ſtands renown'd for piercing ſight:
So keen his beam, that ancient fables tell,
He ſaw, thro' earth, the wondrous depths of hell.
With theſe bold Periclymenus appears,
The ſon of Neleus, moſt advanc'd in years
Of all his race; his ſire's unconquer'd pride:
Him with vaſt ſtrength old ocean's lord ſupply'd,
And gave the power, when hard in battle preſs'd,
To take whatever form might ſuit him beſt.
From Tegea's towers, where bore Aphidas ſway,
Amphidamas and Cepheus took their way,
The ſons of Aleus both; and with them went
Ancæus, by his ſire Lycurgus ſent.
Of thoſe the brother, and by birth the firſt,
Was good Lycurgus; tenderly he nurs'd
His ſire at home; but bade his gallant ſon
With the bold chiefs the race of glory run,

On his broad back a bear's rough ſpoils he wore,
And in his hand a two-edg'd pole-axe bore,
Which, that the youth might in no danger ſhare,
Were ſafe ſecreted by his grandſire's care.
Augeas too, lord of the Elean coaſt,
Sail'd, brave aſſociate, with the warlike hoſt.
Rich in poſſeſſions, of his riches proud,
Fame ſays his being to the Sun he ow'd.
Ardent he wiſh'd to ſee the Colchian ſhore,
And old Æeta who the ſceptre bore.
Aſterius and Amphion, urg'd by fame,
The valiant ſons of Hyperaſius, came
From fair Pellene, built in days of yore
By Pelle's grandſire on the lofty ſhore.
From Tænarus, that yawns with gulf profound,
Euphemus came, for rapid race renown'd.
By Neptune forc'd, Europa gave him birth,
Daughter to Tityus, hugeſt ſon of Earth.
Whene'er he ſkimm'd along the watery plain,
With feet unbath'd he ſwept the ſurging main,
Scarce bruſh'd the ſurface of the briny dew,
And light along the liquid level flew.
Two other ſons of Neptune join'd the hoſt,
This from Miletus on th' Ionian coaſt,

Erginus

Erginus nam'd, but that from Samos came,
Juno's lov'd iſle, Ancæus was his name;
Illuſtrious chiefs, and both renown'd afar
For the joint arts of ſailing and of war.
Young Meleager, Œneus' warlike ſon,
And ſage Laocoon march'd from Calydon.
From the ſame father he and Œneus ſprung;
But on the breaſts of different mothers hung.
Him Œneus purpos'd with his ſon to ſend,
A wiſe companion, and a faithful friend.
Thus to the royal chiefs his name he gave,
And green in years was number'd with the brave.
Had he continu'd but one ſummer more
A martial pupil on th' Ætolian ſhore,
Firſt on the liſts of fame the youth had ſhone,
Or own'd ſuperior Hercules alone.
His uncle too, well-ſkill'd the dart to throw,
And in th' embattled plain reſiſt the foe,
Iphiclus, venerable Theſtius' ſon,
Join'd the young chief, and boldly led him on.
The ſon of Lernus, Palæmonius, came,
Olenian Lernus; but the voice of fame
Whiſpers, that Vulcan was the hero's ſire,
And therefore limps he like the God of fire.

Of

Of nobler port or valour none could boaſt;
He added grace to Jaſon's godlike hoſt.
From Phocis Iphitus with ardour preſs'd
To join the chiefs; great Jaſon was his gueſt,
When to the Delphic Oracle he went,
Conſulting fate, and anxious for th' event.
Zetes and Calaïs of royal race,
Whom Orithyïa bore in wintry Thrace
To bluſtering Boreas in his airy hall,
Heard fame's loud ſummons, and obey'd the call.
Erectheus, who th' Athenian ſceptre ſway'd,
Was parent of the violated maid,
Whom dancing with her mates rude Boreas ſtole,
Where the fam'd waters of Iliſſus roll;
And to his rock-fenc'd Sarpedonian cave
Convey'd her, where Erginus pours his wave:
There, circumfus'd in gloom and grateful ſhade,
The god of tempeſts woo'd the gentle maid.
They, when on tip-toe rais'd, in act to fly,
Like the light-pinion'd vagrants of the ſky,
Wav'd their dark wings, and, wondrous to behold!
Diſplay'd each plume diſtinct with drops of gold;
While down their backs, of bright cerulean hue,
Looſe in the winds their wanton treſſes flew.

Not

Not long with Pelias young Acaſtus ſtay'd;
He left his ſire to lend the Grecians aid.
Argus, whom Pallas with her gifts inſpir'd,
Follow'd his friend, with equal glory fir'd.
Such the compeers of Jaſon highly fam'd;
And all theſe demigods were Minyans nam'd.
The moſt illuſtrious heroes of the hoſt
Their lineage from the ſeed of Minyas boaſt:
For Minyas' daughter, Clymena the fair,
Alcimeda, great Jaſon's mother, bare.
When all was furniſh'd by the buſy band
Which veſſels deſtin'd for the main demand;
The heroes from Iölcos bent their way
To the fam'd port, the Pagaſæan bay,
And deep-environ'd with thick-gathering crowds,
They ſhone like ſtars reſplendent thro' the clouds.
Then thus among the rout, with wondering look,
Some ſwain ſurvey'd the bright-arm'd chiefs and ſpoke:
'Say, what can Pelias, mighty Jove, intend,
'Far, far from Greece ſo great a force to ſend!
'Sure, ſhould Æeta ſpurn the ſons of Greece,
'And to their claims refuſe the golden Fleece,
'That ſelf-ſame day ſhall ſee his palace, crown'd
'With glittering turrets, levell'd to the ground.

'But

' But endleſs toils purſue them as they go,
' And Fate hath mark'd their deſperate ſteps with woe.'
Thus, when he ſaw the delegated bands,
Spoke the rude ſwain with heaven-uplifted hands:
The gentler females thus the Gods implore;
" Safe may they reach again their native ſhore:"
And thus ſome matron mild her mind expreſs'd;
(Tears in her eye, and terrors at her breaſt)
' Unfortunate Alcimeda, thy fate
' Now frowns malignant, tho' it frowns ſo late;
' Nor wills the tenor of thy life to run
' Serene and peaceful, as it firſt begun.
' On Æſon too attend unnumber'd woes;
' Far, better far, a lingering life to cloſe,
' And bury all his ſorrows in the tomb,
' Unconſcious of calamities to come.
' Oh! had both Phrixus and the ram been drown'd,
' When Helle periſh'd in the gulf profound:
' But the dire monſter was with voice endu'd,
' And human accents from his mouth enſu'd,
' To ſad Alcimeda denouncing ſtrife,
' And woes to cloud the evening of her life.'
Thus ſpoke ſome matron as the heroes went;
Around their lords the menial train lament:

Alcimeda

Alcimeda embrac'd her ſon with tears,
Each breaſt was chill'd with ſad preſaging fears.
Age-drooping Æſon heard the general moan,
Wrapp'd in ſoft robes, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
But Jaſon ſooths their fears, their boſom warms,
And bids his ſervants bring the burniſh'd arms.
They, with a downcaſt look and lowly bow,
Obey their chief with ſilent ſteps and ſlow.
The penſive Queen, while tears bedew her face,
Her ſon ſtill circles with a fond embrace.
Thus to her nurſe an infant orphan ſprings,
And weeps unceaſing as ſhe cloſely clings;
Experienc'd inſults make her loath to ſtay
Beneath a ſtep-dame's proud, oppreſſive ſway.
Thus in her royal breaſt the ſorrows pent
Forc'd ſighs and tears, and ſtruggled for a vent.
Still in her arms ſhe held her favourite ſon,
And comfortleſs with faltering ſpeech begun:
'Oh had I died on that deteſted day,
'And with my ſorrows ſigh'd my ſoul away,
'When Pelias publiſh'd his ſevere decree,
'Severe and fatal to my ſon and me!
'Thyſelf had then my aged eyelids clos'd,
'And thoſe dear hands my decent limbs compos'd;

' This boon alone I wiſh'd thee to impart,
This wiſh alone lay dormant at my heart.
' But now, alas! tho' firſt of Grecian names,
' Admir'd and envy'd by Theſſalian dames,
' I, like an hand-maid, now am left behind,
' Bereav'd of all tranquillity of mind.
' By thee rever'd, in dignity I ſhone,
' And firſt and laſt for thee unloos'd my zone.
' For unrelenting hate Lucina bore,
' Thee, one lov'd ſon, ſhe gave, but gave no more.
' Alas! not ev'n the viſions of the night
' Foretold ſuch fatal woes from Phrixus' flight.'
Thus mourn'd Alcimeda; her handmaids hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.
Then Jaſon theſe conſoling words addreſs'd,
To ſooth the riſing anguiſh of her breaſt:
" Ceaſe, mother, ceaſe exceſs of grief to ſhow,
" Oh! ceaſe this wild extravagance of woe.
" Tears cannot make one dire diſaſter leſs;
" They cheriſh grief, and aggravate diſtreſs.
" Wiſely and juſtly have the Gods aſſign'd
" Unthought-of miſeries to all mankind.
" The lot they give you, tho' perchance ſevere,
" Confiding in Minerva, bravely bear.

" Minerva

" Minerva firſt this bold adventure mov'd,
" Apollo, and the Oracles approv'd.
" Theſe calls of heaven our confidence command,
" Join'd with the valour of this princely band.
" Haſte, royal mother, to your native tow'rs,
" Paſs with your handmaids there the peaceful hours.
" Forebode not here calamities to come:
" Your female train will re-conduct you home."
He ſpoke; and from the palace bent his way,
Graceful of port; ſo moves the god of day
At Delos, from his odour-breathing fanes,
Or Claros ſituate on Ionian plains,
Or Lycia's ample ſhores, where Xanthus leads
His winding waters thro' irriguous meads.
Thus Jaſon march'd majeſtic thro' the crowd,
And Fame auſpicious rais'd her voice aloud:
When lo! the prieſteſs of Diana came,
Their guardian Goddeſs, Iphias was her name,
Bending with age, and kiſs'd the chief's right hand;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd to ſpeak; the haſty band
With ſpeedy footſteps from the dame withdrew,
And Jaſon mingled with his valiant crew.
Then from the tower-fenc'd town he bent his way,
And reach'd ere long the Pagaſæan bay;

There join'd his comrades waiting on the coaſt,
And there ſaluted his confederate hoſt.
When from Iölcos, lo, the wondering train
Obſerve Acaſtus haſtening o'er the plain,
And with him Argus, his compeer and friend;
Unknown to Pelias, to the ſhip they tend.
Argus around his brawny ſhoulders flung
A bull's black ſpoils that to his ancles hung.
Acaſtus wore a mantle rich and gay,
Wrought by his ſiſter, lovely Pelopa.
Thus rob'd, the chiefs approach'd the crowded ſhore;
Illuſtrious Jaſon ſtay'd not to explore
What cauſe ſo long detain'd them, but commands
To council all the delegated bands.
On ſhrouds and ſails that cover'd half the beach,
And the tall, tapering maſt, in order each,
The heroes ſat; then riſing o'er the reſt,
His bold aſſociates Jaſon thus addreſs'd:

'Since now the ſtores lie ready on the ſtrand,
'And ſince our chiefs and arms are all at hand,
'No longer let us waſte the golden day,
'But the firſt ſummons of the breeze obey.
'And, ſince we all with equal ardour burn
'For Colchian ſpoils, and hope a ſafe return,

'Impartial

' Impartial chooſe ſome hero fam'd afar
' To guide the veſſel, and conduct the war,
' Let him, your ſovereign chief, with foreign foes
' The terms of treaty, and of fight propoſe.'
He ſpoke; with earneſt eyes the youthful band
Mark bold Alcides for ſupreme command;
On him with voice unanimous they call,
Own him their leader, and the lord of all.
In the mid circle ſat the godlike man,
His broad right hand he wav'd, and thus began:
" Let none to me this arduous taſk aſſign,
" For I the glory with the charge decline.
" Jaſon alone ſhall lead this valiant band,
" The chief who rais'd it, let that chief command."
Thus briefly ſpoke th' unconquerable man;
Loud approbation thro' the circle ran!
Then Jaſon roſe, (complacence fill'd his breaſt)
And thus the pleas'd, attentive throng addreſs'd:
' Friends and aſſociates, ſince your wills decree
' This great, this honourable truſt to me,
' No longer be our enterprize delay'd:
' To Phœbus firſt be due oblations paid;
' Let then a ſhort repaſt our ſtrength renew:
' And, till my herdſmen to our gallant crew

'With beeves return, the beſt my ſtalls contain,'
'Strive we to launch our veſſel in the main.
'And when cloſe ſtow'd our military ſtores,
'Each take his poſt, and ply the nimble oars.
'To Phœbus firſt, Embaſian Phœbus, raiſe
'The ſmoaking altar; let the victims blaze.
'He promis'd, if due rites to him I pay,
'To point thro' ocean's paths our dubious way.'
He ſaid, and inſtant to the taſk he flew;
Example fir'd his emulative crew.
They heap'd their veſtments on a rock, that ſtood
Far from the inſults of the roaring flood,
But, in times paſt, when wintry ſtorms prevail'd,
Th' encroaching waves its towering top aſſail'd.
As Argus counſel'd, with ſtrong ropes they bound,
Compacting cloſe, the veſſel round and round;
Then with ſtout nails the ſturdy planks they join'd,
To brave the fury of the waves or wind:
Next delv'd with ſpades a channel deep and wide,
Thro' which the ſhip might launch into the tide.
Near to the water deeper was the way,
Where wooden cylinders tranſverſely lay;
On theſe they heav'd the veſſel from the plain,
To roll her, ſmoothly-gliding, to the main.

Then to the benches, tapering oars they fix'd;
A cubit's meaſure was the ſpace betwixt:
This was the ſtation for the labouring bands,
To tug with bending breaſts, and out-ſtretch'd hands.
Firſt Tiphys mounted on th' aerial prow
To iſſue orders to the train below,
That at his word, their ſtrength uniting, all
Might join together, and together haul.
With eager look th' attentive heroes ſtand,
And wait impatient till he gave command;
Then all at once, with full exerted ſway,
They move her from the ſtation where ſhe lay,
And puſhing inſtant, as the pilot guides,
On ſmooth round rollers Pelian Argo glides;
Glibly ſhe glides; loud ſhouts the jovial band;
They haul, they pull, they puſh her from the ſtrand.
Beneath the huge hulk groan the rollers ſtrong;
Black ſmoke ariſes as ſhe moves along;
With ſwift deſcent ſhe ruſhes to the main:
Coercive ropes her rapid race reſtrain.
Then, next, their ſails they hoiſted, fix'd their oars,
The maſt erected, and embark'd the ſtores.
By lots on benches were the heroes plac'd,
And with two heroes every bench was grac'd.

On great Alcides, formidable name,
And on Ancæus, who from Tegea came,
With voice unanimous, the martial hoſt
Beſtow'd the centre's honourable poſt.
To watchful Tiphys was the helm aſſign'd,
To ſtem the waves, and catch the favouring wind.
This done, with ſtones beſide the ſhore which lay,
They rear'd an altar to the God of day,
Embaſian Phœbus, and the ſurface round
With the dry branches of an olive crown'd.
Meanwhile the herdſmen drove two beeves well fed
From Jaſon's ſtalls; youths to the altar led
The victims; ſome brought water from the lake;
Some the due offering of the ſalted cake.
Jaſon, while theſe the ſacrifice prepare,
Thus to his parent God prefers his pray'r:

'Patron of Pagaſæ, thine ear we claim,
'Guard of the city grac'd with Æſon's name:
'When to conſult thine oracle I went,
'It promis'd to reveal this great event,
'The final iſſue of our bold empriſe:
'On thee, chief author, all our hope relies.
'Conduct my comrades to the far-fam'd Fleece,
'Then ſafe reſtore them to the realms of Greece.

'And

' And here I vow, whatever chiefs return,
' So many bulls ſhall on thine altar burn;
' A ſacrifice at Delphos is decreed,
' And in Ortygia ſhall the victims bleed.
' But now theſe humble offerings which we pay,
' Gracious accept, far-darting God of day.
' Be thou, O father, our auſpicious guide,
' When hence we ſail acroſs the ſounding tide.
' Smooth the rough billows, and let breezes bland
' Propitious waft us to the Colchian land.'

Thus pray'd he ſuppliant, and prepar'd to make
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake.
Alcides, fam'd for manly ſtrength and ſway,
And bold Ancæus roſe the beeves to ſlay.
Alcides' club impreſs'd a deadly wound
On the ſteer's front, and fell'd him to the ground.
Thy axe, Ancæus, at one ſturdy ſtroke,
The ſteer's ſkull fractur'd, and the neck-bone broke,
Down fell the victim, floundering with the blow,
Prone on his horns, and plough'd the ſand below.
The ready train, that round in order ſtood,
Stab the fallen beeves, and ſhed the life-warm blood;
Then from the body ſtrip the ſmoaking hide,
The beaſts they quarter, and the joints divide;

The thighs devoted to the Gods they part,
On theſe the fat, involv'd in cawls, with art
They ſpread, and as the lambent flame devours,
The Grecian chief the pure libation pours.
Joy fill'd the breaſt of Idmon to behold,
How from the thighs the flame relucent roll'd
In purple volumes, and propitious ſmoke;
And thus the ſeer, inſpir'd by Phœbus, ſpoke:
'Tho' various perils your attempt oppoſe,
'And toils unnumber'd bring unnumber'd woes;
'Yet ſhall ye ſafe return, ye ſons of Greece,
'Adorn'd with conqueſt, and the golden Fleece.
'Me cruel Fate ordains on Aſia's ſhore
'To die, nor e'er behold my country more.
'And tho' my deſtiny long fix'd I knew,
'Yet, ſtill reſolv'd, I join'd the martial crew;
'Inflam'd with glory to the hoſt I came,
'Of life regardleſs, emulous of fame.'
Thus he; the hoſt the fate of Idmon mourn,
But joy tranſports them for their wiſh'd return.
The ſun, remitting now his fiercer ray,
Pours from the weſt the faint remains of day:
Low as he ſinks, the lofty rocks expand
Their lengthen'd ſhadows o'er the diſtant land.

On

On leafy couches now the warlike train
Repoſe along the beach that ſkirts the main.
Before the chiefs are ſavoury viands plac'd,
And generous wines, delicious to the taſte.
The hours in mutual converſe they employ,
In feſtive ſongs and undiſſembled joy.
Thus at the banquet ſport the young and gay,
When Mirth breaks in, and Envy ſkulks away.
But not unmark'd was Jaſon's penſive look;
Idas beheld him, and licentious ſpoke:
' What doubts, what fears do Æſon's ſon perplex?
' What dangers fright him, and what ſorrows vex?
' Proclaim thy thoughts: or is thy dubious mind
' Diſmay'd with terrours of the daſtard kind?
' Now by this ſtout, unconquer'd lance, I ſwear,
' On which in war victorious wreaths I bear,
' (Scorning from Jove's aſſiſtance to receive
' Thoſe palms, which this reſiſtleſs lance can give)
' No foes ſhall brave, no wiles of war withſtand,
' Tho' Jove frown adverſe, this impetuous hand.
' Such Idas is, for proweſs fam'd afar,
' Arene's boaſt, the thunder-bolt of war.'
This ſaid, the boaſter ſeiz'd a goblet, fill'd
With racy wine, and to the bottom ſwill'd.

O'er

O'er his black beard and cheeks the liquor flow'd:
Th' aſſembled hoſt with indignation glow'd.
Then Idmon roſe and boldly thus reply'd:
" Vain wretch! to brand our leader and our guide;
" And more irreverent ſtill, thus flaſh'd with wine,
" To dare reproach ſuperior powers divine.
" Far different ſpeech muſt cheer the ſocial train;
" Thy words are brutiſh, and thy boaſts are vain.
" Thus, fame reports, the Aloïdæ ſtrove
" Long ſince to irritate the powers above
" By vile aſperſions, infamouſly free;
" Yet they in valour far exceeded thee.
" Slain by the ſhafts of Phœbus, down they fell,
" Tho' high aſpiring, to the depths of Hell."
He ſaid; but Idas, with ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Laughing, provok'd the venerable ſeer:
' Declare, wiſe augur, if the Gods decree,
' The ſame perdition ſhall be hurl'd on me,
' Which fam'd Aloëus' impious ſons befell
' When ſlain by Phœbus, and condemn'd to hell.
' Meantime eſcape, or manfully withſtand,
' Vain ſeer, the fury of this vengeful hand.'
Thus Idas ſpoke, impatient of controul,
And riſing rage inflam'd his fiery ſoul;

Nor

Nor had they here ceas'd fiercely to conteſt,
But Jaſon and his friends their wrath repreſs'd.
'Twas then, the jarring heroes to compoſe,
Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus roſe,
And thus, attuning to the trembling ſtrings
His ſoothing voice, of harmony he ſings:
" How at the firſt, beneath chaotic ſway,
" Heaven, earth and ſea in wild diſorder lay;
" Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
" And beauteous order from confuſion roſe.
" How in yon bright etherial fields above
" The lucid ſtars in conſtant orbits move;
" How the pale queen of night and golden ſun,
" Thro' months, and years their radiant journeys run:
" Whence roſe the mountains, clad with waving woods,
" The cryſtal founts, and hoarſe-reſounding floods,
" With all their nymphs; from what celeſtial ſeed
" Springs the vaſt ſpecies of the ſerpent breed:
" How o'er the new-created world below,
" On high Olympus' ſummits crown'd with ſnow,
" Ophion, and, from ocean ſprung of old,
" The fair Eurynome reign'd uncontroll'd:
" How haughty Saturn, with ſuperior ſway
" Exil'd Ophion from the realms of day;

" Eurynome

" Eurynome before proud Rhea fled,
" And how both ſunk in ocean's billowy bed.
" Long time they rul'd the bleſt Titanian Gods,
" While infant Jove poſſeſs'd the dark abodes
" Of Dictè's cave; yet uninform'd his mind
" With heavenly wiſdom, and his hand confin'd,
" Forg'd by earth's giant ſons, with livid rays
" Flam'd not as yet the lightning's piercing blaze;
" Nor roar'd the thunder thro' the realms above,
" The ſtrength and glory of almighty Jove."
Here the ſweet bard his tuneful lyre unſtrung,
And ceas'd the heavenly muſic of his tongue;
But, with the ſound entranc'd, the liſtening ear
Still thought him ſinging, and ſtill ſeem'd to hear:
In ſilent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling ſtrains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with roſy wine,
And pay due honours to the powers divine;
Then on the flaming tongues libations pour,
And wait ſalubrious ſleep's compoſing hour.
Soon as the bright-ey'd morning's ſplendid ray
On Pelion's ſummit pour'd the welcome day,
Light ſkimm'd the breezes o'er the liquid plain,
And gently ſwell'd the fluctuating main;

Then

Then Tiphys roſe, and, ſummon'd by his care,
Embark the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding ſhores
Hoarſe ſounding Pagaſæan Neptune roars:
From Pelian Argo's keel loud murmurs broke,
Urgent to ſail; the keel of ſacred oak,
Endu'd with voice, and marvellouſly wrought,
Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought.
Now on their deſtin'd poſts, arrang'd along,
In ſeemly order ſat the princely throng;
Faſt by each chief his glittering armour flames:
The midmoſt ſtation bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, (whoſe enormous might
Arm'd with a maſſy club provokes the fight,)
Cloſe plac'd beſide him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-ſinking owns the demigod.
Their hauſers now they looſe, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the conſecrated wine:
Then from his native ſhore ſad Jaſon turns
His oft-reverted eye, and ſilent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Iſmenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's altar round, the youthful quire,
The dance according with the ſounding lyre,

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in meaſure their alternate feet;
Together ſo Theſſalia's princes ſweep
With well-tim'd oars the ſilver-curling deep:
While, raiſing high the Thracian harp, preſides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
Daſh'd by their oars the foaming billows broke,
And loud remurmur'd to each mighty ſtroke.
Swift ſail'd the ſhip, the ſun refulgent beam'd,
And bright as flame their glittering armour gleam'd.
While to their outſtretch'd oars the heroes bow,
The parted ocean whitening foams below.
So ſhines the path, along ſome graſſy plain,
Worn by the footſteps of the village-ſwain.
Th' immortal powers that Jove's proud palace crown,
All on that memorable day look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to ſurvey,
As thro' the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-capt ſummit ſtood
The Nymphs that wander in that ſacred wood;
Wondering they view'd below the ſailing pine,
(Itonian Pallas fram'd the work divine)
And bold Theſſalia's labouring heroes ſweep
With ſtretching oars the navigable deep.

Lo! from the mountain's topmoſt cliff deſcends
The Centaur Chiron; to the ſhore he bends
His haſty footſteps: on the beach he ſtood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
He hail'd the heroes with his big, broad hand,
And wiſh'd them ſafe to gain their native land.
With Chiron came Chariclo to the ſhore;
The young Achilles in her arms ſhe bore.
Peleus, his ſire, with ſecret pleaſure ſmil'd,
As high in air ſhe rais'd the royal child.
And now the winding bay's ſafe precincts paſt,
Theſſalian Argo plough'd the watery waſte;
On Tiphys' care the valiant chiefs rely'd,
To ſteer the veſſel o'er the foaming tide,
The ſmooth well-modell'd rudder to command,
Obſequious to the movement of his hand.
And next inſerting in the keel below
The maſt tall-tapering, to the ſtern and prow,
With ropes that thro' the rolling pulleys glide,
They rear upright, and firm on every ſide.
Then high in air the ſwelling ſails they raiſe,
While on their boſoms buxom Zephyr plays.
With favouring gales their ſteady courſe they keep
To where Tiſæum frowns upon the deep.

Meanwhile ſweet Orpheus, as they ſail'd along,
Rais'd to Diana the melodious ſong,
Who ſav'd them, where her guardian power preſides,
From treacherous rocks that lurk beneath the tides.
The fiſh in ſhoals, attentive to his lay,
Purſu'd the poet o'er the watery way;
And oft emerging from their liquid ſphere,
Strove more diſtinct his heavenly notes to hear.
As ſheep in flocks thick-paſturing on the plain
Attend the footſteps of the ſhepherd-ſwain,
His well-known call they hear, and fully fed,
Pace ſlowly on, their leader at their head;
Who pipes melodious, as he moves along,
On ſprightly reeds his modulated ſong:
Thus charm'd with tuneful ſounds, the ſcaly train
Purſu'd the flying veſſel o'er the main.
And now the winds with favouring breezes blew,
Corn-crown'd Theſſalia leſſen'd to the view,
The Grecian heroes paſs by Pelion's ſteep,
Whoſe rocky ſummit nodded o'er the deep.
Now Sepias' cliffs beneath the waves ſubſide,
And ſea-girt Sciathos ſurmounts the tide.
Next, but far diſtant, was Pireſiæ ſeen,
(Built on Magneſia's continent ſerene)

And

And Dolops' tomb, for this pacific ſhore,
Bleſt with mild evening's ſoften'd gales, they bore.
To him with victims was an altar crown'd,
While night prevail'd, and ocean roar'd around.
Two days they tarried, till propitious gales
Roſe with the third, and bellied all their ſails.
Aſſiduous then, the well-known ſhore they fill,
The ſhore call'd Aphetæ of Argo ſtill.
Next Meliboea, on Theſſalia's ſhore,
They paſs, where winds and thundering tempeſts roar.
At early dawn, incumbent o'er the deep,
They view high Omolè's aſpiring ſteep.
Next by the ſtreams of Amyrus they ſteer,
And where thy vales, Eurymena, appear,
And Oſſa and Olympus' ſhady brow;
Loud from deep caverns guſh the waves below.
By night beſide Pallene's heights they ſail,
And rough Canaſtra frowning o'er the vale.
But when the morn diſplay'd her orient light,
Tall Athos roſe conſpicuous to the ſight;
Which tho' from Lemnos far remov'd it lay,
As far as ſhips can ſail till noon of day,
Yet the proud mountain's high-exalted head,
A gloom umbrageous o'er Myrina ſpread.

All day till eve the ſoft, indulgent gales
Their ſuccour lent, and fill'd the ſwelling ſails.
But when with eve the breezes ceas'd to blow,
The mariners to Sintian Lemnos row,
Ill-fated iſland! where the female train
Had all the males, the year preceding, ſlain.
For, deep-enamour'd with the nymphs of Thrace,
The men declin'd the conjugal embrace;
Their wives they ſlighted, and unwary led
War's pleaſing ſpoils, fair captives, to their bed.
For angry Venus robb'd of love's delights
The Lemnian females, for neglected rites.
Ah miſerable train! with envy curs'd
And jealouſy, of paſſions far the worſt!
One fatal night this unrelenting crew
Their mates, and all the lovely captives, ſlew,
And every male; left in the courſe of time
Should riſe ſome hero to revenge the crime.
Hypſipyla alone, illuſtrious maid,
Spar'd her ſire Thoas, who the ſceptre ſway'd.
With pious care, in reverence to his age,
In a capacious ark ſhe plac'd the ſage,
Confiding in the mercy of the wave
The monarch from the maſſacre to ſave.

Some

Some faithful fiſhers, to their mandate juſt,
Convey'd with care the delegated truſt
Safe to a neighbouring, ſea-ſurrounded ſhore,
Œnœa nam'd, ſo nam'd in days of yore,
Now Sicinum; from Sicinus it takes
Its title, whom a naiad of the lakes,
The nymph Œnœa, beautiful and fair,
Compreſs'd by Thoas, to the monarch bare.
The widow'd Lemnians, tho' by waves ſecur'd,
Oft ſhone in arms, to martial toils inur'd.
To feed their cattle was their daily care,
Or cleave the furrow with the crooked ſhare:
Expert at theſe, Minerva's arts they ſcorn'd,
Which once employ'd them, and which once adorn'd.
Oft to the main, oppreſs'd with dire alarms,
They look'd; for much they fear'd the Thracian arms.
And when Theſſalian Argo caught their view,
Quick from Myrina to the ſhore they flew.
All clad in glittering arms they preſs'd the ſtrand,
Impetuous; (like the Bacchanalian band,
When with raw fleſh their horrid feaſts they cloſe;)
They deem'd the veſſel ſtor'd with Thracian foes.
Hypſipyla advanc'd among the reſt,
In the bright armour of her father dreſs'd;

Anxious, aſtoniſh'd all the dames appear,
And by their ſilence teſtified their fear.
Meanwhile Æthalides the heroes ſend;
To him their peaceful mandates they commend.
Inveſted with the office of the God,
They grace their herald too with Hermes' rod,
Hermes his ſire; who bleſs'd his favourite heir
With memory nor time, nor place impair.
In vain around him Acheron's waters roll;
They pour no dull oblivion o'er his ſoul.
To him the fates this privilege beſtow,
By turns to wander with the ſhades below;
By turns with men to view the golden day,
And feel the ſun's invigorating ray.
But why expatiate on ſuch themes as theſe?
Why tell the fame of great Æthalides?
The herald to Hypſipyla addreſs'd,
With mild benevolence, this joint requeſt;
That now, at evening-cloſe, the friendly land
Might hoſpitably treat this gallant band,
Who fear'd at morn to hoiſt their ſwelling ſails,
For Boreas blew with unpropitious gales.

The queen had ſummon'd to the council-hall
The Lemnian dames, the dames obey'd her call;

Who

Who mildly, with perſuaſion in her look,
In order rang'd, the heroines beſpoke:

'Let us, my mates, and ye my words attend,
'Commodious preſents to theſe ſtrangers ſend;
'Such as their friends to mariners conſign,
'Salubrious viands, and delicious wine;
'So will they peaceful on our borders ſtay,
'Nor need compel them to the town to ſtray.
'Here will they learn the ſtory of our guilt,
'The vows we broke, the kindred blood we ſpilt;
'And ſure a tale, thus horrid, muſt appear
'Cruel and impious to a foreign ear.
'Theſe are the counſels of your faithful friend,
'Prompt to adviſe, and ſteady to defend.
'She who can furniſh counſel more diſcreet,
'Now let her offer—for this cauſe we meet.'

Thus ſpoke the queen, and preſs'd her father's throne,
A royal ſeat, compos'd of ſolid ſtone.
Then roſe Polyxo, venerable dame,
Once the queen's nurſe, oppreſs'd with age, and lame;
A ſtaff ſuſtain'd her (for her limbs were weak)
Tottering with age, yet vehement to ſpeak.
Near her four damſels, blooming, freſh and fair,
Sat crown'd with ringlets of the whiteſt hair.

Full in the midſt ſhe ſtood, then rais'd her head,
Her back was bent with years, and thus ſhe ſaid:
' The queen's advice I greatly muſt commend,
' Commodious preſents to our gueſts to ſend.
' And what more ſaving counſel ſhall I give
' To thoſe my friends who ſhall hereafter live;
' Whene'er the ſons of Thrace, or hoſtile hoſts
' From other kingdoms ſhall infeſt our coaſts;
' Which well may happen, we muſt all allow,
' As this invaſion that alarms us now?
' But ſhould ſome God avert th' impending ill,
' Yet greater evils may befall, and will.
' For when the oldeſt die, as die they muſt,
' And our wiſe matrons be transform'd to duſt,
' And you, now young, oppreſs'd at laſt with age,
' Shall unprolific tread life's irkſome ſtage:
' What wretched mortals ye, who then ſurvive!
' Who to their labour, then, the ſteers ſhall drive?
' Will oxen then their necks ſpontaneous bow
' Beneath the yoke, and drag the ponderous plough?
' Or will they reap the harveſt on the plain,
' And every autumn houſe the golden grain?
' I, tho' preſerv'd to this important day,
' (For death from me abhorrent turns away,)

' Yet,

' Yet, ere the ſun compleats his annual round,
' If right I judge, ſhall mingle with the ground,
' Lodg'd in the lap of Earth, at Nature's call,
' And 'ſcape the ruin that involves you all.
' Hear then, young damſels, what my years adviſe;
' Before you now the fair occaſion lies:
' Commit your city to theſe ſtrangers' care,
' Let them your manſions and poſſeſſions ſhare.'
She ſpoke, pleas'd murmurs fill'd the ſpacious hall;
Polyxo's counſel was approv'd by all.
From her ſire's throne Hypſipyla aroſe,
Thus in few words the conference to cloſe:
" My mates, ſince all this ſage advice commend,
" An inſtant meſſage to the ſhip I ſend."
She ſaid, and to Iphinoa gave command;
" Haſte, find the leader of yon martial band,
" Invite him (of our amity a proof)
" To lodge beneath my hoſpitable roof;
" There time will furniſh leiſure to relate
" The genius and the manners of our ſtate.
" But let his comrades rove, as pleaſure leads,
" And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;
" Or to the tower-defended town repair,
" Aſſur'd of ſafety, and our royal care."

Th'

Th' aſſembly roſe, as thus the princeſs ſpoke,
Then to the regal dome her way ſhe took.
Iphinoa, mindful of the queen's command,
Approach'd the Minyans ſcatter'd o'er the ſtrand,
Who throng'd around her, eager to explore
Wherefore ſhe came, and what commands ſhe bore.
Then thus ſhe ſaid; 'Strangers, to you as friends
'Hypſipyla, the ſeed of Thoas, ſends
'Her faithful herald, with this ſtrict command
'To find the leader of your martial band;
'Him ſhe invites (of amity a proof)
'To lodge beneath her hoſpitable roof:
'There time will furniſh leiſure to relate
'The genius, and the manners of our ſtate.
'But let his comrades rove, as pleaſure leads,
'And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;
'Or to the tower-defended town repair,
'Aſſur'd of ſafety, and the royal care.'
Theſe words were grateful to the warlike band;
From her they learn'd whoſe ſceptre rul'd the land;
Inſtant they urg'd their chief's aſſent, and all
Prepar'd obſequious to accept the call.
A mantle doubly lin'd, of purple hue,
The ſon of Æſon o'er his ſhoulders threw.

This Pallas gave him, when, with wondrous art,
She plann'd his ſhip, and meaſur'd every part.
'Twere ſafer to ſurvey the radiant globe
Of riſing Phœbus, than this ſplendid robe.
Full in the middle beam'd a crimſon blaze,
The verge ſurrounding darted purple rays.
In every part hiſtoric ſcenes were wrought;
The moving figures ſeem'd inform'd with thought.
Here, on their work intent, the Cyclops ſtrove
Eager to forge a thunder-bolt for Jove;
Half-rough, half-form'd the glowing engine lay,
And only wanted the fire-darting ray;
And this they hammer'd out on anvils dire;
At each colliſion flaſh'd the fatal fire.
Not diſtant far, in lively colours plann'd,
Two brothers, Zethus and Amphion ſtand,
Sons of Antiopa: no turrets crown'd
Thy city, Thebes, but walls were riſing round.
A mountain's rocky ſummit Zethus bore
On his broad back, but ſeem'd to labour ſore.
Behind, Amphion tun'd his golden ſhell,
Amphion, deem'd in muſic to excel:
Rocks ſtill purſu'd him as he mov'd along,
Charm'd by the muſic of his magic ſong.

Crown'd

Crown'd with ſoft treſſes, in a fairer field,
Gay Venus toy'd with Mars's ſplendid ſhield.
Down from her ſhoulder her expanded veſt
Diſplay'd the ſwelling beauties of her breaſt.
She in the brazen buckler, glittering bright,
Beheld her lovely image with delight.
On a rich plain appear, not diſtant far,
The Taphians, and Electryon's ſons at war;
Fat ſteers the prize for which the ſwains contend,
Thoſe ſtrive to plunder, theſe their herds defend;
The meads were moiſt with blood and roſy dew:
The powerful many triumph'd o'er the few.
Two chariots next roll'd lightly o'er the plains,
This Pelops drove, and ſhook the ſounding reins;
Hippodamia at his ſide he view'd:
In the next chariot, Myrtilus purſu'd,
And with him Oenomas; approaching near,
At Pelops' back he aim'd the vengeful ſpear;
The faithleſs axle, as the wheels whirl'd round,
Snapp'd ſhort, and left him ſtretch'd along the ground.
Here young Apollo ſtood, in act to throw
The whirring arrow from the twanging bow,
At mighty Tityus aim'd, who baſely ſtrove
To force his mother, erſt belov'd by Jove:

He

He from fair Elara deriv'd his birth,
Tho' fed and nouriſh'd by prolific Earth.
There Phryxus ſtoop'd to liſten to the ram,
On whoſe broad back the Helleſpont he ſwam.
The beaſt look'd ſpeaking; earneſt could you gaze,
The lively piece would charmingly amaze.
Long might you feaſt your eye, and lend an ear,
With pleaſing hope the conference to hear.

Such was the preſent of the blue-ey'd maid—
In his right hand a miſſile lance he ſway'd,
Which Atalanta, to reward the brave,
Sure pledge of friendſhip, to the hero gave,
When on the breezy Mænalus ſhe rov'd,
And wiſh'd the company of him ſhe lov'd;
But he, of ſuitors' amorous ſtrife afraid,
Repreſs'd the fond intention of the maid.
Thus rob'd, thus arm'd, he to the city went,
Bright as a ſtar that gilds the firmament,
Which maids aſſembled view with eager eyes
High o'er their roof in orient beauty riſe.
On the bright ſignal, as it darts its rays,
Attentive they with ſilent tranſport gaze.
Each, with this omen charm'd, expects, tho' late,
Return'd from diſtant climes her deſtin'd-mate.

Thus ſhone the chief, for high achievements known;
Majeſtic as he mov'd to Lemnos' town.
The noble heroines his footſteps meet,
With courteous joy the Grecian gueſt to greet,
Whoſe downcaſt eye ne'er wander'd, till he came
To the proud palace of the royal dame;
Obſequious damſels at the portal wait,
And quick unbar the double-folding gate:
Then thro' the various courts extending wide,
And ſtately rooms, Iphinoa was his guide;
On a bright throne, with rich embroidery grac'd,
Fronting her ſovereign ſhe the hero plac'd.
Th' embarraſs'd queen, her face with bluſhes ſpread,
In courteous terms addreſs'd the prince, and ſaid:
'Why, gentle ſtranger, ſhould your warlike train
'At diſtance far, without the walls remain?
'The men who till'd theſe ample fields before,
'Now turn rich furrows on the Thracian ſhore.
'But hear, while I our matchleſs woes relate;
'So ſhall you know the ſtory of our fate.
'When o'er this realm my father Thoas reign'd,
'The Lemnian youth, to fraud and rapine train'd,
'On Thracian borders ſeiz'd the trembling prey,
'And brought whole flocks, and lovely maids away.

'This

‘ This Venus plann'd, with miſchievous intent,
‘ And fierce among them fatal diſcord ſent.
‘ Their wives they loath'd, and vainly impious led
‘ War's ſpoils, fair captives, to the lawleſs bed.
‘ Long we endur'd, forgiving inſults paſt,
‘ And hop'd the faithleſs would reform at laſt.
‘ In vain; each day but doubled our diſgrace,
‘ Our children yielded to a ſpurious race.
‘ The widow'd mother, the diſcarded maid,
‘ Forlorn, neglected thro' the city ſtray'd.
‘ No tender pity touch'd the parent's breaſt,
‘ To ſee his darling child abus'd, oppreſs'd
‘ Beneath a ſtep-dame's proud, imperious ſway:
‘ No ſons would then maternal duty pay,
‘ Nor, as before, their mother's cauſe defend;
‘ No ſiſter then to ſiſter prov'd a friend:
‘ But the gay troops of Thracian captives fair
‘ Inthrall'd the men, and challeng'd all their care;
‘ At home, abroad, the firſt, at pleaſure's call,
‘ To ſhare the banquet, and conduct the ball.
‘ At length, but ſtrange! ſome favouring power divine
‘ In female minds inſpir'd this bold deſign,
‘ That, when return'd from Thracia's hateful ſhore,
‘ Our roofs theſe traitors might protect no more;

' That, thus conſtrain'd, they might forego their
crimes,
' Or with their captives flee to diſtant climes.
' They ſail, return, the few remaining males
' Demand, then quit us with auſpicious gales;
' And now the frigid fields of Thrace they plough,
' And countries whiten'd with Sithonian ſnow.
' Haſte then, conduct your comrades to the town:
' Here fix your ſeat, and Lemnos is your own.
' And if to high dominion you aſpire,
' Reign here, and wield the ſceptre of my ſire.
' You muſt approve; for not ſo fair a coaſt,
' Or iſle ſo fertile can the Ægean boaſt.
' Haſte to your friends, and make my pleaſure known,
' Nor let them longer lodge without the town.'

Artful ſhe ſpoke, forbearing to relate
How in one night each woman ſlew her mate.

Then Jaſon thus: " Whate'er your bounty grants,
" Stores for our voyage, or our preſent wants,
" Pleas'd we accept: I to my valiant bands
" Will ſpeed to ſignify your kind commands,
" Then ſoon conduct my comrades to the town:
" But ſtill, O Queen, ſtill wear your father's crown.
" Not from diſdain I ſhun Imperial ſway,
" But great achievements call me hence away."

He

He ſpoke, and gently preſs'd her fair right hand,
Then ſought his comrades ſcatter'd o'er the ſtrand.
Unnumber'd damſels round the hero wait,
Gazing with joy, and follow to the gate;
Then grateful preſents in ſwift cars convey
To the land's margin, where the warriours lay.
When Jaſon now to his adventurous bands
Had ſignified Hypſipyla's commands,
With eager joy the Minyans haſte to ſhare
Her friendly roofs, and hoſpitable fare.
The Queen of Love Theſſalia's chiefs inſpires,
For Vulcan's ſake, with amorous deſires;
That Lemnos, Vulcan's ſacred iſle, agen
May flouriſh, peopled with a race of men.
Great Jaſon haſtens to the regal walls;
The reſt proceed where chance or pleaſure calls,
Save great Alcides; with a choſen train,
Ambitious he in Argo to remain.
Eager with joy the jolly crowds advance
To ſhare the genial feaſt, or lead the dance;
To Venus' and to Vulcan's fane they throng,
And crown the day with victims and with ſong.
Sunk in ſoft eaſe th' enamour'd heroes lay,
(Their voyage ſtill deferr'd from day to day)

And longer ſtill, and longer had declin'd,
Full loath to leave the lovely place behind,
Had not Alcides, the fair dames apart,
Thus ſpoke incens'd the language of his heart:
' Miſtaken comrades, does our kindred, ſay,
' From our own country drive us far away?
' Or are we fondly thus enamour'd grown
' Of foreign damſels, and deſpiſe our own?
' Here ſhall we ſtay to till the Lemnian fields?
' Small fame to heroes this baſe commerce yields.
' No God, propitious to the ſons of Greece,
' Without our toil, will grant the golden Fleece.
' Our courſe purſue we; for the breeze invites;
' And let him revel in Love's ſoft delights,
' Who here but ſtays to propagate his kind,
' And leave a memorable name behind.'
Alcides thus: none dar'd to lift his eye,
To breathe a murmur, or to make reply;
But keenly ſtung with this ſarcaſtic ſtile,
They haſte to leave the lov'd Vulcanian iſle.
Soon as the damſels their fix'd purpoſe knew,
Around the chiefs in buſy crowds they flew.
As bees from ſome deep-cavern'd rock proceed,
Buzz o'er the lilies of the laughing mead,

The ſweets of all ambroſial herbs devour,
And ſuck the ſoul of every fragrant flow'r;
Thus they in ſwarms the parting Greeks addreſs,
With hands ſalute, with ſoothing words careſs;
Then to the Powers above with fervour pray,
Safe to their arms the heroes to convey.
Hypſipyla the hand of Jaſon preſs'd,
And thus with tears the parting chief addreſs'd:
" Adieu!—and may you with the ſons of Greece
" Return triumphant with the golden Fleece.
" Here ſhall you then my father's ſceptre ſway,
" And his domains your ſovereign will obey.
" The neighbouring ſtates will furniſh large ſupplies,
" And a vaſt empire by your wiſdom riſe.
" But if on nobler plans your thoughts are bent,
" And vainly I preſage the wiſh'd event;
" Abſent or preſent, to my memory kind,
" Still let Hypſipyla poſſeſs your mind.
" And if with offspring heaven ſhould bleſs me, ſay,
" How ſhall I then my Jaſon's will obey?"
The prince beheld the queen with rapturous look,
And thus with mild benevolence beſpoke:
' May theſe events, foredoom'd by heaven's decree,
' Succeſsful prove, Hypſipyla, to thee.

'But ſtill of Jaſon nobler thoughts retain:
'Enough for me o'er my own realms to reign;
'May but the powers of heaven (I aſk no more)
'Safe reconvey me to my native ſhore.
'If that's denied, and you, my ſource of joy,
'Bear, the ſoft token of our loves, a boy;
'Him, when mature, in kindneſs to your friend,
'My parents' ſolace, to Iölcos ſend;
'If then perchance the venerable pair
'Survive their woes, and breathe this vital air.
'There may he live, from Pelias far remov'd,
'By Grecians honour'd, who his father lov'd.
He ſpoke his laſt farewell: then firſt aſcends
The ſhip, and with him his illuſtrious friends.
In their due ſtations plac'd, each ſeiz'd an oar,
While Argus loos'd the cable from the ſhore.
With active ſtrokes the vigorous heroes ſweep
The ſounding boſom of the billowy deep.
As Orpheus counſel'd, and mild evening near,
To Samothrace, Electra's iſle, they ſteer;
That there initiated in rites divine,
Safe might they ſail the navigable brine.
But, Muſe, preſume not of theſe rites to tell:
Farewell, dread iſle! dire deities, farewell!

Let not my verſe theſe myſteries explain;
To name is impious, to reveal profane.
Thence the black main they laſh'd with all their might,
Thrace on their left, and Imbros on the right;
And ſafely, with the now-declining ſun,
To far-projecting Cherſoneſus run.
Then ſtemm'd they, aided by the ſouthern gales,
The ſtormy Helleſpont with ſwelling ſails,
Left the high-ſurging ſea with morning light,
And reach'd Sigæum with approaching night.
Dardania paſt, and high exalted Ide,
They ſaw Abydos on the ſtormy tide.
Thence ſail'd they by Percote's paſture lands,
Pityëa's meadows, and Abarnis' ſands:
And nightly, favour'd by the friendly blaſt,
The purple-foaming Helleſpont they paſt.
An ancient iſland in Propontis lies,
That towering lifts its ſummit to the ſkies;
Near Phrygia's corn-abounding coaſt it ſtands,
And far-projecting all the main commands;
An iſland this, ſave where the iſthmus' chain
Connects both lands, and curbs the boiſterous main.
Round its rough ſides the thundering tempeſts roar,
And a ſafe bay is form'd on either ſhore.

Æſepus' waters near this iſthmus fall:
And bordering tribes the mountain Arcton call.
On this rough mountain, barbarous, fierce and bold,
Dwell mighty giants, hideous to behold;
And, wonderful to tell! each monſter ſtands
With ſix huge arms, and ſix rapacious hands;
Two pendent on their ſhaggy ſhoulders grow,
And four deform their horrid ſides below.
The lowland iſthmus, verging to the main,
The Dolions till'd, and all the fertile plain.
O'er theſe reign'd Cyzicus the brave, the young,
Who from the gallant warriour, Æneus, ſprung.
The daughter of Euſorus, firſt in fame,
Bore Cyzicus, Æneta was her name.
Secure they liv'd, and free from war's alarms,
Tho' Earth's huge ſons were terrible in arms.
Sprung from the monarch of the hoary tide,
On Neptune's aid the Dolian race rely'd.
To this fair port, with gentle-breathing gales,
This friendly ſhore, Theſſalian Argo ſails.
Here the rope-faſten'd ſtone they heave on ſhore,
Which ſerv'd as anchor to the ſhip before,
But now too light, ſo Typhis bids, they bring,
And leave it at the pure Artacian ſpring;

Then

Then chooſe another on the rocky bay,
More ponderous far, the rolling ſhip to ſtay.
There the firſt ſtone unnumber'd years remain'd,
Till, as Apollo's oracle ordain'd,
Th' Ionians found, with rites myſterious grac'd,
And ſacred to Jaſonian Pallas plac'd.
Soon as the Dolians, near approaching, knew
Theſſalian Argo, and the godlike crew,
Led on by Cyzicus they haſte to meet
The princely band, and amicably greet;
Invite them down the winding bay to fall,
And fix their cable near the city-wall.
Thus friendly treated, the Pelaſgic train
Strive with their oars th' interiour port to gain.
Then firſt Ecbaſian Phœbus they adore,
And rear an altar on the founding ſhore.
To them the king diſpatch'd, with heart benign,
Fat ſheep, and ſtrong, exhilarating wine.
For thus the ſacred oracle foretold,
'When here arrives a band of heroes bold,
'With kind complacence treat the godlike crew,
'Meet not in arms, but pay them honours due!'
Scarce had the down the monarch's cheeks o'erſpread;
No children yet had bleſs'd the nuptial bed.

Clita, his lovely queen, the young, the fair,
Renown'd for beauty, and her golden hair,
Sprung from Percoſian Merops, ſtill remains
A ſtranger to Lucina's cruel pains.
Late from her father's court the king convey'd,
With ample dower enrich'd, the blameleſs maid;
Yet he neglects the genial bed, and feaſts,
All fears far baniſhing, with foreign gueſts.
Oft he enquires of Pelias' ſtern command,
And why the heroes left their native land.
As oft they aſk'd what cities neighbouring lay,
And in Propontis which the ſafeſt bay.
But ſcanty knowledge could the king beſtow,
Tho' it behov'd them much theſe truths to know.
When morning roſe, the Dindymean ſteep
Some mount, to view the navigable deep,
And all its winding bays; the road they came
They honour'd with illuſtrious Jaſon's name.
The chiefs, who choſe aboard the ſhip to ſtay,
Remov'd her from the moorings where ſhe lay.
Mean while the ſons of Earth, a numerous train,
From their bleak mountains ruſh into the plain,
Beſiege the pervious bay, and ſtrive to block
Its mouth with maſſy fragments from the rock;

Intending

Intending there Theſſalia's pine to keep
Hemm'd up, like ſome huge monſter of the deep.
But Hercules remain'd; his bow he drew,
And heaps of giants with his arrows ſlew.
The reſt enrag'd, rough, rocky fragments tore,
Hurl'd high in air, and thunder'd from the ſhore.
(This labour ſtill for Hercules remain'd,
By Juno, Jove's imperial queen, ordain'd)
And fiercely now the glowing battle burn'd,
When lo! the chiefs from Dindymus return'd,
Attack'd the deſperate giants in the rear,
And dealt deſtruction with the dart and ſpear;
Till Earth's fierce ſons, defil'd with wounds and gore,
Dropp'd dead; their bodies cover'd half the ſhore.
As near the ſea's broad brink, with ſturdy ſtrokes,
Aſſiduous woodmen fell aſpiring oaks;
Then draw them in due order from the flood,
And thus well drench'd they cleave with eaſe the wood:
Thus at the entrance of the hoary bay,
The frequent corſe of many a giant lay;
Some, tumbled headlong, made the ſea their grave,
While their legs roſe above the briny wave;
Some o'er the ſands their horrid viſage ſhow,
Their feet deep-rooted in the mud below.

Thus their huge trunks afford abundant fare
To Neptune's fiſhes, and the birds of air.
Soon as concluded was the bloody fray,
And favouring breezes call'd the chiefs away,
They loos'd; o'er ſwelling ocean ſouthern gales
Breath'd all day long, and fill'd their bellying ſails.
Night roſe, the favouring gales no longer laſt,
The ſhip drives backward with the ſtormy blaſt.
Again they harbour on the friendly coaſt,
Where late the Dolians entertain'd the hoſt;
And round the rock the ſteady cable bind,
The rock ev'n now to ſacred fame conſign'd.
Here thro' the gloom of night again they came,
And knew not that the country was the ſame.
Nor knew the Dolians, ſo dark night prevail'd,
That back to Cyzicum the Greeks had ſail'd;
But deem'd the chiefs a band of Macrian foes:
To arms they call, and force to force oppoſe.
A gleamy luſtre glanc'd along the field,
While ſpear met ſpear, and ſhield encounter'd ſhield.
In ſun-ſcorch'd buſhes thus the bickering blaze
Flames forth, and crackling on the branches preys.
Dire was the conflict; on the fatal plain
Their prince, alas! was number'd with the ſlain,
His queen and bridal bed beheld he ne'er again.

For

For Jaſon ſpy'd the prince advancing near,
And thro' his boſom plung'd the furious ſpear;
The ribs it broke, and circumſcrib'd his date,
Wing'd with th' inevitable will of Fate.
Fate, like a wall, devoted man ſurrounds,
And faſt confines him in its circling bounds.
Himſelf he deem'd, in that diſorder'd fight,
Vainly he deem'd! protected by the night:
The favouring night, alas! produc'd his bane,
And chiefs unnumber'd with their prince were ſlain.
For Hercules, with his all-conquering bow,
Diſpatch'd Telecles to the ſhades below,
And Megabrontes: by Acaſtus' hand
Pale Sphodris lay extended on the ſtrand.
Peleus to Pluto's dark dominions gave
Zelys the hardy, and Gephyrus brave.
Bold Telamon, well-ſkill'd the lance to wield,
Left Baſileus expiring on the field.
Next Idas vanquiſh'd Promeus by his ſide;
By warlike Clytius Hyacinthus died.
Fair Leda's ſons, in bloody combat ſkill'd,
Fierce Megaloſſacus and Phlogius kill'd.
And Meleager added two to theſe,
Itymoneus and valiant Artaces,

Theſe all were chiefs in fighting fields approv'd,
Deplor'd as heroes, and as brothers lov'd.
The reſt for ſafety on their flight rely;
(As trembling doves before the falcon fly)
Then to the city-gates tumultuous preſs,
And raiſe the piercing cry of deep diſtreſs;
The city mourn'd: they deem'd, return'd from far,
That hoſtile Macrians had renew'd the war.
But when the roſy morn began to wake,
All found their irretrievable miſtake.
Heart-rending grief oppreſs'd the Grecian train,
To ſee the hoſpitable monarch ſlain,
A clay-cold corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Deform'd with duſt, and all beſmear'd with gore.
The Greeks and Dolians, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Mourn three long days, and rend their graceful hair.
A tomb they rear upon the riſing ground,
And clad in brazen arms thrice march around;
Then for the monarch, on Limonia's plain,
Of rites obſervant, funeral-games ordain.
There ſtands the tomb, adorn'd with honours due,
Which diſtant ages will with ſorrow view.
When the ſad news at Clita's ear arriv'd,
Not long the queen her monarch's fate ſurviv'd;

But

But woe augmenting, round her neck ſhe tied
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and unſeemly died.
Her mournful dirge the weeping Dryads ſung,
While Dindymus with lamentations rung;
And all the tears that from their eye-lids fell,
The Gods transform'd, in pity, to a well;
In cryſtal ſtreams it murmurs ſtill, and weeps,
And ſtill the name of wretched Clita keeps.
A day ſo diſmal, ſo replete with woes,
Till this ſad day, to Dolians never roſe.
Deep, deep immers'd in ſorrow they remain'd,
And all from life-ſupporting food abſtain'd;
Save ſuch poor pittance as man's needs require,
Of corn unground, or unprepar'd by fire.
And annual, on this day, the Dolians ſtill
Sift coarſeſt meal, and at the public mill.
Thenceforth twelve days and nights dire ſtorms prevail,
Nor could the chiefs unfurl the ſwelling ſail.
The following night, by ſleep's ſoft power oppreſs'd,
Once more in Cyzicum the heroes reſt;
Mopſus alone and brave Acaſtus keep
The watch nocturnal, while their comrades ſleep;
When, lo! a Halcyon, of cerulean hue,
O'er the fair head of ſlumbering Jaſon flew,

In

In airy circles, wondrous to behold,
And, ſcreaming loud, the ceaſing ſtorm foretold.
The grateful ſound attentive Mopſus heard,
And mark'd the meaning of the ſea-bred bird;
(Which gently riſing from the deck below,
Perch'd on the ſummit of th' aerial prow)
Then rous'd he Jaſon from his fleecy bed,
Of ſheeps' ſoft ſkins compos'd, and thus he ſaid;
'O ſon of Æſon, hear! be this thy care,
'Haſte, to the fane of Dindymus repair;
'There Cybele with ſacrifice implore,
'So will the winds tempeſtuous ceaſe to roar.
'For this proclaim'd the boding Halcyon true,
'As round thee, ſunk in deep repoſe, ſhe flew.
'By Cybele's dread power the vaſt profound,
'And all the winds in harmony are bound.
'By her ſubſiſts prolific earth below,
'And high Olympus, ever crown'd with ſnow.
'Jove yields, when ſhe aſcends the courts of day,
'And all the powers immortal own her ſway.'
To Jaſon thus the venerable ſeer;
And welcome came the tidings to his ear.
Inſtant the chief, exulting with a bound,
Sprung from the bed, and wak'd his comrades round.

Elate

Elate with joy his looks, his words unfold
The glad preſage which Mopſus had foretold.
Then from the ſtalls the youths appointed drove
Selected oxen to the heights above.
Some from the rock unloos'd the corded ſtay,
And with fleet oars approach'd the Thracian bay.
From thence the top of Dindymus they gain'd;
Few were the heroes that aboard remain'd:
By thoſe the Macrian rocks, and Thracian land
Directly oppoſite, appear'd at hand;
The Thracian Boſphorus here, involv'd in ſhade,
And Myſia's riſing mountains were ſurvey'd;
There, where his waters black Æſepus pours,
Nepea's plain, and Adraſteia's tow'rs.
A vine's vaſt trunk adorn'd with branches ſtood,
Though old, yet ſound, and long had grac'd the wood;
This trunk they hew'd, and made, by Argus' ſkill,
An image of the Goddeſs of the hill;
Which on the rocky eminence they plac'd,
With the thick boughs of circling beeches grac'd,
They rear an altar, then, on riſing ground,
Of ſtones that readieſt lay, and wide around
Diſpoſe the branches of the ſacred oak,
And Dindymus's deity invoke,

The guardian power of Phrygia's hills and woods,
The venerable mother of the Gods.
On Tityas and Cyllenus too they call,
Of all her prieſts moſt lov'd, and honour'd moſt of all:
For ſkill prophetic they alone are fam'd;
Idean Dactyli theſe prieſts are nam'd;
Both whom Anchiala in Dicte's cave
Brought forth, where chill Oaxis rolls his wave.
While on the burning victims Jaſon pours
Libations due, the Goddeſs he implores
To ſmile propitious on the Grecian train,
And ſtill the tempeſts of the roaring main.
Then Orpheus call'd, and youthful chiefs advance,
All clad in arms, to lead the martial dance;
With claſhing ſwords they clatter'd on their ſhields,
And fill'd with feſtive ſounds th' aerial fields.
Loſt in theſe ſounds was every doleful ſtrain,
And their loud wailings for their monarch ſlain.
The Phrygians ſtill their Goddeſs' favour win
By the revolving wheel and timbrel's din.
Of theſe pure rites the mighty mother ſhow'd
Her mind approving, by theſe ſigns beſtow'd;
Boughs bend with fruit, Earth from her boſom pours
Herbs ever green, and voluntary flow'rs.

Fierce

Fierce foreſt-beaſts forſake the lonely den,
Approach with gentleneſs, and fawn on men.
A pleaſing omen, and more wondrous ſtill
The Goddeſs gave: the Dindymean hill,
That ne'er knew water on its airy brow,
Burſts into ſtreams, and founts perennial flow.
This wonder ſtill the Phrygian ſhepherds ſing,
And give the name of Jaſon to the ſpring.
Then on the mount the chiefs the feaſt prolong,
And praiſe the venerable queen in ſong.
But when the morning roſe, they plied their oars,
And, the wind ceaſing, left the Phrygian ſhores.
Then fair contention fir'd the princely train,
Who beſt the toil of rowing could ſuſtain.
For now the howling ſtorm was lull'd to ſleep;
Etherial mildneſs had compos'd the deep.
On the calm ſea the labouring chiefs rely'd;
Fleet flew the ſhip along the yielding tide;
Not Neptune's ſteeds ſo ſwift, with looſen'd reins,
Skim the light level of the liquid plains.
But when with even-tide the bluſtering breeze
Bruſh'd the broad boſom of the ſwelling ſeas,
The wearied chiefs their toilſome courſe repreſs'd,
And all, ſave great Alcides, ſunk to reſt.

Swift thro' the waves his arm unaided drew
The ſhip, deep-laden with the drowſy crew.
Thro' all her planks the well-compacted pine
Shook, as his oar diſpers'd the foamy brine.
But ſoon the heroes view'd the Myſian ſhore,
As by the mouth of Rhyndacus they bore.
On Phrygia's fields a wiſhful look they caſt,
And huge Ægæon's promontory paſs'd,
When great Alcides, at one luckleſs ſtroke,
His oar, hard ſtraining, near the middle broke.
One part was ſwallow'd in the whelming main,
One, though he fell, his graſping hands retain;
Backward he fell, but ſoon his ſeat regain'd,
And, loathing reſt, in mute amaze remain'd.
What time the weary labourer, wanting reſt,
Hies to his cot with pining faſt oppreſs'd;
Ev'n in the entrance of his rural door
His tottering knees he bends, and moves no more;
His duſty limbs he views, and callous hands,
And curſes hunger's inſolent demands:
Then, nor till then, the chiefs to Chius row,
Chius, whoſe ſtreams around Arganthon flow.
The friendly Myſians on their peaceful coaſt
Receive with hoſpitality the hoſt;

Abundant ſtores they ſend, with hearts benign,
Fat ſheep, and ſtrong exhilarating wine.
Some bring dry wood, and ſome in order ſpread
Soft leaves and herbage for a ſpacious bed;
Some from the flint elicit living fire;
Some mix the wines that generous deeds inſpire:
The feaſt they crown, and rites to Phœbus pay,
Ecbaſian Phœbus, at the cloſe of day.
But Hercules the genial feaſt declin'd,
And ſought the wood, a fitting oar to find.
Nor long he ſought before a fir he found;
Few leaves adorn'd it, and few branches crown'd;
Yet as the poplar's ſtem aſpires on high,
This fir, ſo ſtout and tall, attracts his eye.
On the green graſs his bow he laid aſide,
His arrowy quiver, and the lion's hide.
Firſt with his club the ſolid ſoil he ſhook,
Then in both arms, aſſur'd, the fir-tree took;
Firm on his feet he ſtood, with bended knee;
His big broad ſhoulder lean'd againſt the tree;
Then heav'd it up, deep-rooted in the ground,
Clogg'd with the ſoil's impediments around.
As when, beneath Orion's wintry reign,
The ſudden tempeſt ruſhes from the main,

Some tall ſhip's maſt it tears, and every ſtay,
And all the cordage, all the ſails away:
Thus he the trunk; then took, in haſte to go,
The hide, the club, his arrows and his bow.
 Meanwhile, preparing for his friend's return
A ready ſupper, with his brazen urn
Alone rov'd Hylas o'er the fields, to bring
The pureſt water from the ſacred ſpring.
For to ſuch taſks Alcides train'd his ſquire,
Whom firſt he took an infant from his ſire
Theodamas; but him with ſword ſevere
He ſlew, who churliſh had refus'd a ſteer.
For when Theodamas, oppreſs'd with care,
Turn'd the freſh furrow with his ſhining ſhare,
He diſobey'd, ah wretch! the chief's command,
Who claim'd the labouring ox that till'd the land.
But know, Alcides ſought for cauſe to bring
War on Dryopia's kingdom and the king,
For barbarous acts, and rights neglected long.
 But rove not, Muſe, digreſſive from the ſong.
Soon faithful Hylas to the fountain came,
Which Myſian ſhepherds cryſtal Pegæ name;
It chanc'd the nymphs, in neighbouring ſtreams that dwell,
Then kept a concert at the ſacred well.

In

In Dian's praiſe they rais'd the nightly ſong,
All who to high, aerial hills belong;
All who in caverns hide, or devious rove
The mountain-foreſt, or the ſhady grove.
When from her ſpring, unſullied with a ſtain,
Roſe Ephydatia, to attend the train,
The form of Hylas ruſh'd upon her ſight,
In every grace of bluſhing beauty bright:
For the full moon a beamy luſtre ſhed,
And heighten'd all the honours of his head.
Fir'd with love's ſudden flame, by Venus rais'd,
The frantic naiad languiſh'd as ſhe gaz'd:
And ſoon as, ſtooping to receive the tide,
He to the ſtream his brazen urn apply'd,
In guſh'd the foaming waves; the nymph with joy
Sprung from the deep to kiſs the charming boy.
Her left arm round his lovely neck ſhe threw,
And with her right hand to the bottom drew.
Firſt Polyphemus heard, as wandering nigh
This fatal fount, the youth's diſtreſsful cry,
(In ſearch of Hercules he rov'd the wood)
And hied with haſty footſteps to the flood.
As when a lion from his cavern'd rock,
At diſtance hears the bleatings of the flock,

To ſeize his prey he ſprings, with hunger bold,
But faithful ſhepherds had ſecur'd the fold;
Defeated of his prize, he roars amain,
Rends his hoarſe throat, and terrifies the ſwain:
Thus Polyphemus call'd with voice profound,
And vainly anxious rov'd the foreſt round.
At length retreating, he the path explor'd
Thro' which he came, and drew his truſty ſword,
Leſt ſavage beaſts ſhould ſeize him for their prey,
Or nightly robbers intercept his way.
And as he brandiſh'd the bright burniſh'd blade,
He met Alcides in the gloomy ſhade,
Unknown at firſt, but as he nearer drew,
His friend returning to the ſhip he knew.
Though his breath falters, and his ſpirits fail,
He thus reveals the melancholy tale:
'Hard is my lot, and much averſe my will,
'To be the firſt ſad meſſenger of ill;
'Young Hylas went to fetch freſh water late,
'Not yet return'd; I tremble for his fate:
'By robbers ſeiz'd or beaſts, 'tis hard to gueſs;
'I heard his cry, the ſignal of diſtreſs:'
Thus he: the ſweat from great Alcides flow'd,
And the black blood thro' all his body glow'd:

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, the fir-tree on the ground he threw,
And, where his feet or frenzy hurried, flew.
As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,
Forſakes the meadows, and the marſhy ground,
The flowery food, the herd and herdſmen ſhuns,
Now ſtands ſtock-ſtill, and reſtleſs now he runs;
Stung by the breeſe, he maddens with the pain,
Toſſes aloft his head, and roars amain:
Thus ran the raging chief with matchleſs force,
Then ſudden ſtopp'd he, wearied with the courſe.
Anxious in vain, he rov'd the foreſt round,
The diſtant hills and vales his voice rebound.
Now o'er the lofty mountains roſe in view
The morning-ſtar, and mildeſt breezes blew:
That inſtant Tiphys bade the heroes ſail,
Aſcend the veſſel, and enjoy the gale.
The ready crew obey the pilot's word,
Their anchor weigh, and haul the cords aboard;
Then give the ſtretching canvaſs to the wind,
And leave the Poſidean rocks behind.
When from the roſy orient, beaming bright,
Aurora tipp'd the foot-worn paths with light;
And o'er moiſt meads the glittering dew-drops ſhin'd,
They miſs'd thoſe friends their folly left behind,

Then roſe contention keen, and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their braveſt chief.
In ſilence Jaſon ſat, and long ſuppreſs'd,
Though griev'd, the labouring anguiſh of his breaſt.
Brave Telamon, with anger kindling, ſpoke:
' Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern'd thy look:
' To leave unconquer'd Hercules behind
' Was a baſe project, and by thee deſign'd;
' Leſt, when to Greece we ſteer the ſailing pine,
' His brighter glories ſhould out-dazzle thine.
' But words avail not——I renounce the band,
' Whoſe ſelfiſh wiles this ſtratagem have plann'd:'
Thus ſpoke Æacides, inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſparkling like the burning fire;
On Tiphys then, by rage impell'd, he flew:
And once more Myſia had receiv'd the crew;
Again the heroes the ſame courſe had ſail'd,
Though roaring winds and raging waves prevail'd,
Had not bold Boreas' ſons the chief addreſs'd,
And, nobly daring, his rough rage repreſs'd.
(Ill fated youths! for that heroic deed
Doom'd by the hands of Hercules to bleed.
For when returning home their courſe they ſped,
From funeral games perform'd for Pelias dead,

In

In ſea-girt Tenos he the brothers ſlew,
And o'er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
The crumbling mould; then with two columns crown'd,
Erected high the death-devoted ground;
And one ſtill moves, how marvellous the tale!
With every motion of the Northern gale—
But theſe are facts reſery'd for future years)
Lo! ſudden, Glaucus to their ſight appears,
Prophet of Nereus, riſing from the main,
Moſt ſkill'd of all his fate-foretelling train.
High o'er the waves he rear'd his ſhaggy head,
With his ſtrong hand the rudder ſeiz'd, and ſaid:
'Why ſtrive ye thus, tho' Jove's high will with-
ſtands,
'To bear Alcides to the Colchian lands?
'He muſt at Argos, ſo the fates ordain,
'And ſo Euryſtheus has decreed, ſuſtain
'Twelve mighty labours, thence be rais'd above,
'To high Olympus, and the court of Jove.
'Ceaſe for Amphytrion's ſon, your murmurs ceaſe,
'And lull the ſorrows of your ſouls to peace.
'In Myſia, where meandering Chius ſtrays,
'Muſt Polyphemus a proud city raiſe:
'Then, mid' the Calybes, a deſperate clan,
'Expires on Scythian plains the gallant man.

'But

' But ſtrange is Hylas' fate: his youthful charms
' Entic'd a nymph, who claſp'd him in her arms.
' Now the bleſt pair the bands of Hymen bind;
' In ſearch of him the chiefs are left behind.'
This ſaid, he plung'd into the gulf profound,
The purple ocean foam'd in eddies round.
The God deſcending with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Impell'd the hollow veſſel on her way.
The chiefs rejoic'd this prodigy to view,
And inſtant Telamon to Jaſon flew
In friendly ſort, and in his right he took
The prince's hand, and thus embracing ſpoke:
' Illuſtrious chief, let not thine anger riſe
' At aught I ſaid impetuous and unwiſe.
' Grief for my friend has made me indiſcreet,
' And utter words for Jaſon's ear unmeet;
' Thoſe to the winds wide-ſcattering let us give,
' And, as before, in friendly concord live,'
Then Jaſon thus; " Thy cenſures wound my mind,
" Which ſay, I left the braveſt Greek behind.
" Yet though thy words reproachful guilt ſuggeſt,
" Rage dwells not long in Jaſon's generous breaſt;
" Since not for flocks or riches we contend,
" But a bold hero, and a faithful friend.

" And

" And thou, I truſt, if reaſon calls, wilt be
" As firm and warm an advocate for me."
He ſpoke; and now, the hateful conteſt o'er,
The chiefs reſum'd the ſeats they held before.
But for thoſe heroes, whom they left behind,
By Jove's decree are various cares deſign'd.
Nam'd from its ſtream, the boaſt of future days,
Muſt one on Myſian plains a city raiſe:
One (great Alcides) other toils muſt ſhare,
And learn Euriſtheus' ſtern commands to bear.
Long time he threaten'd, for his Hylas loſt,
Inſtant deſtruction to the Myſian coaſt,
Unleſs the Myſians to his arms reſtor'd,
Alive or dead, the partner of his board.
Of all their bands the choiceſt youths they choſe,
And them as pledges of their faith propoſe;
Then ſwore they all, their ſearch ſhould never end,
Till haply they had found the hero's friend.
Still to this day the fond Cianians ſeek
(All who at Trachin dwell) the lovely Greek.
For beauteous youths, to Trachin's walls convey'd,
Were there as pledges to Alcides paid.

Meanwhile all day and night briſk breezes blew,
Fleet o'er the foaming flood the veſſel flew;

But

But when the dawn gave promiſe of the day,
The winds expiring gently died away. 1745
A land projecting o'er the bay below
The chiefs diſcover'd, and to this they row;
This peaceful port awhile the Minyans choſe,
And, as they reach'd it, grateful morning roſe.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book contains the combat between Amycus and Pollux; the former of whom is ſlain. A battle enſues between the Argonauts and Bebrycians, in which the Argonauts come off conquerors. They ſail to Salmydeſſus, a city of Thrace, where they conſult Phineus, a ſoothſayer, on the ſucceſs of their expedition. He promiſes, if they would deliver him from the Harpies, to direct them ſafely to Colchos. His requeſt is granted, and he gives them inſtructions. The ſtory of Paræbius, Cyrene and Ariſtæus. They ſail through the Symplegades, and thence to the iſland Thynia, where they land. Apollo, who here appears to them, is rendered propitious by ſacrifice. The courſe of the river Acheron is deſcribed. They land on the coaſt of the Mariandyni, and are hoſpitably entertained by Lycus, the king of that country. Here Idmon is killed by a wild boar, and here Tiphys dies. Ancæus is appointed pilot in his ſtead. They ſail by the monument of Sthenelus, whoſe ghoſt is releaſed by Proſerpine, and gratified with the ſight of the Argonauts. At the iſland of Mars they meet the ſons of Phrixus, who had juſt before been ſhipwrecked. They are kindly received by the Argonauts, who take them on board. Sailing by Mount Caucaſus they come in ſight of the eagle that preys on the entrails of Prometheus. The end of their voyage.

THE

THE ARGONAUTICS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

BOOK II.

TENTS o'er the beach Bebrycia's king had ſpread,
And ſtalls erected where fat oxen fed.
To genial Neptune a Bithynian dame
Bore the fierce tyrant, Amycus his name,
Proudeſt of men; who this hard law decreed,
That from his realm no ſtranger ſhould recede,
Till firſt with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the liſted field.
Unnumber'd gueſts his matchleſs proweſs ſlew:
Stern he accoſts ſwift Argo's valiant crew,
Curious the reaſon of their courſe to ſcan,
Who, whence they were; and ſcornful thus began:
'Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant hoſt;
'None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coaſt,

'Is

' Is thence by law permitted to depart,
' Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
' Chooſe then a chief who can the gauntlet wield,
' And let him try the fortune of the field:
' Should ye contemptuous ſcorn my fix'd decree,
' Know, your proud hearts ſhall yield to fate and me.'
Thus ſpoke the chief with inſolent diſdain,
And rous'd reſentment in the martial train;
But Pollux moſt his vaunting words provoke,
Who thus, a champion for his fellows, ſpoke:
" Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
" Lo, we obſequious thy decrees obey!
" Unforc'd, this inſtant, to the liſts I go,
" Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe."
Stung to the heart with this ſevere reply,
On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye:
As the grim lion, pierc'd by ſome keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain-top ſurround;
Though cloſe hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls glance
On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
The Greek ſtript off his mantle richly wrought,
Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
Which ſome fair nymph, who had her flame avow'd;
The pledge of hoſpitable love beſtow'd:

His

His double cloak, with claſps of ſable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greenſword threw,
And his rough ſheep-hoók of wild olive made,
Which lately flouriſh'd in the woodland ſhade.
Then ſought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the ſtrand
They plac'd their friends, who ſaw, with wondering eyes;
The chiefs how different, both in make and ſize;
For like Typhœus' race the tyrant ſtood
Enormous; or that miſcreated brood
Of mighty monſters, which parturient Earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a hideous birth.
But Pollux ſhone like that mild ſtar on high,
Whoſe riſing ray illumes fair Evening's ſky.
Down ſpread his cheek, ripe manhood's early ſign,
And in his eye-balls beam'd the glance divine.
But like a lion, glorying in his might,
Stood Jove's puiſſant ſon, prepar'd for fight.
His arms he poiz'd; advancing in the ring,
To try if ſtill they kept their priſtine ſpring;
If pliant ſtill, and vigorous as before,
Nor rigid grown with labouring at the oar.
Trial like this the haughty king diſdain'd:
Aloof and ſilent Amycus remain'd.

Full on his foe his vengeful eyes he turn'd,
For blood he thirſted, and for conqueſt burn'd.
With that his ſquire Lycoreus, full in view,
Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
Of barbarous faſhion, harden'd, rough and dry'd.
Then thus the king, with inſolence and pride:
'Lo, two ſtout pair; the choice I leave to thee;
'(No lot appoints them) chooſe, and blame not me.
'Bind them ſecure, and after trial tell,
'How greatly I in either art excel,
'Whether to form the ceſtus firm and good,
'Or ſtain the cheeks of mighty men with blood.'
He ſpoke: brave Pollux nothing deign'd to ſay,
But ſmiling choſe the pair which neareſt lay.
To cheer their champion, Caſtor, honour'd name!
And Talaüs, the ſon of Bias, came;
Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
And animate the vigour of his mind.
Aratus, and bold Ornytus his friend,
To Amycus their kind aſſiſtance lend:
Fools! for they knew not, this one conflict o'er,
Thoſe gauntlets never ſhould be buckled more.
Accoutred thus each ardent hero ſtands,
And raiſes high in air his iron hands;

With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
First Amycus a furious onset gave,
Like the rude insult of the battering wave,
That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side;
The wary pilot, by superior skill,
Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill.
Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux press'd,
Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest:
But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe;
And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
There all the thunder of his arms he plies.
As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to drive,
From head to stern repeated blows go round,
And ceaseless hammers send a various sound;
Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung,
Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung:
Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd death,
Till tir'd with toil they faintly gasp'd for breath:
Awhile they then remit the bloody fray,
And panting wipe the copious sweat away.

But adverſe ſoon they meet, with rage they glow,
Like bulls fierce fighting for ſome favourite cow.
Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
Roſe to the ſtroke, reſolv'd his foe to ſmite,
And by one blow the dubious war conclude:
The wary prince, his ruin to elude,
Bent back his head; defeated of its aim,
The blow impetuous on his ſhoulder came.
Then Pollux with firm ſteps approaching near,
Vindictive ſtruck his adverſary's ear;
Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke;
Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful ſtroke:
The Grecians ſhouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.
The griev'd Bebrycians ſaw their monarch ſlain,
And big with vengeance ruſh'd into the plain;
With ſeaſon'd clubs and javelins arm'd they ran,
And aim'd their fury at the conquering man.
Their keen-edg'd ſwords the friends of Pollux drew,
And to the ſuccour of their comrade flew.
Firſt Caſtor ſlaughter'd, with victorious hand,
A hero of the bold Bebrycian band,
The griding ſword at once his head divides,
And on his ſhoulders hang the parted ſides.

Mimans, Itymoneus of giant-ſize,
Each by the arm of conquering Pollux dies.
On this his foot impreſs'd a deadly wound
Full on his ſide, and ſtretch'd him on the ground:
His right hand daſh'd, with unreſiſted ſway,
Mimans' left eye, and tore the ball away,
Orcides, Amycus's proud compeer,
Then launch'd at Talaüs his brazen ſpear;
Juſt near his flank the point he lightly felt,
That ras'd the ſkin beneath his broider'd belt.
Aratus, with his club of harden'd oak,
Aim'd at brave Iphitus a deadly ſtroke:
Vain thought! too ſoon, alas! it is decreed,
The hero by his brother's ſword muſt bleed.
Then ruſh'd, to ſuccour the Theſſalian band,
Ancæus, with his pole-axe in his hand;
O'er his broad back a bear's dark ſpoils he threw,
And boldly mingled with the hoſtile crew.
The ſons of Æacus, renown'd for might,
And Jaſon join'd them in the fields of fight.
As when, what time both dogs and ſhepherds keep
Cloſe in warm cots, neglectful of their ſheep,
Wolves, pinch'd with hunger and bleak winter's cold,
Leap o'er the fence, and terrify the fold,

With ravening eyes the crowded ſheep ſurvey,
And doubt where firſt to rend the trembling prey;
Thus the bold Greeks, as near their foes they drew,
Intimidate the congregated crew.

As ſwains with ſmoke, of honey ſtudious, ſtrive
From ſome rock's cleft the ſwarming bees to drive;
Alarm'd and trembling, with a murmuring ſound,
They crowd to all their waxen rooms around;
But if the fumes prevail, their wings they ply,
And rove uncertain thro' the various ſky:
Diſperſing thus, the wild Bebrycians fled,
And loud proclaim'd that Amycus was dead.
Ah, hapleſs race of men! they little knew,
That, ſoon, far greater evils muſt enſue:
Soon muſt they ſee, their monarch now no more,
Their lands a drear, depopulated ſhore;
Their vineyards ſpoil'd, and waſted all their coaſt
By Lycus, and the Mariandine hoſt:
For 'twas their fate, with ſpear and ſteely brand,
Hard lot! to battle for an iron land.
The Greeks then ſeiz'd their herds, an eaſy prey,
And from the ſheep-folds drove the flocks away;
The live proviſion to their ſhip they ſent:
Then thus ſome ſailor gave his boaſting vent;

'What had theſe miſcreants done, with fears diſ-
may'd,
'Had heaven indulg'd us with Alcides' aid?
'No fierce contention then, I judge, had been,
'No bloody boxing on the lifted green:
'The chief's ſtout club had tam'd the tyrant's pride,
'And ſet his execrable laws aſide.
'But now, impell'd by ſwelling waves and wind,
'We leave at land the matchleſs chief behind;
'Whoſe loſs diſtreſs to every Greek will prove.'
He ſaid;------but all things own the will of Jove.
All night the heroes on the coaſt remain,
To heal the bruiſes of the wounded train.
Firſt to the gods they give the honours due,
And next, a banquet for the princely crew.
Nor can night's ſhades the chiefs to ſleep incline,
Or o'er the ſacrifice, or o'er the wine;
Mirthful they ſit, their brows with laurel crown'd:
To a green laurel was the cable bound.
While Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre, the hymn they raiſe,
And Jove's fam'd offspring, mighty Pollux, praiſe:
Soft breathes the breeze, the billows ceaſe to roar,
And feſtive joy exhilarates the ſhore.
But when the ſun illum'd the hills and plains,
Dank with the dew, and rous'd the ſhepherd-ſwains,

They ſent abundant flocks and herds aboard,
And from the laurel-ſtem unloos'd the cord;
And while the favourable winds prevail'd,
Thro' the rough-rolling Boſphorus they ſail'd.
When, lo! a wave by gathering ſurges driv'n,
Swoln big for burſting, is up-heav'd to heav'n,
Still riſes higher, and ſtill wider ſpreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads;
Like a black cloud it frowns, prepar'd to fall,
And threatens quick deſtruction to them all.
Yet the train'd pilot, by ſuperior ſkill,
Well knows to 'ſcape this laſt impending ill:
Safe through the ſtorm the veſſel Tiphys ſteer'd,
And ſav'd the heroes from the fate they fear'd.

Fronting Bithynia's coaſt, next morn, they reach
New land, and fix their halſers on the beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful manſions of ſad Phineus ſtood,
Agenor's ſon; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequall'd care.
For, taught by wiſe Apollo to deſcry
Unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his ſcience, the preſumptuous ſeer
Deign'd not Jove's awful ſecrets to revere;

But

But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The ſacred purpoſe of th' omniſcient mind:
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But dimm'd in endleſs night his viſual rays.
Nor would the vengeful God indulge his taſte
With the ſweet bleſſings of a pure repaſt,
Tho' (for they learn'd his fate) the country round
Their prophet's board with every dainty crown'd.
For, lo! deſcending ſudden from the ſky,
Round the pil'd banquet ſhrieking Harpies fly,
Whoſe beaks rapacious, and whoſe talons tear
Quick from his famiſh'd lips th' untaſted fare.
Yet would ſome ſlender pittance oft remain,
Life to ſupport, and to perpetuate pain.
Such odours ſtill the nauſeous ſcraps exhal'd,
That with the ſtench the loathing ſtomach fail'd.
Aloof the gueſts amaz'd and hungry ſtood,
While their ſick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome ſound invades the prophet's ear;
Taught by almighty Jove, that now was come
The long-wiſh'd period of heaven's vengeful doom;
When, by theſe heroes' deſtin'd aid reſtor'd,
Peace ſhould hereafter bleſs his feaſtful board.

Then

Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
(Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade)
Propp'd on his ſtaff his way explores, and crawls
With lingering ſtep along the lonely walls:
Diſeas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Thro' every limb he trembled as he paſs'd;
Shrunk was his form, with want aduſt and thin,
The pointed bones ſeem'd burſting thro' his ſkin:
But faint and breathleſs as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threſhold, tir'd with toil, he ſat,
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And ſwims beneath his feet the ſolid ground;
No more their functions the frail ſenſes keep,
But ſpeechleſs ſinks he in a death-like ſleep.

This ſaw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow ſound
(His breath and utterance ſcarce recover'd) broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd ſeer prophetic ſpoke:

'Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
'Whom o'er the main Theſſalia's pines convey,
'And Jaſon leads to Colchos' magic land;
'Such is your cruel tyrant's ſtern command.
'Yes, ye are they; for yet my mental eye
'Undimm'd, paſt, preſent, future can deſcry:

'Thanks

' Thanks to thy ſon, Latona, who beſtows
' This grace, this only ſolace of my woes;
' By Jove, to whom the ſuppliant's cauſe belongs,
' Who hates the cruel, and avenges wrongs;
' By Phœbus, and by Juno, from on high
' Who marks your progreſs with compaſſion's eye,
' Aid me, and, oh! a ſufferer's pangs aſſuage,
' And bid corroſive famine ceaſe to rage:
' Leave me not thus, unpitied and unbleſs'd;
' But ere you fail, ah! pity the diſtreſs'd.
' For not theſe orbs alone, depriv'd of ſight,
' Vindictive Heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
' But to extreme old age his cruel law
' Dooms me th' unwaſting thread of life to draw.
' Still weightier woes from ſorrow's lengthen'd chain
' Depend, and pain is ever link'd to pain.
' From ſecret haunts, aërial, unexplor'd,
' Flights of devouring Harpies vex my board;
' Swift, inſtantaneous, ſudden they deſcend,
' And from my mouth the taſteful morſel rend.
' Meanwhile my troubled ſoul, with woe oppreſs'd,
' No means of aid, no comfort can ſuggeſt.
' For when the feaſt I purpoſe to prepare,
' They ſee that purpoſe, and prevent my care:

' But

' But cloy'd, and glutted with the luſcious ſpoil,
' With noiſome ordure parting they defile
' Whate'er remains, if aught perchance remain,
' That none approaching may the ſtench ſuſtain,
' Tho' his ſtrong heart were wrapp'd in plated mail;
' The filthy fragments ſuch dire ſteams exhale.
' Yet me fell hunger's all-ſubduing pain
' Compels reluctant, loathing to remain;
' Compels the deadly odours to endure,
' And gorge my craving maw with food impure.
' From theſe invaders (ſo hath Fate decreed)
' By Boreas' offspring ſhall my board be freed.
' Nor on a ſtranger to your houſe and blood,
' O ſons of Boreas, is your aid beſtow'd.
' Phineus behold, Agenor's hapleſs ſon,
' Once for prophetic ſkill and riches known;
' Who, while I ſway'd the Thracian ſceptre, led
' Your portion'd ſiſter to my ſpouſal bed.'

Here Phineus ceas'd, and touch'd each pitying chief:
But Boreas' ſons were pierc'd with double grief;
Compaſſion kind was kindled in their breaſt:
Their tears abating, friendly Zetes preſs'd
His trembling hand, and thus the ſeer addreſs'd:

" O moſt

" O moſt diſaſtrous of all human kind,
" Whence ſpring theſe evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
" Haſt thou, intruſted with the book of Fate,
" By folly merited celeſtial hate?
" Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
" Fain would the ſons of Boreas grant thee aid;
" Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
" But awful dread their willing hands reſtrains.
" To frighted mortals well thy ſufferings prove
" How fierce the vengeance of the Gods above.
" Swear, or we dare not, as we wiſh, eſſay
" To drive theſe hateful Harpies far away:
" Swear that the ſuccours, which our arms intend,
" Shall no ſuperior deity offend."
He ſpoke; and ſtraight to heaven diſcloſing wide
His ſightleſs eye-balls, thus the ſeer reply'd:
' My ſon, th' injuſtice of thy tongue reſtrain,
' Nor let ſuch thoughts thy pious ſoul profane.
' By Phœbus, heavenly augur, who inſpires
' My conſcious boſom with prophetic fires;
' By every woe fate deſtines me to bear,
' And by theſe eyes, involv'd in night, I ſwear;
' By the fell demons of the realms below,
' (Whom ever unpropitious may I know,

' From

' From their reſentment not in death ſecure,
' If falſly their dread godheads I adjure;)
' That, ſhould a captive by your arms be freed,
' No God vindictive will avenge the deed.'
Then acquieſcing in the ſolemn pray'r,
To aid the prophet Boreas' ſons prepare.
The youthful train a banquet ſpread; the laſt
Which thoſe fell Harpies were decreed to taſte.
Nigh ſtand the brothers, ardent to oppoſe
With glittering falchions their invading foes.
But ſcarce the firſt ſweet morſel Phineüs took,
When from the clouds with ſwift prevention broke,
(Swift as the lightning's glance, or ſtormy blaſt,
Whoſe rapid fury lays the foreſt waſte)
Shrill-clamouring for their prey, the birds obſcene;
The watchful heroes ſhouting ruſh'd between;
But they with ſpeedieſt rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
The ſons of Boreas arm'd with ſwords purſue;
Cloſe they purſue; for Jove, that ſignal day,
Their ſtrength proportion'd to the deſperate fray;
The ſtrength he gave had Jove, that day, deny'd,
In vain their pinions had the brothers plied.

For

For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus ſeek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monſters, fleeter than the wind,
Leave the careering Zephyrs far behind.
As when ſwift hounds, experienc'd in the chace,
Through ſome wide foreſt, o'er the ſcented graſs
The bounding hind, or horned goat purſue,
Near, and more near their panting prey they view;
And eager ſtretching, the ſhort ſpace to gain,
They ſnap, and grind their gnaſhing fangs in vain:
Thus ever near, the rapid chiefs purſu'd,
The Harpies thus their graſping hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, ſons of Boreas, ſlain,
The Harpy-race, tho' every God withſtood,
Had ſtain'd the Plotian iſles with ſacred blood;
Their ſore diſtreſs had Iris not ſurvey'd,
And darting from the ſkies the heroes ſtaid:
'O ſons of Boreas, the dread laws above
'Permit you not to wound the *dogs of Jove*:
'And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
'Shall theſe fell *dogs* approach the Thracian ſhore.'
This ſaid, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Moſt fear'd, moſt honour'd by immortal Gods;

By the ſlow-dripping urn of Styx ſhe ſwore;
The prophet's peaceful manſions on the ſhore
For ever from thoſe ſpoilers ſhould be free;
Such was the fatal ſiſters' fix'd decree.
The Goddeſs ſwore, the brothers ſtraight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way:
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian iſlands ſtyl'd by ancient fame.
Diſparting then, to different regions flew
The maid celeſtial and the monſter-crew.
Thoſe to the grots retir'd, the dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete;
While the gay Goddeſs of the watery bow
Soar'd on fleet pinions to Olympus' brow.
Mean-while the princes, with unwearied pains,
Waſh from their ſeer the Harpies' filthy ſtains:
Next from the ſpoils, which on Bebrycia's ſhore
From vanquiſh'd Amycus brave Pollux bore,
The fleecy victims they ſelect with care;
And ſooth the Gods with ſacrifice and pray'r.
Then in the palace each heroic gueſt
Partakes the pleaſures of the ſumptuous feaſt:
With them ſat Phineus, and refreſh'd his ſoul
With ſavoury viands, and the cheering bowl:

While

While yet he feasts, insatiate still he seems,
And shares a bliss beyond the bliss of dreams.
Tho' now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And generous wine had open'd every breast;
Yet still the chiefs prolong the banquet late,
And for the feather'd sons of Boreas wait.
Plac'd in the midst, before the cheerful fire,
Thus of their voyage spoke the sacred fire:
'Hear what the Gods permit me to relate;
'For 'tis profane to publish all your fate.
'Unnumber'd woes I felt, and feel them still,
'For erst divulging Jove's almighty will:
'To man he gives Fate's dark events to scan
'In part, but always leaves dependent man.
'When hence your destin'd voyage ye pursue,
'Two rocks will rise, tremendous to the view,
'Just in the entrance of the watery waste,
'Which never mortal yet in safety past:
'Not firmly fix'd; for oft with hideous shock
'Adverse they meet, and rock encounters rock:
'The boiling billows dash their airy brow,
'Loud thundering round the ragged shore below.
'Safe if ye hope to pass, my counsel hear,
'Be rul'd by prudence, and the Gods revere;

' Nor on your unexperienc'd youth depend,
' The want of caution brings you to your end.
' Firſt from your ſhip a nimble dove let fly,
' And on the ſure prognoſtic bird rely;
' Safe thro' the rocks if ſhe purſue her way,
' No longer ye the deſtin'd courſe delay;
' Steer for the ſtrait, and let the rowers ſweep
' With ſtretching oars the cloſe-contracted deep:
' For not in prayers alone your ſafety ſtands;
' But nervous vigour, and the ſtrength of hands.
' Ply then your oars, and ſtrain at every ſtroke;
' But firſt with prayer the Deities invoke.
' The dove's ſad fate ſhould you deſponding view,
' Cruſh'd by the cloſing fragments as ſhe flew,
' Steer back, leſt you againſt thoſe rocks be driv'n,
' Steer back; 'tis ſafeſt to ſubmit to Heav'n.
' 'Twere death thro' them to force the foaming keel,
' Tho' heaven-built Argo were compos'd of ſteel.
' O friends, be warn'd by me, nor raſhly dare
' To venture farther than my words declare;
' Me though ye deem the righteous Gods purſue
' With direful vengeance, threefold more than due;
' Tempt not without the dove this dangerous ſtrait,
' For man muſt ſuffer what's ordain'd by Fate.

' But

' But if with active oars ye ſafely gain,
' Through theſe tremendous rocks, the diſtant main;
' Cloſe to Bithynia let your veſſel run,
' And on the left the dangerous ſhallows ſhun;
' Till Rhebas, rapid-rolling ſtream, ye reach,
' The gloomy ſhore, and Thynia's ſheltering beach.
' Thence o'er the billows fronting Thynia's ſtrand,
' Soon will ye gain the Mariandine land.
' Here lies the path to Pluto's dreary caves,
' Here Acheruſia frowns above the waves,
' Whoſe ſkirts the gulfy Acheron divides,
' And from deep whirlpools diſembogues his tides.
' Thence, not far diſtant, with the weſtern gale,
' Near Paphlagonia's towering heights ye ſail,
' The hardy ſons of which inclement coaſt
' Enetean Pelops for their founder boaſt.
' Full to the north a promontory fam'd
' Lifts the high head in air, Carambis nam'd;
' The northern winds below its ſummit ſweep,
' So loftily it riſes o'er the deep.
' This point once doubled, a new coaſt expands
' Its ample plains, and on the limit ſtands
' A cape far-jutting, from whoſe rocky ſhores
' The rapid Halys in old ocean roars.

' Near him clear Iris draws his humbler train,
' In ſilver torrents foaming to the main.
' Beyond projects an headland tall and ſteep,
' And forms a peaceful harbour in the deep.
' Here o'er extenſive fields Thermodon pours,
' Near Themiſcyria's heights, his watery ſtores.
' Next lie the ſpacious Dœan plains, and near
' Three cities of the Amazons appear:
' And next the Chalybes, inur'd to toil,
' Work at the forge, and turn the ſtubborn ſoil.
' Near theſe the wealthy Tiberenians till,
' Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.
' The Moſſynœcians, next, the country round
' Poſſeſs, with mountains and with foreſts crown'd.
' In towers they live of ſolid timber fram'd,
' Moſſynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd.
' When theſe are paſt, an iſland bleak and bare
' Lies full in view, there guide your ſhip with care,
' And thence with care thoſe noxious birds expel,
' Which on the deſert ſhore unnumber'd dwell.
' Here form'd of ſolid ſtone, and ſeen from far,
' Stands the rough temple of the God of war.
' Two Amazonian queens, renown'd for arms,
' Had rais'd the fane, when ſtunn'd with war's alarms.

' Steer

'Steer to this iſland through the ſtormy main,
'And, all that mariners can wiſh, ye gain.
'But why ſhould I each circumſtance diſcloſe,
'And make again the powers of heaven my foes?
'Beyond that iſle, but on the fronting ſhores,
'The Philyreans feed their fleecy ſtores:
'The brave Macronians till the neighbouring coaſt;
'Next theſe the numerous Bechirian hoſt:
'Near them Sapirians and Byzerians dwell,
'And next the Colchians, who in arms excel.
'But ye, your ſteady courſe in Argo keep,
'Shun the falſe ſhores, and plough ſecure the deep,
'Till that rich coaſt ye reach, where Phaſis leads
'From Amarantine hills o'er Colchian meads
'His liquid ſtores, and through fam'd Circe's plain;
'Then rolls his widening current to the main.
'To this fam'd ſtream purſue your watery way,
'Soon will your eyes Æeta's towers ſurvey,
'And Mars's grove, where, wondrous to behold!
'Hangs on a ſpreading oak the fleecy gold.
'A hideous dragon of enormous ſize
'Turns all around his circumſpective eyes:
'O'er the bright ſpoil the ſtricteſt watch he keeps;
'He never ſlumbers, and he never ſleeps.'

He ſpoke, and terror curdled all their blood;
Deep fix'd in ſilence long the warriors ſtood.
At length thus Jaſon, though poſſeſs'd with fear:
" Tell us, O tell us, venerable ſeer,
" Th' event of all our toils; the ſign explain
" How ſafely we may paſs into the main
" Thro' thoſe dire rocks: and, O! indulgent, ſay,
" Shall we once more our native land ſurvey?
" Unſkill'd am I, unſkill'd our martial train;
" How ſhall I act, how meaſure back the main?
" For far as ever flying ſails were furl'd
" Lies Colchos, on the limits of the world."
Thus Jaſon ſpoke; and thus the prophet old:
' Thoſe dangerous rocks once paſs'd, my ſon, be bold.
' Some God from Æa ſhall thro' ſeas untry'd,
' Skirted by others coaſts, your veſſel guide,
' But you, to Æa ſailing, on your crew confide.
' But, friends, to Venus be due honours paid;
' Still in remembrance keep her ſecret aid.
' On all your toils ſhe kindly will beſtow
' A glorious end------expect no more to know.'
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſpeeding back repair
The ions of Boreas through the fields of air,

At

At the ſeer's door with nimble feet they light;
Up roſe the chiefs rejoicing at the ſight.
When Zetes trembling, and with toils oppreſs'd,
While thick ſhort ſobs inceſſant heav'd his cheſt,
Tells how they drove the Harpies far away,
How Iris ſcreen'd them, and forbad to ſlay,
And pledg'd her ſolemn oath: while they retreat
To the huge caves of mountain-cover'd Crete.
Theſe joyful tidings cheer'd the hearts of all,
But moſt the prophet's, in the feaſtful hall;
Whom Jaſon thus: "Sure from his heavenly ſtate
" Some God look'd down, and wail'd thy woeful fate,
" And fore-decreed from far our bands to ſend,
" That Boreas' ſons might their aſſiſtance lend.
" Should the ſame God reſtore thy long-loſt ſight,
" My gladden'd ſoul would feel as great delight,
" As ev'n my native country could beſtow."
Then thus ſage Phineus with dejected brow:
'My eyes, alas! ſhall ne'er behold the day;
'Shrunk are theſe balls, and quench'd the viſual ray:
'Heaven round me ſoon death's gloomy ſhade ſhall ſpread,
'And every honour will await me dead.'
With converſe thus the fleeting hours they cheer'd,
When roſy morning beaming bright appear'd.

The neighbouring peaſants round, with early day,
Flock to the ſeer, their due regards to pay;
This daily cuſtom love and reverence taught,
And ſome proviſion for the ſage they brought.
All came to learn by his prophetic lore;
He to the rich divin'd, and to the poor:
For numerous votaries he reliev'd from dread,
Who dearly lov'd him, and who daily fed.
With theſe his ſteady friend Paræbius came,
Who ſaw with joy theſe gallant ſons of fame.
To him prophetic Phineus had foretold,
That a young band of Grecians, brave and bold,
Should, in their voyage to the Colchian ſhore,
In Thynia's bay their well-built veſſel moor,
And from theſe coaſts, thoſe ravenous birds of prey,
The Harpies drive, though ſent by Jove, away.
The ſeer well pleas'd diſmiſs'd his friendly train,
But bade Paræbius with the Greeks remain,
And fetch him inſtant from his numerous ſtock
A ſheep, the beſt and faireſt of the flock.
The willing ſwain obey'd the ſeer's requeſt,
And Phineus thus the mariners addreſs'd:

'We are not all unciviliz'd and rude,
'My friends, nor guilty of ingratitude.

'That

‘ That ſhepherd to my manſion came of late,
‘ To learn from me the colour of his fate;
‘ For the more labours and fatigues he bore,
‘ Pale, pining want oppreſs'd him ſtill the more;
‘ New woes ſucceeded to the woes that paſt,
‘ And every day was darker than the laſt:
‘ And yet no crime had poor Paræbius wrought,
‘ Alas! he ſuffered for his father's fault:
‘ Who, when alone, and on the mountain's brow,
‘ With cruel axe he laid the foreſt low,
‘ Deaf to a doleful Hamadryad's pray'r,
‘ The nymph neglected, and refus'd to ſpare,
‘ Though oft ſhe urg'd this lamentable plea;
“ Pity, ah! pity my coeval tree,
“ Where I ſo many bliſsful ages dwelt!”
‘ But his hard heart no ſoft compaſſion felt;
‘ The tree he fell'd; and for this foul diſgrace
‘ The nymph ordain'd him woes, and all his race.
‘ To me Paræbius came oppreſs'd with fear,
‘ The cauſe I found, and counſell'd him to rear
‘ An altar to the goddeſs of the ſhore,
‘ And pardon for his father's crimes implore.
‘ Thus was the guilt aton'd; e'er ſince the man
‘ Pays all regards that grateful mortal can;

‘ For

' For ever at my ſide he loves to ſtay,
' And always goes unwillingly away.'
Thus Phineus ſpoke, when from his fleecy ſtock
His friend brought two, the faireſt of the flock.
Then Jaſon roſe, and, urg'd by Phineus blind,
Roſe the bold offspring of the northern wind;
Their ſacred offerings on the flames they lay,
Invoking Phœbus at the dawn of day.
The choiceſt viands with aſſiduous care
The younger heroes for their friends prepare.
Thus feaſted, ſome their veſſel's cordage preſs'd,
Some in the prophet's manſion ſunk to reſt.
Eteſian breezes with the morning blow,
Which, ſent by Jove, o'er every region flow.
The nymph Cyrene, in old times, 'tis ſaid,
Her flocks beſide Theſſalian Peneus fed,
Pleas'd with the honours of her virgin-name,
Till day's bright God ſeduc'd the rural dame.
Far from Hæmonia he convey'd the fair,
Brought to the nymphs, and truſted to their care,
The mountain-nymphs that in parch'd Libya keep
Their airy manſions on Myrtoſia's ſteep.
Cyrene there, along the winding ſhore,
Thee, Ariſtæus, to Apollo bore;

To whom rich ſwains, who in Theſſalia live,
The names of Agreus, and of Nomius give.
With length of days the God her love repaid,
And fix'd her huntreſs of the woodland ſhade;
But the young boy to Chiron's care he gave,
To reap inſtruction in his learned cave.
To him, when blooming in the prime of life,
The Muſes gave Autonoë to wife;
And taught their favourite pupil to excel
In arts of healing, and divining well.
To him they gave their numerous flocks to feed,
Which Phthia's Athamantine paſtures breed;
And thoſe that ſtray on Othrys' lofty brow,
Or where Apidanus' fam'd waters flow.
But when fierce Syrius ſcorch'd the Cyclades,
The realms of Minos, in th' Ægean ſeas,
Nought could the burning malady allay;
The iſlanders implor'd the God of day,
Who ſent young Ariſtæus to their aid,
By whom the fatal peſtilence was ſtaid.
At his ſire's call he left fair Phthia's land,
Attended by a bold Arcadian band,
Who from Lycaon their extraction boaſt,
And ſail'd to Ceos with his numerous hoſt.

He there an altar rais'd to ſhowery Jove,
And made oblation on the heights above
To the red ſtar that deſolates the land,
And to heaven's king; at whoſe ſupreme command
Th' Eteſian-winds, while forty days they blow,
Refreſh with balmy gales the ſoil below.
Ev'n now the Cean prieſts pay rites divine
Before the burning ſtar begins to ſhine.
Thus fame reports; and by theſe winds detain'd,
With Phineus ſtill the Argonauts remain'd.
The grateful Thynians daily, while they ſtaid,
To their lov'd ſeer abundant ſtores convey'd.
Yet, ere they leave this hoſpitable land,
To the twelve Gods erect they on the ſtrand
An altar, and with ſacrifice and pray'r
Appeaſe the powers of heaven, and to their ſhip repair,
Eager their long-neglected oars to prove;
Yet not unmindful of the timorous dove:
Which ſafely faſten'd by a ſlender band
Euphemus carry'd trembling in his hand.
Quick from the ſtay they lopp'd the doubled cord:
Minerva ſaw the heroes haſte aboard:
On a thin cloud ſhe lighted from above,
(The cloud upheld the mighty ſeed of Jove)

And

And ſped her voyage to the Euxine main,
For much ſhe lov'd the delegated train.
So when ſome ſhepherd quits his native home,
(As men adventurous much delight to roam)
No roads too diſtant, or too long appear,
In thought he ſees, and thinks his manſion near;
O'er ſea, o'er land with keen enquiring eyes
He views all ways, and in idea flies:
Thus to the Thynian ſhore, from heaven above,
Swift flew the daughter of imperial Jove.

When now the heroes through the vaſt profound
Reach the dire ſtraits with rocks encompaſs'd round,
Though boiling gulphs the ſailing pine detain'd,
Still on their way the labouring Grecians gain'd,
When the loud-juſtling rocks increas'd their fears:
The ſhores reſounding thunder'd in their ears.
High on the prow Euphemus took his ſtand,
And held the dove that trembled in his hand.
The reſt with Tiphys on their ſtrength rely'd,
To ſhun the rocks, and ſtem the roaring tide.
Soon, one ſharp angle paſt, the joyful train
Saw the cleft crags wide opening to the main.
Euphemus loos'd the dove, the heroes ſtood
Erect to ſee her ſkim the foaming flood.

She through the rocks a ready paſſage found;
The dire rocks met, and gave a dreadful ſound.
The ſalt-ſea ſpray in clouds began to riſe;
Old ocean thunder'd; the cerulean ſkies
Rebellow'd loudly with the fearful din;
The caves below remurmur'd from within.
O'er wave-worn cliffs, the coaſt's high margin o'er
Boil'd the light foam, and whiten'd all the ſhore.
Round whirl'd the ſhip; the rocks with rapid ſway
Lopp'd from the dove her ſteering tail away;
Yet ſtill ſecurely through the ſtraits ſhe flew:
Loud joy inſpir'd the circumſpective crew.
But Tiphys urg'd the chiefs their oars to ply,
For the rocks yawn'd, tremendous to the eye.
Then terror ſeiz'd them, when with ſudden ſhock
The refluent billows forc'd them on the rock;
With chilling fears was every nerve unſtrung,
While o'er their heads impending ruin hung.
Before, behind they ſaw the ſpacious deep,
When inſtant, lo! a billow, vaſt and ſteep,
Still riſes higher, and ſtill wider ſpreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads.
The heroes ſtoop'd, expecting by its fall
That mighty billow would o'erwhelm them all;

But

But Tiphys' art reliev'd the labouring oars:
On Argo's keel the impetuous torrent pours,
Which rais'd the ſhip above the rocks ſo high,
She ſeem'd ſublimely ſailing in the ſky.
Euphemus haſtening urg'd the valiant crew
Their courſe with all their vigour to purſue.
Shouting they plied their oars, but plied in vain;
For the rough billows beat them back again.
And as the heroes unremitting row,
Their labouring oars were bent into a bow.
Swift down the mountainous billows Argo glides,
Like a huge cylinder along the tides,
Entangled with thick, craggy rocks around,
Her ſeams all buriſting, and her planks unbound.
In that nice moment the Tritonian maid
To ſacred Argo lent the timely aid.
Her left-hand heav'd her from the craggy ſteep,
Her right diſmiſs'd her gently to the deep:
Then like an arrow from th' elaſtic yew,
Swift o'er the foaming waves the veſſel flew.
Yet had the claſhing rocks with adverſe ſway
Torn the tall prow's embelliſhments away.
When thus the Greeks had ſafely reach'd the main,
To heaven Minerva wing'd her flight again.

The parted rocks at once concurrent ſtood,
Fix'd on one firm foundation in the flood:
This had been long determined by the fates,
If mortal ever paſt thoſe dangerous ſtraits.
Now freed from fears, the Greeks with eager eyes
View the broad ocean and ſerener ſkies:
Their anxious doubts for Argo they diſpel,
And deem her reſcued from the jaws of hell.
Then Tiphys thus: 'Sure to this ſhip we owe
'That fearleſs ſafety we experience now.
'For tho' wiſe Argus with ingenious art
'Form'd the fair ſhip compact in every part,
'Vigour divine propitious Pallas gave,
'And power aſſign'd her o'er the wind and wave.
'All now is ſafe: fear not thy haughty lord,
'But mark, illuſtrious chief, the prophet's word,
"The rocks eſcap'd, no future fears remain,
"Your toils are eaſy, and your voyage plain."
Thus he; and ſteering through the ſpacious ſea,
Near fair Bithynia plough'd the liquid way.
Then Jaſon mild the pilot thus addreſs'd:
"Why, Tiphys, this to me with grief oppreſs'd?
"Yes, I have err'd---my faults afflict my ſoul:
"When Pelias gave command without controul,

"'Twas

" 'Twas mine to've ſhunn'd this wild-projected plot,
" Though inſtant death had been my certain lot.
" Now fears and cares my tortur'd boſom rend;
" I dread thoſe ills that from the deep impend,
" I dread the ſavage coaſt, and every place
" Where dwells the bloody, or the barbarous race.
" No peace by day, no ſleep at night I take,
" Since theſe brave chiefs aſſembled for my ſake.
" With cold indifference may'ſt thou look down,
" For no man's ſafety anxious but thy own;
" But I, the leaſt ſolicitous for mine,
" Feel for this friend's, that comrade's, and for thine.
" Much ſhall I feel for all this martial band,
" Unleſs they ſafe regain their native land."
Thus ſpoke the prince, his gallant hoſt to try;
With animating ſounds they rend the ſky.
The loud acclaim was grateful to his ears,
And thus he boldly hails his brave compeers:
" Your valour, friends, encourages my ſoul:
" And ſince no fears your gallant hearts controul,
" Boldly will I each coward-thought repel,
" Though doom'd to enter the abyſs of hell.
" For theſe rocks paſt, no dangers can diſmay,
" If we the counſel of the ſeer obey."

The Greeks applauding what their leader ſpoke,
Ply their ſtout oars and bend to every ſtroke;
And firſt by Rhebas, rapid ſtream, they fly,
And where Colona's rocks invade the ſky,
And where the black-brow'd promontory low'rs,
And where lov'd Phillis his broad current pours.
There Dipſacus receiv'd, in days of yore,
Young Phryxus landing on his friendly ſhore,
When, exil'd from Orchomenos, he ſwam
On the broad ſhoulders of the gold-fleec'd ram.
For to that ſtream a nymph of rural race
Bore Dipſacus, who, fearful of diſgrace,
Dwelt with his mother, and along the mead
Choſe, near his father's ſtream, his fleecy flocks to feed.
The chiefs ſoon paſs'd his celebrated fane,
The river Calpis, and th' extended plain;
And all the night, along the tranquil tide,
And all the day their oars inceſſant ply'd.
As when laborious ſteers, inur'd to toil,
With the bright plow-ſhare turn the ſtubborn ſoil;
Sweat from their ſides diſtils in foamy ſmoke;
Their eyes obliquely roll beneath the yoke;
Their ſcorching breath heaves quick with panting ſound,
While all day long they tread the weary ground:

So

So toil'd the Greeks; nor yet the morning-light
Had pafs'd the doubtful confines of the night,
But, faintly glimmering oh this earthly ball;
Produc'd what mortals morning-twilight call.
To Thynia's neighbouring ifle their courfe they bore,
And fafely landed on the defert fhore;
When bright Apollo fhew his radiant face;
From Lycia haftening to the Scythian race.
His golden locks, that flow'd with grace divine,
Hung cluftering like the branches of the vine:
In his left hand, his bow unbent he bore,
His quiver pendent at his back he wore:
The confcious iſland trembled as he trod;
And the big rolling waves confefs'd the God.
Nor dar'd the heroes, feiz'd with dire diſmay,
The fplendors of his countenance furvey,
But on the ground their downward eyes they caft:
Meanwhile Apollo o'er the watery waſte;
And through thin ether on his journey flew.
Then thus fpoke Orpheus to the martial crew:
" Let us, my honour'd chiefs, with joint acclaim
" This iſland facred to bright Phœbus name,
" Who early here to all this hoft appear'd;
" Here let an altar on the fhore be rear'd,

" And paid the rites divine: and if he deign
" That safe we reach our native land again,
" Young horned goats shall on his altars bleed,
" And the choice thighs to Phœbus be decreed.
" Now, comrades, due libations let us pay:
" Be gracious, O be gracious, God of day!"
Thus he: and some the stony altar raise,
And some explore the forest's devious maze;
Haply within its lone retreats to find
A kid wild wandering, or a bounding hind:
Latona's son soon led them to the prey;
Then on the altar, blazing bright, they lay
The choicest parts involv'd in sacred smoke,
And fair Apollo, early God, invoke.
Around the flame in sprightly dance they spring,
And Iö Pæan, Iö Pæan sing.
Then on the Thracian harp Oeager's son
In soothing strains his tuneful tale begun:
How once beneath Parnassus' rocky brow
He lanch'd an arrow from his deadly bow,
And the fell serpent slew; though young and fair
And beardless yet, but grac'd with golden hair:
(O prove propitious, thou whose radiant head
Is deck'd with curls unclip'd, that never shed,

Worthy

Worthy thyſelf! Latona only knows
With niceſt art thoſe ringlets to diſpoſe)
Corycian nymphs their joys in rapture ſhow'd,
And Iö, Iö Pæan call'd aloud:
Encomium grateful to the God of day.
Thus having prais'd him in the ſolemn lay,
They ſwear devoutly, due libations made,
To league for ever, and lend mutual aid;
Then touch the hallow'd altar with their hands
Concordant; and ev'n now a temple ſtands
Sacred to Concord, by the Grecians rais'd,
When here that mighty Deity they prais'd.
 Now the third morn began on earth to ſmile,
When with freſh gales they left the lofty iſle.
The foaming Sangar at a diſtance ſeen,
The Mariandine meads for ever green,
And Lycus' winding waters they forſake
All on the right, and Anthemoiſia's lake.
So faſt before the wind the veſſel went,
Crack'd was the cordage, and the canvaſs rent:
But the gale ceaſing with the dawning day,
Joyful they reach the Acheruſian bay,
Begirt with rocks ſo towering tall and ſteep,
They frown tremendous on Bithynia's deep;

And yet ſo firmly founded in the main,
The raging billows round them roar in vain:
Above, upon the promontory's brow,
Umbrageous planes in beauteous order grow.
Thence, downward, thro' a deep and dreary dell,
Deſcends the path-way to the cave of hell,
With woods and ſhaggy rocks obſcure; from whence
Exhaling vapours, chilly, damp and denſe,
Scatter hoar froſt along the whitening way,
Which melts before the ſun's meridian ray.
On theſe rough cliffs, which many a ſtorm moleſts,
The pleaſing power of ſilence never reſts.
From hollow caverns through the leafy boughs,
Above, the whiſtling wind for ever blows;
And while mad billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
Below, the raging main for ever roars.
There, burſting from the promontory's ſides,
Sad Acheron along the valley glides;
Deep-hollow'd beds his turbid ſtreams convey,
As eaſtward to the main he winds his way.
This fable flood, in ancient ſtory fam'd,
The Megarenſians Soönautes nam'd
In after ages, when their courſe they bore
By ocean to the Mariandine ſhore;

For

For when the deep in deathful billows heav'd,
This peaceful port their ſhatter'd ſhips receiv'd.
To this the labouring Grecians bent their way,
Row'd round the cape, and anchor'd in the bay.
When Lycus and his Mariandine hoſt,
Lycus, the mighty monarch of the coaſt,
Knew theſe brave Greeks who Amycus had ſlain,
They welcom'd Jaſon and his conquering train:
But moſt on Pollux fix'd their wondering eyes,
And view'd him as a hero from the ſkies:
For long the fierce Bebrycians' rude alarms
Had rouz'd the Mariandyni to arms.
That day, the Grecian band with one conſent
To the king's hoſpitable palace went:
Cheerful they there on choiceſt dainties din'd,
And there with converſe ſweet regal'd the mind.
Then Jaſon to the king recounts the name,
And race of all theſe choſen ſons of fame,
Who lent their aid at Pelias' dire command;
Their ſtrange adventures on the Lemnian land;
What griefs, what woes at Cyzicus they bore;
And how they landed on the Myſian ſhore,
Where Hercules, diſtreſs'd his friend to find,
They left at land, unwillingly, behind.

What Glaucus ſpoke prophetic from the main,
How with his ſubjects Amycus was ſlain,
The prince relates: what Phineus poor and old,
Worn out with ſufferings to the chiefs foretold;
How thro' Cyanean rocks they ſafely ſteer'd,
And in what iſle the God of day appear'd.
The king rejoic'd his gueſts ſo well had ſped,
But griev'd that Hercules was left, and ſaid:
'Think how, my friends, this hero's aid deny'd,
'Raſhly ye tempt a length of ſeas untry'd.
'Full well I knew that valiant ſon of fame,
'When here on foot thro' Lydia's coaſt he came
'(For here my hoſpitable father dwelt)
'To fetch Hippolita's embroider'd belt.
'The hero found me then a beardleſs ſwain,
'Mourning my brother by the Myſians ſlain;
'(The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,
'And ſtill lament in elegies of grief)
'Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,
'And vanquiſh'd Titias in the gauntlet-fight;
'Tho' young and ſtout, and eager for the fray,
'From his bruis'd jaws he daſh'd the teeth away.
'The Myſian country, and the Phrygian plains
'The conqueror added to my ſire's domains;

'And

' And the rude nations that Bithynia till,
' To foaming Rhebas and Colona's hill;
' And Paphlagonia to its utmoſt bounds,
' Which ſable Billis with his waves ſurrounds.
' But now proud Amycus, and all his hoſt,
' Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coaſt,
' Have ſpoil'd my realms, and ſpread their hoſtile bands
' Wide as where Hipias' ſtreams enrich the lands.
' At length their lawleſs inſolence they rue,
' And by your hands have ſuffer'd vengeance due.
' And ſure ſome God afforded his relief
' When Pollux ſlew that proud Bebrycian chief.
' I for this deed my due regard will ſhow;
' 'Tis what the meaneſt to the mighty owe.
' My ſon, your comrade, ſhall at my command
' Attend o'er diſtant ſeas your gallant band:
' O'er diſtant ſeas, with Daſcylus your guide,
' You ſtill with faithful friends ſhall be ſupply'd,
' Far as Thermodon rolls his foaming tide.
' Meanwhile on yon bold cape that mates the ſkies
' To Leda's ſons a ſacred fané ſhall riſe,
' Admir'd by all that croſs the boundleſs main,
' For all ſhall venerate the ſacred fane:

' To

' To them will I, as to the powers divine,
' Some fruitful acres near the town aſſign.'
Converſing thus, the genial feaſt they ſhare,
And to the ſhip at early day repair:
With his brave ſon the friendly Lycus went,
Who ſtore of viands to the ſhip had ſent.
'Twas here the cruel deſtinies decreed
That Idmon, fam'd for augury, ſhould bleed:
The fate of others he had oft foreſhown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Here, in a covert near the reedy flood,
A fell wild boar lay deep immers'd in mud.
With horrid tuſks ſo dreadful he appear'd,
The fountain-nymphs the ſavage monſter fear'd:
No living wight in miry marſh or moor
E'er ſaw ſo fierce, ſo horrible a boar.
On the lake's verge as luckleſs Idmon ſtood,
From his cloſe covert, in the reedy mud,
Up ſprung the furious beaſt with might and main,
Tore the chief's thigh, and ſnapp'd the bone in twain;
He groans, he falls, and on the bank he lies,
His griev'd companions anſwer to his cries;
When Peleus inſtantly approaching near,
Lanch'd at the boar his unavailing ſpear:

But Idas aim'd his pointed dart ſo well,
Low in the marſh the dying monſter fell.
The chiefs with Idmon to the ſhip retir'd,
Who deeply groaning in their arms expir'd:
Immers'd in grief, they now neglect to ſail;
For three whole days their comrade they bewail;
But on the fourth, with penſive ſorrow, paid
The laſt ſad honours due to Idmon's ſhade.
The king, the people join'd the mournful crew,
And, loud-lamenting, numerous victims flew:
They dug the grave, and on the greenſword raiſe
A tomb on which poſterity will gaze:
For near the tomb a tall wild olive grows,
Beneath the cape, and beautifully blows.
Me would the Nine commiſſion to unfold
This truth, which Phœbus had long ſince foretold;
This, this is he, the tutelary lord,
Henceforth to be by mighty ſtates ador'd:
For here Bæotians and Megarians join'd,
Near the wild olive wavering in the wind,
To build a city; though due honours they
To Agameſtor, not to Idmon, pay.
Who fell beſide? for, lo! the chiefs intend
Another tomb for ſome lamented friend.

Ev'n now two mournful monuments appear:
Tiphys, Fame ſays, was ſtretch'd upon the bier.
Him cruel fate ordain'd no more to roam;
He died far diſtant from his native home.
For while to Idmon funeral rites they pay,
Untimely ſickneſs ſnatch'd the chief away.
Then heart-felt ſadneſs ſeiz'd the penſive train,
Who, proſtrate on the margin of the main,
Forgetful of their neceſſary food,
Mourn'd in ſad ſilence to the roaring flood.
For they, now ſkilful Tiphys is no more,
Deſpair'd returning to their native ſhore;
And here had ſtaid, with bitter grief oppreſs'd,
Had not Saturnia in Ancæus' breaſt
Breath'd courage: him Aſtypalæa bore,
Near winding Imbraſus on Samos' ſhore,
To ocean's God; a chief expert to guide
The flying veſſel o'er the foaming tide.
Then thus to Peleus, Neptune's valiant ſon,
By heaven inſpir'd, in cheering terms begun:
'Ill ſuits the brave in foreign climes to ſtay,
'And waſte, O Peleus, precious time away.
'I left not Samos leſs for ſailing ſkill'd
'Than fierce contention in the fighting field.

'For Argo cheriſh not one abject fear,
'Since many ſkill'd, beſides myſelf, are here.
'And he, to whom the ſteerage we ordain,
'Will ſafely guide the veſſel o'er the main.
'Tis thine to ſtimulate the fainting crew
'With ready oars their voyage to purſue.'
He ſpoke, and tranſport touch'd the Phthian's breaſt,
Inſtant he roſe, and thus the hoſt addreſs'd:
"Why are we here by fruitleſs grief detain'd?
"Two friends are dead, and this the fates ordain'd;
"Yet many pilots in this hoſt remain,
"To ſteer firm Argo o'er the watery plain.
"To ſorrows unavailing bid adieu!
"Let us, bold peers, our deſtin'd courſe purſue."
He ſaid, and Jaſon anxious thus reply'd;
'Where are thoſe pilots, ſay, our courſe to guide?
'For thoſe whom late we boaſted as the beſt
'And ableſt chiefs, are moſt with grief oppreſs'd.
'I therefore deem a like ſad fate attends
'On us, as on our late departed friends,
'If neither in Æeta's ports we moor,
'Nor thro' thoſe rocks regain our native ſhore,
'But here inactive and inglorious ſtay,
'Years following years, and linger life away.'

He

He ſpoke; Ancæus ſeiz'd the ſteerage, driv'n
By power inſtinctive from the queen of heav'n.
Erginus next the glorious charge deſir'd;
Euphemus, Nauplius to the helm aſpir'd.
But theſe the congregated chiefs declin'd;
And bold Ancæus to the poſt aſſign'd.

With the twelfth riſing morn the heroes ſail;
Favonius breath'd a favourable gale;
And ſoon they leave ſad Acheron behind;
Then give the ſwelling canvaſs to the wind:
On the ſmooth ſea the ſhip ſerenely rides,
And light along the liquid level glides.
Ere long with ſtretching ſails the coaſt they gain,
Where broad Callichorus augments the main.
To Thebes returning from his Indian fights,
Here Bacchus ſolemniz'd myſterious rites,
The dance before the ſacred cave ordain'd,
And here full many a doleful night remain'd.
This name the country to the river gave,
Callichorus; and Aulion to the cave.

Still as their courſe the daring Greeks purſue,
The monument of Sthenelus they view.
With honours grac'd, obtain'd in realms afar,
Returning from the Amazonian war,

On

On the bleak ſhore (Alcides at his ſide)
Pierc'd by a fatal dart the hero died.
Slow ſail'd they on; for, eager to ſurvey
His kindred warriours on the watery way,
At his requeſt, from her infernal coaſt
Pluto's grim queen releas'd the penſive ghoſt.
The penſive ghoſt beheld with eager ken
From the tall monument the ſhip and men:
As arm'd for war the martial phantom ſeem'd;
Four creſts high-towering on his helmet beam'd,
With purple rays intolerably bright;
Then ſoon it ſunk beneath the ſhades of night.
In mute amazement ſtood the Grecian hoſt;
But Mopſus counſel'd to appeaſe the ghoſt
With offerings due; the chiefs approach the ſtrand,
And round the tomb of Sthenelus they ſtand.
They pour libations, and the victims ſlay,
And on the fire the deſtin'd offerings lay.
Apart, to guardian Phœbus next they raiſe
An altar meet, and bid the victims blaze.
Here Orpheus plac'd his lyre for muſic fam'd;
Apollo's altar hence was Lyra nam'd.
And now, invited by the favouring gales,
They climb the ſhip and ſpread their ſwelling ſails;

Swift o'er the deep the winged veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid hawk that cleaves the ſkies,
And lightly thro' the liquid ether ſprings,
Nor moves, ſelf-poiz'd, his wide-expanded wings.
Thence by Parthenius ſail'd the ſocial train,
The gentleſt ſtream that mingles with the main.
Fatigued with traverſing the mazy grove,
Here, ere ſhe re-aſcends the courts of Jove,
The chaſte Diana, huntreſs of the wood,
Bathes her fair limbs, and gambols in the flood.
Then during night by Seſamus they ſail,
And Erythinus riſing o'er the vale;
By Cromna and Crobrialus, and where
Thy groves, Cytorus, ever green appear.
Thence with the riſing ſun they ſtoutly row
Near where Carambis lifts his rocky brow.
All day, all night with unremitted oar
They coaſt along Ægialus's ſhore.
Then to the Syrian clime the heroes ſped,
Where Jove, by haſty promiſes miſled,
Sinope plac'd, and, all ſhe wiſh'd to claim,
Gave her the honours of a virgin's name.
For, know, the God, by Love's ſtrong power oppreſs'd,
Promis'd to grant whate'er ſhe might requeſt:

And

And this requeſt th' inſidious damſel made,
That her virginity might never fade.
Hence Phœbus foil'd could no one wiſh obtain;
Hence winding Alys wooed the maid in vain.
No mortal force ſuch virtue could o'ercome,
Defeat Jove's promiſe, and impair her bloom.
Here dwelt Deïmachus's offspring fam'd,
Deileon, Autolycus and Phlogius nam'd,
What time they ceas'd with Hercules to roam,
And at Sinope found a ſettled home.
They, when they ſaw the bold Theſſalian band,
Met them on ſhore and welcom'd them to land;
And, loathing longer in theſe climes to ſtay,
Join'd the brave crew, and with them ſail'd away.
Bleſs'd with the zephyr's breeze that briſkly blew,
Near Halys' ſtream and Iſis' ſail'd the crew;
Near Syria's coaſt, and, ere night's ſhades abound,
Near th' Amazonian cape, for many a bay renown'd.
Where Hercules ſurpriz'd, in days of yore,
Bold Menalippe wandering on the ſhore:
A belt Hippolyta her ſiſter paid,
And for this ranſom he reſtor'd the maid.
Here in Thermodon's bay firm Argo moor'd;
For laſh'd with tempeſts the vex'd ocean roar'd.

No river like the fam'd Thermodon leads
Such numerous currents o'er the fertile meads:
A hundred ſtreams to him their waters owe;
Yet from one ſource, one only ſource they flow.
On Amazonian hills, that reach the ſkies,
The great Thermodon firſt begins to riſe;
Hence ſoon emerging many a courſe he takes,
Sinks but to mount, and various channels makes.
The different ſtreams from different founts diſtil,
In ſoft meanders wandering down the hill;
Some public notice and fair titles claim,
Some flow obſcurely, and without a name;
But confluent ſoon, along the winding plain,
He rolls his waves, and foams o'er half the main.
Had the Greeks landed on this hoſtile coaſt,
War would have ſoon purſu'd the gallant hoſt:
(For the fierce Amazons regard not right,
Strife is their ſport, and battles their delight:
From Mars and Harmony theſe warlike maids
Sprung where Acmonius ſpreads its bowery ſhades)
But favour'd with the ſoft Favonian wind,
The heroes left the crooked ſhore behind,
Where the bold Amazons, perceiv'd from far,
Stood ſheath'd in arms, prepar'd for ſpeedy war.

Not in one city dwelt this martial band,
But in three parties ſcatter'd o'er the land:
The firſt tribe at Themiſcyra remain'd,
O'er this Hippolyta, their empreſs, reign'd;
There dwelt the fair Lycaſtian dames apart,
Here the Chadeſians, ſkill'd to lance the dart.
Th' enſuing day the delegated band
Approach'd with oars the rough Chalybian land;
Whoſe ſons ne'er yoke their oxen to the plough,
Nor healing plants, nor fruits delicious know:
Nor aught delight they in th' irriguous mead,
Retir'd and ſtill, their fleecy flocks to feed;
But they dig iron from the mountain's ſide,
And by this ore are nature's wants ſupply'd.
Devoid of toil ne'er beam'd Aurora's ray,
And duſt and ſmoke obſcur'd the diſmal day.
From thence they paſs where Tibarenians till,
Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.
Here, when the teeming wives are brought to bed,
Their groaning huſbands hang the drooping head;
Equal attendance with their wives they claim;
The ſame their diet, and their baths the ſame.
Next by the ſacred hill their oars impel
Firm Argo, where the Moſſynœcians dwell.

In towers they live, of ſolid timber fram'd,
Moſſynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd:
Of manners ſtrange; for they with care conceal
Thoſe deeds which others openly reveal;
And actions, that in ſecret ſhould be done,
Perform in public and before the ſun:
For, like the monſters of the briſtly drove,
In public they perform the feats of love.
Exalted in his tower that mates the ſky,
The monarch here diſpenſes law from high:
But if his judgment err, this rigid ſtate
Condemns their chief, and ſtarving is his fate.
Theſe nations paſt, with unremitting oar
They reach, Aretias, thy ſea-girt ſhore.
Then ſunk the breezes with the cloſing day,
When down the ſky deſcending they ſurvey
A winged monſter of enormous might,
Which toward the ſhip precipitates her flight.
Her wings ſhe ſhook, and from her pinions flung
A dart-like quill, which on Oïleus hung;
Down his left ſhoulder ſwift it fell: no more,
Faint and enfeebled, could he hold his oar.
In ſilence long the Grecian heroes gaze,
And view the feathery javelin with amaze.

But

But Erybotes, ſoon approaching near,
Extracted from the chief the winged ſpear;
Then from his ſide his pendent belt unbound,
And wrapp'd that bandage o'er the gaping wound.
When, lo! a ſecond bird appear'd in view,
But ready Clytius firſt had bent his yew;
By his keen ſhaft the feather'd monſter ſlain
Faſt by the ſhip fell headlong in the main.
Then thus Amphidamas: 'My friends, ye know,
'And theſe obſcene voracious fiends foreſhow
'Aretias near: then liſt to what I ſay,
'Fruitleſs are ſhafts to drive theſe peſts away;
'But, would you here a fit reception find,
'Recall th' advice of Phineus to your mind.
'For when Alcides to Arcadia went
'Well arm'd with arrows, on his toils intent,
'From the Stymphalian lake he fail'd to fright
'Theſe ravenous Harpies (I beheld the fight)
'But when he rung a cymbal with his ſpear;
'The clanging cymbal fill'd the birds with fear:
'In wild confuſion far away they fly,
'And with ſhrill clamours pierce the diſtant ſky.
'Tis ours to practiſe this expulſive art;
'But hear ye firſt the counſel I impart:

' Let half our crew, in glittering armour dreſs'd,
' Nod, as by turns they row, the high-plum'd creſt;
' The reſt bright ſpears and ſwords and ſhields pro-
vide,
' And meet diſpoſe them round the veſſel's ſide.
' Then all at once your voices raiſe on high,
' And with loud pealing ſhouts aſſail the ſky;
' The deafening clamours, the protended ſpears,
' And nodding creſts will fill the birds with fears.
' And when Aretias' barren iſle ye gain,
' Ring your broad bucklers, and all ſhout amain.'
He ſpoke, the chiefs approv'd the wiſe deſign;
High on their heads the brazen helmets ſhine,
Whoſe purple creſts wav'd dreadful in the wind;
To theſe alternate were ſtout oars aſſign'd;
The reſt with care their veſſel's ſide conceal'd
With glittering ſpears, and many a ſhining ſhield.
As when induſtrious builders cover o'er
With tiles the walls their hands had rais'd before;
In chequer'd ſquares they decorate the roof,
And make it fair to view, and tempeſt-proof:
Thus they with ſhields, diſpos'd in order due,
Shelter'd their veſſel, and adorn'd it too.
As when embattled hoſts their foes aſſail,
Tumultuous ſhouts, and martial ſounds prevail;

So from the ſhip loud clamours pierc'd the ſky;
No more the Greeks their feather'd foes deſcry:
Rattling their bucklers, near the land they drew,
And far away the winged furies flew.
So when great Jove on cloſe-throng'd cities pours
From hyperborean clouds his haily ſhow'rs;
Within, the dwellers ſit in peace profound,
Nor heed the rattling ſtorms that rage around;
In vain the hail deſcends, the tempeſts roar,
Their roofs from harm were well ſecur'd before:
Thus on their ſhields the furies ſhot their quills,
Then clamouring vaniſh'd to far diſtant hills.

Say, Muſe, why Phineus counſel'd here to land,
On Mars's iſle, this delegated band?
And what advantage could the Grecians gain
From all the toils and perils of the main?

To fam'd Orchomenos, with favouring gale,
From Æa's walls the ſons of Phrixus ſail,
Their grandſire's vaſt inheritance to ſhare,
Who dying left this voyage to their care.
Near Mars's iſland on this ſignal day
The ſons of Phrixus plough'd the liquid way.
But Jove ordain'd that Boreas' blaſts ſhould blow,
While moiſt Arcturus ſoak'd the vales below.

First on the mountains, riſing by degrees,
All day rough Boreas ſhook the trembling trees;
Then, night approaching, he with hideous ſound
Roll'd the big wave, and heav'd the vaſt profound.
No ſtars appear tranſlucent thro' the clouds,
But gloomy darkneſs every object ſhrouds.
The ſons of Phrixus, toſt by whelming waves,
With horror ſhudder'd at the watery graves;
For the fierce blaſt, impell'd with might and main,
Tore all their canvaſs, ſplit the ſhip in twain
And daſh'd to pieces; but by heaven's kind aid
On a large fragment of the wreck convey'd,
The winds and waves the trembling brothers bore
Aghaſt, and half expiring to the ſhore.
Inſtant in floods deſcended copious rain,
Drench'd the whole iſland, and increas'd the main;
(Theſe ſhores, the neighbouring coaſt, and ſacred hill
The rude, the barbarous Moſſynœcians till)
Borne on a broken plank, the forceful blaſt
The ſons of Phrixus on this iſland caſt,
Who met the Grecians with the riſing ſun;
Ceas'd was the rain, and Argus thus begun:
'Adjur'd by Jove, whoſe circumſpective ken
'Surveys the conduct and the cares of men,
'Whate'er

' Whate'er your name or race, our tale attend,
' And to the wretched your aſſiſtance lend.
' The raging ſtorms that Neptune's empire ſweep,
' Have wreck'd our luckleſs veſſel in the deep;
' To you we pray, if pity touch your heart,
' Some ſcanty raiment for our wants impart;
' The ſons of miſery for mercy call;
' To one low level ſorrow ſinks us all.
' They who to proſtrate ſuppliants lend an ear,
' The laws of hoſpitable Jove revere.
' All-preſent he hath liſten'd to our pray'r,
' And ſinking ſav'd us with a parent's care.'

Then Æſon's ſon (fulfilling Phineus' plan)
Thus queſtion'd mild the miſerable man;
" But firſt, of truth obſervant, frankly tell,
" In what far region of the world ye dwell;
" What buſineſs call'd you from your native coaſt,
" What race ye ſprung from, and what names ye boaſt."

Then Argus thus: ' Ye, ſure, have heard the fame
' Of Phrixus, who from Greece to Æa came.
' To great Æeta's citadel he ſwam
' Supported on the ſhoulders of the ram,
' Whoſe fleece now high-ſuſpended ye behold,
' By Hermes metamorphos'd into gold.

' On the tall oak's high top it hangs in view,
' The ram to Jove, propitious, Phrixus ſlew.
' The generous king receiv'd him as his gueſt,
' And with undower'd Chalciope he bleſs'd.
' From theſe we ſprung; but Phrixus breathes no more,
' His bones lie buried on the Colchian ſhore.
' We now to fam'd Orchomenos repair,
' The wide domains of Athamas to ſhare;
' Such were the laſt injunctions of our ſire:
' Our buſineſs this—if ye our names require,
' This Cytiſorus, that will Phrontis claim,
' He ſurnam'd Melas, Argus is my name.'

He ſpoke: the Argonauts with ſtill amaze,
And ſecret tranſport on the ſtrangers gaze.
Then Jaſon mark'd the much-enduring man,
And thus with mild benevolence began:
" Friends as ye are, and near relations too,
" To us for ſuccour not in vain ye ſue.
" Cretheus and Athamas their ſire the fame;
" And Cretheus was my honour'd grandſire's name:
" With theſe companions join'd, I ſail from Greece
" To Colchos, famous for the golden fleece—
" Some diſtant day, at eaſe may we relate
" Theſe ſtrange events, and all our various fate.

" Now

" Now ſhall warm robes to clothe your limbs be giv'n,
" We meet conducted by the hand of heav'n."
He ſaid, and from the ſhip rich veſtments ſent;
Then to the ſacred fane of Mars they went.
From fleecy flocks they drain'd the life-warm blood,
And all devoutly round the altar ſtood;
This, of ſmall ſtones compos'd, was plac'd before
The lofty temple's double-folding door:
(Within the fane a ſtone of ſable hue
Stood where the Amazons their victims ſlew;
Who held it lawleſs, when they ſojourn'd here,
To ſlay the ſheep, or ſacrifice the ſteer;
Inſtead of theſe the full-fed, pamper'd ſteed
Was doom'd, a victim at this fane, to bleed.)
Theſe rites diſpatch'd, and hunger's rage repreſs'd,
Thus Æſon's ſon the liſtening hoſt addreſs'd:
" Impartial Jove the race of man regards;
" The bad he puniſhes, the juſt rewards:
" As from a bloody ſtepdame's rage of yore
" He ſav'd your ſire, and bleſt with ample ſtore,
" So he preſerv'd you from the whelming deep,
" And in this veſſel will ſecurely keep;
" Whether for Æa in our ſhip ye ſail,
" Or to far Phthia court the favouring gale.

" For

" For this fam'd ſhip of Pelion's pines was made,
" And form'd by Argus, with Minerva's aid;
" But ſtorms had laſh'd her, ere, with hideous ſhock,
" She reach'd thoſe ſtraits, where rock encounters rock.
" Then lend your aid to gain the golden fleece,
" And be our guides to bring it back to Greece.
" Jove ſeems incens'd, and we this voyage take,
" To ſooth his anger, and for Phrixus' ſake."

Ardent he ſpoke; but they deſpair'd to find,
Æeta of ſo tractable a mind,
To yield the fleece: then Argus thus replies,
Alarm'd and troubled at their bold empriſe;
' Whate'er our powers can grant, or wiſhes gain,
' The ſons of Greece ſhall never aſk in vain.
' But proud Æeta, cruel and ſevere,
' I loath the tyrant, and his power I fear;
' The Sun his ſire, ſo fame relates, he boaſts;
' Unnumber'd ſubjects guard his ample coaſts;
' For mighty ſtrength he ſtands renown'd afar,
' And voice terrific as the God of war.
' The golden prize a monſtrous dragon keeps;
' Hard taſk to ſeize it, for he never ſleeps.
' Earth on rough Caucaſus a being gave
' To this fierce beaſt near Typhaonia's cave,

' Where huge Typhœus, as old ſtories prove,
' Was ſtruck by lightning from almighty Jove,
' When fierce in arms againſt heaven's king he ſtood;
' From his head iſſu'd warm corrupted blood;
' To Nyſa's hills, to Nyſa's plains he flies,
' And now beneath Serbonian marſhes lies.
He ſaid; diſtreſs'd ſo ſad a tale to hear,
On every countenance ſat pallid fear;
When Peleus thus with confidence reply'd,
And gave that courage which their fears deny'd:
" Deſpair not, friend; for we diſdain to yield,
" Nor dread to meet Æeta in the field.
" We too are ſkill'd in war, and draw our line
" From godlike chiefs, and origin divine.
" Incens'd ſhould he the fleecy gold detain,
" He'll aſk, I truſt, the Colchians' aid in vain."
Converſing thus the chiefs their thoughts expreſs'd,
And ſated with repaſt reclin'd to reſt.
With riſing morn the gently-breathing gales
Play'd round the pine, and fill'd the ſwelling ſails;
The ſwelling ſails expanded by the wind
Soon left Aretias' barren ſhore behind;
And ſwiftly ſkimming o'er the watery vaſt,
The Philyræan iſle at eve they paſt;

Where

Where Saturn firſt fair Philyra ſurvey'd,
When on Olympus he the Titans ſway'd,
(Nurs'd by the fierce Curetes, yet a child,
Young Jove was hid in Cretan caverns wild)
Unknown to Rhea he the maid compreſs'd;
But ſoon to Rhea was the crime confeſs'd;
Detected Saturn left his bed with ſpeed,
And ſprung all-vigorous as a mane-crown'd ſteed.
Swift fled fair Philyra, abaſh'd with ſhame,
And to the hills of Theſſaly ſhe came:
Fam'd Chiron ſprung from this embrace ſo odd,
Ambiguous, half a horſe, and half a God.
From thence they ſail by long Macronian ſtrands,
And where Bechira's ample coaſt expands;
Shores where Byzerians wander far and wide,
And fierce Sapirians, ſtigmatiz'd for pride;
And favour'd by the ſoft impelling wind,
Leave numerous coaſts and lands unnam'd behind:
And, ſailing ſwiftly o'er the waves, ſurvey,
Far on the Pontic main, an opening bay;
Then, Caucaſus, thy hills were ſeen on high,
That rear their rocky ſummits in the ſky;
Fix'd to theſe rocks Prometheus ſtill remains,
For ever bound in adamantine chains:

On

On the rude cliffs a ravenous eagle breeds,
That on the wretch's entrails ever feeds.
The Grecians ſaw him, ere th' approach of night,
Soar high in air, loud hiſſing in his flight:
Around the ſhip he flew in airy rings,
The ſails all ſhivering as he ſhook his wings:
Not as a light aerial bird he ſoars,
But moves his pinions like well-poliſh'd oars.
The ravenous bird now ruſhing from the ſkies,
Sudden, they heard Prometheus' piercing cries:
The heavens re-echoed to the doleful ſound,
While the fell eagle gnaw'd the recent wound.
Till gorg'd with fleſh the bird of Jove they ſpy'd
Again deſcending from the mountain's ſide.
Night now approaching, near the land they drew,
And Argus well his native country knew;
For, Phaſis, thy wide-ſpreading flood they gain,
And the laſt limits of the Pontic main.
At length arriv'd, ſo many dangers paſt,
They furl the mainſail, and they lower the maſt:
Their bending oars the mighty ſtream divide;
The ſtream receives them on his foaming tide.
All on the left, in ancient rolls renown'd,
Riſe Æa's walls with glittering turrets crown'd;

And on the right the field, not diſtant far,
And grove, both ſacred to the God of war;
Where on an oak the fleece, ſuſpended high,
A dragon guards with ever-watchful eye.
Then Jaſon haſtes, impatient to conſign
To the pure ſtream the unpolluted wine,
And from a golden vaſe fulfils the rite divine,
Sacred to earth, to Gods that guard the coaſts,
And ancient heroes' long-departed ghoſts:
For their protection he preferr'd his pray'r,
To keep the ſhip with tutelary care.
Then thus Ancæus: 'Numerous perils paſt,
'Colchos and Phaſis we behold at laſt;
'Behoves you now your ſage advice to lend,
'Whether to treat Æeta as a friend,
'With ſpeech accordant, and compliance bland,
'Or in rough terms the golden prize demand.'
Thus he; but Jaſon urg'd, at Argus' call,
High up the ſedgy ſtream the ſhip to haul;
Which, undiſturb'd, might there at anchor ride
In the calm boſom of the peaceful tide:
There ſought the chiefs the bleſſings of repoſe,
And ſlept ſecure till grateful morning roſe.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno and Pallas intercede with Venus. They request that she would perſuade Cupid to inſpire Medea with love for Jaſon. Venus conſents; and the ſhafts of Cupid, at her ſuit, have their deſired effect. Jaſon, Augeas and Telamon proceed to the court of Æeta, where they are hoſpitably entertained. But, having heard the occaſion of their voyage, Æeta is incenſed, and refuſes to beſtow the Golden Fleece on Jaſon, unleſs on ſuch terms, as he preſumed he durſt not comply with. The paſſion of Medea for Jaſon is deſcribed with great ſimplicity and delicacy. Medea early in the morning repairs to the temple of Hecate: thither Jaſon, at the ſuggeſtion of Mopſus, follows her. The poet dwells particularly on their interview and conference. Medea inſtructs him how to ſubdue the brazen bulls and armies of giants. With Jaſon's combat, and the ſucceſs of it, the book concludes.

THE ARGONAUTICS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

BOOK III.

COME, heavenly maid, thy timely ſuccour bring,
And teach thy poet, Erato, to ſing,
How Jaſon, favour'd by the Colchian maid,
To Grecian realms the golden prize convey'd.
Thy ſongs the rites of Cyprian bliſs proclaim,
And in young virgins raiſe the melting flame;
For the ſoft paſſion thy beheſts approve,
And Erato's the kindred name of love.
Conceal'd in ſedges as the herces lie,
Juno and Pallas mark'd them from the ſky;
Apart from all the Gods their ſeats they took
In heaven's high hall, and thus Saturnia ſpoke:
" Daughter of Jove, thy ſage advice impart,
" By what nice fraud, what well-diſſembled art,

" Theſe venturous chiefs ſhall gain the golden fleece,
" And ſafe convey it to the realms of Greece.
" Say, ſhall they call entreaties to their aid?
" Will ſoft addreſs the wayward king perſuade,
" So fam'd for fierce barbarity and pride?
" No art, no effort muſt be left untry'd."

She ſaid; and Pallas thus: 'O Queen, I find
' The ſame ideas riſing in my mind:
' To lend aſſiſtance to the Grecian train
' My heart is willing, but my counſel vain.'

This ſaid, their minds on various projects ran,
On earth their eyes were fix'd, when Juno thus began:

" To Venus inſtant let us ſpeed our way,
" (Her ſoft perſuaſions Cupid will obey)
" Intreat her that the wily God inſpire
" Medea's ſoul with love's unconquer'd fire,
" Love for great Æſon's ſon; applauding Greece
" Will by her aid regain the glorious fleece."

She ſaid; Minerva patroniſ'd the plan,
And thus with mild benevolence began:

' I, who aroſe from Jove's immortal brain,
' Stranger to love, his pleaſure or his pain,
' Thy ſage propoſal from my ſoul approve;
' Do thou explain it to the queen of love.'

This

This ſaid, with ſpeed the two immortals came
To the grand manſion of the Cyprian dame,
Which crippled Vulcan rais'd, when firſt he led
The Paphian goddeſs to his nuptial bed.
The gate they paſs, and to the dome retire
Where Venus oft regales the God of fire:
(He to his forge had gone at early day,
A floating iſle contain'd it on the bay,
Here wondrous works by fire's fierce power he wrought,
And on his anvil to perfection brought.)
Fronting the door, all lovely and alone,
Sat Cytherea on a poliſh'd throne.
Adown the ſhoulders of the heavenly fair,
In eaſy ringlets flow'd her flaxen hair;
And with a golden comb, in matchleſs grace,
She taught each lock its moſt becoming place.
She ſaw the deities approach her dome,
And from her hand diſmiſs'd the golden comb;
Then roſe reſpectful, all with beauty grac'd,
And on rich thrones the great immortals plac'd;
Reſum'd her ſeat, and with a ready hand
Bound her looſe ringlets, and thus queſtion'd bland:
'What cauſe, ye viſitants from heaven, relate,
'Has brought ſuch gueſts to Cytherea's gate?

' Ye who excel in high Olympus' ſphere,
' Such mighty deities, and ſtrangers here ?"
Then thus Saturnia: " Wantonly you jeſt,
" When preſſing grief ſits heavy on our breaſt.
" Now in the Phaſis, with his warlike train,
" Great Jaſon moors, the golden fleece to gain:
" For that fam'd chief, and for his martial hoſt,
" Dire fears alarm us, but for Jaſon moſt:
" This potent arm, whate'er our proweſs can,
" Shall ſnatch from miſery the gallant man,
" Tho' far as hell he, raſh adventurer! go,
" To free Ixion, link'd in chains of woe;
" Left Pelias proudly heaven's decrees deride,
" Who on my altars ſacrifice deny'd.
" Nay more, young Jaſon claims my love and grace,
" Whom late I met returning from the chace,
" Returning met, as o'er the world I ſtray'd,
" And human kind, and human works ſurvey'd;
" Hard by Araurus I beheld the man,
" Wide o'er its banks whoſe rapid currents ran;
" (From ſnow-clad hills, in torrents loud and ſtrong,
" Roar'd the ſwoln ſtreams the rugged rocks among.)
" He on his back, though like a crone I ſtood,
" Securely brought me o'er the foaming flood;

" This won my love, a love for ever true,
" Nor will the haughty-minded Pelias rue
" His flagrant crimes, till you propitious deign
" To ſpeed my Jaſon to his Greece again."
She ſpoke, and Venus ſtood amaz'd to find
The queen of heaven to humble prayer inclin'd;
Then thus familiar ſaid: ' O wife of Jove,
' Baſeſt of beings call the queen of love,
' Unleſs her every word and work conſpire
' To give you all the ſuccour you require:
' All that my hand, my feeble hand can do,
' Shall unrewarded be perform'd for you.'
Then Juno thus: " Not difficult the taſk;
" No mighty force, no ſtrength of arm I aſk.
" Bid gentle Love the Colchian maid inſpire,
" And for my Jaſon fan the riſing fire;
" If kind ſhe prove, he gains the golden fleece,
" And by her ſubtle aid conducts it ſafe to Greece."
Love's queen replied: ' Cupid, ye powers divine,
' Will reverence your injunctions more than mine:
' Your looks will awe him, tho', devoid of ſhame,
' Of me the urchin makes eternal game,
' Oft he provokes my ſpleen, and then I vow,
' Enrag'd, I'll break his arrows and his bow:

" Reſtrain your ire," exclaims the ſneering elf,
" Leſt you find reaſon to upbraid yourſelf."
At this the Powers with ſmiles each other view'd,
And Venus thus her woeful tale purſu'd:
' Others may ridicule the pains I feel,
' Nor boots it all my ſufferings to reveal.
' But ſince ye jointly importune my aid,
' Cupid ſhall yield, and Venus be obey'd.'
She ſaid; and Juno preſs'd her hand and ſmil'd,
Then anſwered thus, benevolent and mild:
" O grant this boon; do inſtant as you ſay;
" Chide not the boy, and he will ſoon obey."
This ſaid, both haſten'd to the realms above,
And left the manſions of the queen of love:
The Cyprian goddeſs o'er Olympus flies,
To find her ſon in every dale ſhe pries,
Through heaven's gay meads the queen purſu'd her way,
And found him there with Ganymede at play.
Him Jove tranſlated to the bleſt abodes,
And, fam'd for beauty, plac'd among the Gods.
With golden dice, like boon compeers they play'd:
Love in his hollow hand ſome cubes convey'd,
Reſolv'd to cheat young Ganymede with thoſe,
While on his cheeks the conſcious crimſon roſe.

The

The Phrygian boy was vanquiſh'd to his coſt,
Two dice alone remain'd, and thoſe he loſt.
Silent he ſat in dull dejected ſtate,
Enrag'd that Cupid ſhould deride his fate:
His loſs increaſing with protracted play,
He went a wretch with empty hands away,
Nor ſaw he Venus: ſhe her Cupid took
Faſt by the cheek, and thus upbraiding ſpoke:
'And can you laugh, you fly, deceitful elf?
'Such tricks will bring a ſcandal on yourſelf.
'But haſte, my Cupid, my commands obey,
'And a nice plaything ſhall your toils repay,
'What once to Jove dear Adraſtæa gave,
'When Jove was nouriſh'd in the Cretan cave,
'A ſweet round ball; oh! keep it for my ſake,
'A finer ball not Vulcan's hands can make.
'Gold are the circles, beauteous to behold,
'And all the finiſh'd ſeams are wrought in gold;
'But all ſo cloſe they ſcarcely can be found:
'And the pale ivy winds its wreaths around.
'If high in air you fling this ball afar,
'It ſhines and glimmers like a radiant ſtar.
'This prize I'll give, if you propitious prove,
'And lure Medea to the toils of love;

'Fire

' Fire all her ſoul for Jaſon: haſte, away;
' The favour is diminiſh'd by delay.'
She ſaid, and Cupid liſtening long'd to hear,
For her ſweet words are muſic to his ear.
He ceas'd his paſtime, and with both his hands
Hangs on the Goddeſs, and the ball demands.
She kiſs'd her boy, and preſs'd him to her cheek,
And fondly ſmiling thus ſhe anſwer'd meek:
' By thee, my ſon, and by myſelf I ſwear,
' By all that's ſacred, and by all that's dear,
' This ball I'll give thee, if thy fatal dart
' Thou fix unerring in Medea's heart.'
This ſaid; he gather'd all his dice with haſte,
And in his mother's ſplendid lap he plac'd.
Then ſnatch'd his bow and quiver from the ground,
And to his back with golden girdle bound.
From Jove's all-fertile plains he ſwift withdrew,
And thro' Olympus' golden portals flew.
Thence the deſcent is eaſy from the ſky,
Where the two poles erect their heads on high,
Where the tall mountains their rough tops diſplay,
And where the ſun firſt gives the radiant day.
Hence you behold the fertile earth below,
The winding ſtreams, the cliffs' aerial brow,

Cities

Cities extended on the diſtant plain,
And thro' the vaſt expanſe the roaring main.
On the broad Phaſis, in a ſedgy bay,
Stretch'd on the deck the Grecian heroes lay;
Till call'd to council roſe each godlike man,
And Jaſon thus the conference began:
" To you, my comrades, be my counſel known,
" 'Tis yours that counſel with ſucceſs to crown.
" One common cauſe our great empriſe is made;
" The common cauſe demands the common aid.
" He who unutter'd can his counſel keep,
" Stays our reſailing o'er the ſounding deep.
" I to Æeta's court will ſpeed my way,
" The reſt well-arm'd ſhall in the veſſel ſtay;
" With me ſhall go, the palace to explore,
" Phrixus' brave ſons, and two aſſociates more.
" Firſt will I prove the power of ſoft addreſs
" To gain the fleece; complacence wins ſucceſs.
" If in his arms he ſternly ſhould confide,
" And ſpurn our claims with inſolence and pride,
" Conſult we whether, when ſuch powers oppreſs,
" By arms or arts to free us from diſtreſs.
" Be force the laſt alternative we take,
" For ſoothing ſpeeches deep impreſſions make;

" And

" And oft, where force and martial proweſs fail,
" The milder powers of eloquence prevail.
" Once king Æeta kind reception gave
" To blameleſs Phrixus, when eſcap'd the wave
" He fled from Ino's unrelenting hate,
" And the dire altars that denounc'd his fate.
" Savage or ſocial, all alike approve
" The ſacred rites of hoſpitable Jove."
He ſaid: the Greeks his ſage advice rever'd;
No voice diſſentient thro' the hoſt was heard:
Augeas then, and Telamon attends,
And with them Phrixus' ſons, his faithful friends;
Jaſon they follow: he thy peaceful wand,
All-ſapient Hermes, brandiſh'd in his hand.
Soon from the ſhip they gain the riſing ground,
Mount every ſteep, and o'er the marſhes bound,
Till Circe's plain they reach; in many a row
Here humble ſhrubs and lonely willows grow;
On whoſe tall branches, wavering o'er the fen,
Suſpended hang the carcaſes of men.
At Colchos ſtill this barbarous rite prevails:
They never burn the bodies of the males,
Nor deep in earth their decent limbs compoſe,
And with ſepulchral duſt the dead encloſe;

But in raw hides they hang them high in air:
And yet, that earth may equal portions ſhare,
Departed females to the grave they doom;
(Such are their rites) and cloſe them in the tomb.
The chiefs advance; but friendly Juno ſhrouds
Her favourite heroes in a veil of clouds,
That none, too curious, might their ſteps delay,
While to the regal dome they bent their way:
But when unſeen they paſs'd the vulgar crowd,
The ſame kind deity diſſolv'd the cloud.
Full in the court they ſtand with fix'd amaze,
On the proud gates, ſtrong walls and columns gaze,
Which, rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high,
And lift the brazen cornice to the ſky.
The portal paſt, young branching vines appear,
And high in air their verdant honours rear:
Beneath whoſe boughs, by matchleſs Vulcan made,
Four copious fountains in four currents play'd;
The firſt with milk, with wine the ſecond glow'd,
Ambroſial oil the third, the fourth with water flow'd;
This, as by turns the Pleiads ſet or roſe,
Diſſolv'd in ſummer, and in winter froze.
Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire,
All highly finiſhed by the God of fire.

With

With theſe were braſs-hoof'd bulls, of curious frame,
From brazen noſtrils breathing living flame.
And, near, a plough of burniſh'd ſteel was laid,
Which for the God of day great Vulcan made,
When Phœbus brought him in his friendly car,
Sore harraſs'd in the fierce Phlegræan war.
The midmoſt court they reach; on either ſide
Large folding doors the various rooms divide.
Two painted porticoes ſalute their eyes,
And high in air tranſverſe two turrets riſe;
In this, which far in ſtately height excels,
Æeta with his royal conſort dwells:
Abſyrtus that contains, his royal heir,
Deſcended from Aſterode the fair,
A Scythian nymph, ere yet Æeta led
Idya, Ocean's daughter, to his bed.
Him Phaeton the youthful Colchians call,
For he in beauty far ſurpaſs'd them all.
The proud apartments that remain'd contain
Chalciope, Medea and their train.
Ordain'd a prieſteſs to the Stygian queen,
She at the palace now was ſeldom ſeen:
But artful Juno, on this ſignal day,
Within the regal court decreed her ſtay.

Here

Here now, from room to room, the penſive maid,
To find Chalciope her ſiſter, ſtray'd.
Soon as ſhe ſpied them in the ſpacious hall,
Aloud ſhe call'd, her ſiſter heard her call,
And with her maidens ſallied from the door;
Their growing webs were ſcatter'd on the floor.
Well-pleas'd her ſons ſhe ſees, and raptur'd ſtands,
While high to heaven ſhe rears her greeting hands;
With equal joy to her embrace they fly.
Then thus Chalciope with plaintive cry:
'Here tho' you left me, heedleſs of my cries,
'See! fate hath frown'd upon your bold empriſe;
'Hath check'd your voyage o'er the diſtant main,
'And ſoon reſtor'd you to theſe arms again.
'Wretch that I was, when by your ſire's command,
'Ye ſought in evil hour the Grecian land!
'Sad was the taſk your dying ſire enjoin'd,
'Sad and diſtreſsful to a mother's mind.
'Ah! whence the wiſh Orchomenos to ſee,
'His city viſit, and abandon me?
'Yes, Athamas's fancied wealth to gain,
'Ye left me ſorrowing, and ye ſought the main.'
Rous'd by her cries, at length Æeta came,
And to the hall repair'd his royal dame.

With

With buſy crowds the ſpacious hall is fill'd;
The ſteer is choſen, and the victim kill'd.
Some heat the baths, ſome cleave the knotty wood,
And all attentive round their monarch ſtood.

Cupid mean time, thro' liquid air ſerene,
Speeds to the Colchian court his flight unſeen;
Like that large fly, which breeſe the ſhepherds call,
That haſtes to ſting the heifers in the ſtall.
The nimble God, unſeen, the porch aſcends,
And there his bow behind a pillar bends;
A fatal arrow from his quiver took,
And quick advancing with inſidious look,
Behind great Æſon's ſon, conceal'd from ſight,
He fits the arrow, fatal in its flight;
Bends the tough bow with all his ſtrength and art,
And deep he hides it in Medea's heart.
A ſudden tranſport ſeiz'd the melting maid:
The God, exulting now, no longer ſtaid.
The glowing ſhaft the virgin's heart inſpires,
And in her boſom kindles amorous fires.
On Jaſon beam'd the ſplendor of her eyes;
Her ſwoln breaſt heav'd with unremitting ſighs:
The frantic maid had all remembrance loſt,
And the ſoft pain her ſickening ſoul engroſs'd.

As

As ſome good houſewife, who, to labour born,
Freſh to her loom muſt riſe with early morn;
Studious to gain what human wants require,
In embers heap'd preſerves the ſeeds of fire;
Renew'd by theſe the brand rekindling burns,
And all the glowing heap to aſhes turns:
Thus, kindling ſlow, love's ſecret flames invade,
And torture, as they riſe, the troubled maid:
Her changeful cheeks the heart-felt anguiſh ſhow,
Now pale they turn, now like the ruby glow.
The rich repaſt by ſeneſchals prepar'd,
Freſh from their baths return'd, the ſtrangers ſhar'd;
And when the rage of hunger was ſuppreſs'd,
His grandſons thus the Colchian king addreſs'd:
'Sons of my child, and Phrixus, honour'd moſt
'Of all the gueſts that reach'd the Colchian coaſt,
'Say, why ſo ſoon return'd? what loſs conſtrains
'This ſpeedy viſit to your native plains?
'In vain, with terrors for your ſafety fraught,
'I urg'd the diſtance of the climes ye ſought;
'Warn'd, ſince of old my ſire's bright chariot bore
'Me and fair Circe to Heſperia's ſhore,
'Where now o'er Tuſcan realms my ſiſter reigns,
'A long, long diſtance from the Colchian plains.

' But what of this? come now, the cauſe declare
' That brought you back, and who theſe heroes are.'
Then Argus, anxious for the Grecian band,
By birthright eldeſt, roſe and anſwer'd bland:
" Our ſhip, O king, by nightly tempeſts toſt,
" On Mars's iſle, a dreary coaſt, was loſt;
" We, on the wreck by furious ſurges driv'n,
" Were ſav'd at laſt by kind protecting heav'n.
" Nor did thoſe birds then deſolate the ſhore,
" Dire Harpies, that infeſted it before;
" For theſe brave warriors, the preceding day,
" Had driven the curſt, infernal fiends away.
" Sure to our prayer ſome God inclin'd his ear;
" For when of Phrixus and your name they hear,
" Food for our wants, and raiment they convey,
" And to your city now they bend their way.
" But would you know, I'll tell their purpos'd plan:
" Lo! ſprung from Æolus the godlike man,
" Whom a fierce tyrant's ſtern decree conſtrains
" To quit his country and his rich domains:
" Nor can he ſcape Jove's rage, unleſs the fleece,
" Baſe theft of Phrixus, be reſtor'd to Greece.
" Their ſhip was faſhion'd by Minerva's aid;
" How different are the Colchian veſſels made!

" Ours,

" Ours, far the worſt that ever rear'd a maſt,
" Split with the tempeſt's deſolating blaſt;
" Theirs, firm-compacted, and of fitteſt wood;
" Defied each ſtorm that heav'd the troubled flood:
" With equal ſpeed their nimble veſſel ſails,
" Impell'd by oars alone, or favouring gales.
" In this their chief, with choſen Greeks, explores
" Unnumber'd ſeas, and towns, and wide-extended ſhores.
" And now he ſues the golden fleece to gain;
" But that as beſt your princely will ordain—
" Nor hoſtile comes he; as a friend he brings
" Large gifts proportion'd to the ſtate of kings.
" Inform'd the fierce Sarmatians waſte your lands,
" He vows deſtruction to their barbarous bands.
" Their names and lineage ſhould you wiſh to hear,
" Lend to my narrative a liſtening ear.
" He, in whoſe cauſe the Grecian chiefs conſpire,
" Is valiant Jaſon, Æſon is his ſire,
" The ſon of Cretheus: thus are we ally'd
" By blood, relations on the father's ſide:
" The ſons of Æolus were Cretheus fam'd,
" And Athemas, whoſe heir was Phrixus nam'd.
" 'Mid yon brave chiefs, Augeas you ſurvey,
" Illuſtrious offſpring of the God of day,

" And Telamon, who high his birth can prove,
" His ſire is Æacus, his grandſire Jove:
" The reſt, that viſit your auguſt abodes,
" Are all the ſons or grandſons of the Gods."
This ſaid, the King with indignation ſwell'd,
But chief enrag'd his grandſons he beheld;
Thro' them he deem'd the Greeks to Colchos came:
His eye-balls redden'd with avenging flame,
While thus he ſpoke: 'Hence from my ſight away,
'Nor longer, traitors, in my kingdom ſtay:
'Back, back to Greece your ſpeedy courſe purſue,
'Nor idly hope the golden fleece to view.
'Not for that fleece (vain pretext ye muſt own)
'But for my ſceptre came ye, and my crown.
'Had ye not firſt my feaſt partook to-day,
'Your tongues and hands, torn out and lopp'd away,
'Should for your bold atrocious crimes atone:
'My juſt revenge had ſpar'd your feet alone,
'To bear you haſtily to Greece again,
'Dreading to viſit more my juſt domain,
'And with your perjuries the Gods profane.'
He ſaid: bold Telamon with fury burn'd,
And to the King ſtern anſwer had return'd,
But Jaſon check'd his warmth, and mild reply'd:
" Let not Æeta falſly thus decide.

" Nor crowns, nor empires come we here to gain;
" Who for ſuch wealth would meaſure half the main?
" But fate, and Pelias' more ſevere command,
" Have forc'd the ſuppliant on your friendly land.
" Aid us, and Greece your praiſes ſhall record,
" And thank you, ſovereign, with their conquering ſword;
" Whether the fierce Sarmatians to inthrall,
" Or realms more barbarous for your vengeance call."
While Jaſon thus in gentleſt terms reply'd,
The tyrant's breaſt diſtracting thoughts divide,
Whether with vengeance on the foe to fly,
Or in the field of Mars his courage try.
On this reſolv'd, ' What need (he thus begun)
' With tedious tales my harraſs'd ears to ſtun?
' For whether from immortals ye deſcend,
' Or match'd in might ye dare with me contend,
' Soon will I prove; that proof muſt thou diſplay;
' Then, if victorious, bear the fleece away;
' Nor ſhall my hand the golden prize withold:
' Like your proud lord, I envy not the bold.
' This nervous arm ſhall now ſuſtain the fight,
' Which calls to ſpeedy proof thy boaſted might.

'Two bulls in Mars's field your wonder claim,
'Their hoofs of braſs, their noſtrils breathing flame,
'Theſe oft I ſeize, and to the yoke conſtrain
'To plough four acres of the ſtubborn plain.
'No ſeeds I ſow, but ſcatter o'er the land
'A dragon's teeth; when, lo! an armed band
'Of chiefs ſpring up: but ſoon as they appear,
'I ſlay th' embattled ſquadrons with my ſpear.
'Each morn I yoke the bulls, at eve reſign:
'Perform this labour, and the fleece is thine.
'Theſe are the terms; on theſe the prize I quit:
'The weaker to the ſtronger muſt ſubmit.'

He ſaid; and Jaſon, ſunk in thought profound,
Sat mute, his eyes faſt fix'd upon the ground;
Long time he ponder'd o'er the vaſt deſign,
Nor dar'd with confidence the battle join.
So hard the taſk, he ſtood embarraſs'd long,
At laſt theſe words dropp'd cautious from his tongue:
"Cruel thy terms, but juſt: my ſtrength I'll try
"In this dread conflict, though ordain'd to die.
"For, ſay, what law ſo rigorous can there be,
"As the hard law of fix'd neceſſity?
"That law which forc'd me from my native home,
"And bad me thus in ſearch of dangers roam?"

Perplex'd

Perplex'd he ſpoke: then thus the king in rage,
' Rejoin thy comrades, ſince thou dar'ſt engage.
' But if the bulls conſtrain thy heart to yield,
' Or the dread dangers of the martial field,
' Be mine the toil; that hence the coward-ſlave
' May dread to combat with the bold and brave.'
Imperious thus the haughty king replies:
And from their ſeats incens'd the heroes riſe.
To warn his brothers here, at home, to wait,
Argus ſtopp'd ſhort awhile: then ruſh'd they thro' the gate.
Far o'er the reſt, in grace unmatch'd alone,
And charms ſuperior youthful Jaſon ſhone.
Him thro' her veil the love-diſtracted maid
With melting eyes, and glance oblique ſurvey'd:
Her mind, as in a dream, bewilder'd ran,
And trac'd the footſteps of the godlike man.
Sorrowing they went: to ſhun the monarch's ire,
With fond Chalciope her ſons retire;
Medea follow'd, but with cares oppreſs'd;
Such cares as love had rais'd within her breaſt.
His graceful image in her mind ſhe bore,
His gait, his manner, and the robe he wore,
His pointed words: thro' earth's remoteſt bound
No prince ſhe deem'd with ſuch perfections crown'd.

His tuneful voice ſtill, ſtill ſhe ſeems to hear,
Still the ſweet accents charm her liſtening ear.
The bulls and wrathful king excite her dread:
She mourns his fate, as if already dead.
From her bright eyes the ſhower of anguiſh breaks,
And thus, o'erwhelm'd with woe, Medea ſpeaks:
" Why fall the tears of ſorrow from my eyes,
" Tho' he the firſt or laſt of heroes dies?
" Periſh the man!—no, ſafely let him ſail;
" And may my prayer, kind Hecate, prevail!
" Safe ſail he home: but, ah! if doom'd to bleed,
" Teach him, that I rejoice not in the deed."
Thus mourn'd the maid: meantime to join their train,
The chiefs purſue their courſe along the plain;
Then Argus thus: 'Though, Jaſon, you may blame,
' And ſpurn the counſel which I now proclaim;
' Yet ſure for us, with threatening dangers preſs'd,
' To try ſome ſafe expedient muſt be beſt.
' A maid there is whoſe wondrous art excels,
' Long taught by Hecate, in magic ſpells:
' If ſhe propitious to our wiſhes yield,
' Thou com'ſt victorious from the martial field:
' But if Chalciope decline her aid,
' Be mine with tendereſt motives to perſuade.

' Inſtant I'll go, on her for ſuccour call;
' For lo! one general ruin threatens all.'
Humane he ſpoke, and Jaſon thus rejoin'd;
" Much I admire the purpoſe of thy mind.
" Go, friend, to thy Chalciope repair,
" Sue her with ſoft entreaty and with pray'r:
" But, ah! vain hopes our vacant minds muſt fill,
" Who truſt for conqueſt to a woman's ſkill."
He ſaid; and ſoon they join'd their ſocial train,
Rejoic'd to meet their princely peers again.
Then Jaſon thus began his mournful tale:
" With proud Æeta ſoft entreaties fail;
" Our purpos'd end unable to attain,
" Vain are my words, and your enquiries vain.
" Two monſtrous bulls the tyrant bids me tame;
" Their hoofs of braſs, their noſtrils breathing flame;
" Theſe muſt my proweſs to the yoke conſtrain,
" To plough four acres of the ſtubborn plain;
" My ſeed a dragon's teeth, to ſow the land;
" When lo! up ſprings a formidable band
" Of bright-arm'd giants; ſoon as they appear,
" Poiz'd by this arm, my well-directed ſpear
" Muſt pierce the foe: intrepid I accede
" To the hard terms, nor future dangers heed."
He ſaid: they deem'd it all a deſperate deed;

Silent

Silent they ſtood, with ſad dejected look
Each gaz'd on other, till bold Peleus ſpoke:
' Time calls for our reſolves; our ſafety ſtands
' No more in counſel, but in ſtrength of hands.
' If, Jaſon, eager of the honour, thou
' Wilt yoke theſe fiery monſters to the plough,
' Haſte to the charge; but if thy ſoul relent,
' Sunk in ſad bodings of the dire event,
' Nor dar'ſt thou go; then go not, nor look round,
' If haply here ſome fitter man be found;
' Myſelf will go, and riſk my deareſt breath;
' No greater evil can befall than death.'
He ſpoke; and Telamon with rage inſpir'd
Starts up, and Idas with like fury fir'd;
Next the twin-race of Tyndarus ariſe;
Laſt Oeneus' ſon, who with the braveſt vies;
Tho' o'er his cheeks ſcarce ſpreads the callow down,
His heart beats high for honour and renown.
And while the reſt in mute attention ſtand,
Argus beſpeaks the emulative band:
" Tho' hard the taſk, O chiefs, I ſtill portend
" My parent will aſſiſt, and prove a friend.
" Still in your ſhip awhile with patience wait;
" For raſhneſs will accelerate your fate.

" Know, at Æeta's court a maiden dwells,
" Deep ſkill'd by Hecate in magic ſpells:
" All plants ſhe knows that grow on mountains ſteep,
" On vales, or meads, or in the boundleſs deep;
" By theſe ſhe quells the fire's relentleſs force,
" Stops the mad torrent in its headlong courſe,
" Retards the planets as they roll on high,
" And draws the moon reluctant from the ſky.
" As from the palace o'er the plain we came
" We mention'd oft my mother's honour'd name;
" If ſhe perchance her ſiſter could perſuade,
" And fix our intereſt in the magic maid.
" Back, if you bid, my ready ſteps I bend;
" Fortune may ſmile, and fair ſucceſs attend."

He ſaid; when, lo! this ſignal of their love,
Was kindly given them by the Powers above;
For, by the falcon chas'd, a trembling dove,
Far from his foe, to Jaſon's boſom flies;
Stunn'd on the deck the felon falcon lies.

Then Mopſus thus divin'd: 'The Powers of heav'n,
' They, they alone this gracious ſign have giv'n.
' Be then the maid in mildeſt terms addreſs'd;
' She'll liſten friendly to our joint requeſt,
' I ween ſhe will; if Phineus could foreknow
' That we to Venus muſt our ſafety owe.

' For,

' For, lo! her bird eſcapes: oh! may we prove
' With ſafety crown'd, like her auſpicious dove.
' Entreat we now for Cytherea's aid,
' And let th' advice of Argus be obey'd.'
Thus he; the chiefs approv'd, remembering well
What Phineus deign'd prophetic to foretell:
Idas alone with indignation burn'd,
And with loud voice thus inſolent return'd:
' Gods! what a crew hath Argo wafted o'er!
' Women, not heroes throng the hoſtile ſhore.
' Women, who ſtill to Venus' altars fly,
' Nor dare but only on her aid rely.
' No warlike deeds your daſtard ſouls inflame:
' To you is Mars an unregarded name.
' As doves or falcons but direct your flight,
' You flinch at danger, and you dread the fight.
' Go; and all manly, martial toils forbear,
' Sue to weak women, and deceive the fair.'
Furious he ſpoke; a general murmur ran
Thro' the whole train; yet none oppos'd the man:
Indignant then he ſat. Of dauntleſs breaſt
Thus Æſon's ſon the liſtening train addreſs'd:
" This inſtant Argus to the town I ſend,
" For thus the general ſuffrages intend:

" Meanwhile

" Meanwhile approach we nearer to the land,
" And fix, in ſight, our halſers to the ſtrand:
" Ill ſuits us longer thus to lie conceal'd;
" We neither ſhun, nor dread the fighting field."
He ſaid, and Argus went without delay,
And to the city backward ſped his way;
At Jaſon's call they ply the labouring oar,
And land their beds and couches on the ſhore.
Meantime the king a council call'd, and ſat,
(So were they wont) without the palace-gate.
Aſſembled there, unceaſing toils they plann'd,
And wiles deſtructive to the Grecian band.
Thus he ordain'd, that when the bulls had ſlain
And ſtretch'd this dauntleſs hero on the plain,
Himſelf would lay the lofty foreſt low,
And for the funeral-pile prepare the bough:
Their boaſted ſhip ſhould be conſum'd with fire,
And every traitor in the flames expire.
No hoſpitable rites had Phrixus ſhar'd,
Though much he wiſh'd and merited regard,
Had not Jove haſten'd Hermes from above
To win his favour and beſpeak his love.
Were theſe Invaders of his native ſoil
To thrive unpuniſh'd by rapacious ſpoil,

Soon

Soon would they make his lowing herds a prey,
And drive the ſhepherds and their flocks away.
But Phrixus' ſons, who join'd the lawleſs crew,
He vow'd with double vengeance to purſue:
Baſe plunderers! come to ſpoil him of his crown,
So had the Sun, his ſapient ſire, foreſhown:
Who warn'd him to ſuſpect his faithleſs race,
And dread from them deſtruction and diſgrace.
Therefore diſmiſs'd he, by his ſire's command,
The youths far diſtant, ev'n to Grecian land.
His daughters gave him no perplexing care,
Nor young Abſyrtus, his adopted heir;
But from Chalciope's deteſted race
He look'd for injuries, and fear'd diſgrace.
Thus ſtern denouncing, as with rage he ſwells,
Death on each daring ſubject that rebels,
His guards he charg'd, and threaten'd vengeance due,
If either 'ſcap'd, the veſſel or the crew.

Swift to the palace Argus now repairs,
And to his pitying mother pours his pray'rs,
That ſhe might importune Medea's aid;
Nor had the queen her ſon's requeſt delay'd,
But boding fears her willing mind reſtrain,
Leſt all her fond entreaties ſhould be vain;

And

And ſhould the project be diſclos'd to view,
Her father's ire the magic maid muſt rue.
As on her couch reclin'd the virgin lay,
Soft ſlumbers chas'd her anxious cares away;
But frantic dreams, which love-ſick minds infeſt,
Preſent falſe terrors, and diſturb her reſt.
Her hero ſeem'd the taſk to undertake,
But not for honour, or the fleece's ſake;
For her alone he riſk'd the glorious ſtrife,
To gain her love, and win her for his wife.
She then in dreams her utmoſt ſuccour lends,
And with the bulls herſelf in fight contends.
Her parents ſhe, in fancied rage, aver'd
Falſe and regardleſs of their promis'd word,
Who Jaſon doom'd the brazen bulls to foil,
But made not her a partner of the toil.
Then warm diſputes and fierce contentions reign
Between Æeta and the Grecian train:
On her deciſion both the parties wait,
And deem what ſhe determines to be fate.
In ſpite of parents, the fond maid expreſs'd
Her choice in favour of her godlike gueſt.
Rage wrung their ſouls, and grief, and dire diſmay,
Till the loud clamour chas'd her ſleep away.

Trembling

Trembling ſhe ſtarts; pale fears confus'd her look;
Her ſoul reviv'd, and thus the virgin ſpoke:

'Alas! what frightful dreams alarm my breaſt
'For theſe fam'd chiefs, but moſt the royal gueſt?
'I fear, ſome mighty miſchief will enſue
'From this bold leader and his gallant crew.
'Yes, let him wed far off ſome Grecian dame;
'Be mine my parents' houſe, my virgin's fame.
'If from my headſtrong purpoſe I refrain,
'My ſiſter's counſel might relieve my pain:
'Oh! for her ſons would ſhe my aid implore,
'My griefs would ceaſe, my ſorrows be no more!'
She ſaid, and roſe, nor longer deign'd to wait,
But paſt the threſhold of her ſiſter's gate,
Barefoot, undreſt; long time ſhe there remain'd,
(For modeſt fears her paſſing ſtep reſtrain'd;)
Then back retreats; new courage ſoon acquires;
Again advances, and again retires:
Paſſions ſo various ſway'd the virgin's breaſt,
That when fierce love impell'd her, fear repreſs'd:
Thrice ſhe eſſay'd, and thrice retreating fled;
Then on the pillow ſunk her drooping head:
As ſome young damſel, whom her friends had join'd
In marriage to the darling of her mind,

Conceal'd

Conceal'd in ſecret, mourns her blooming mate
Snatch'd from her arms by ſome untimely fate,
Ere yet kind heaven indulg'd them to employ
The golden moments in connubial joy:
In ſilence ſhe, tho' ſtung with torturing grief,
Seeks on the widow'd bed the wiſh'd relief;
Looks eager round, then ſheds the trembling tear,
Screen'd from the female eye, and tongue ſevere.
Thus mourn'd Medea, not unſeen; her pain
Was mark'd by one, the youngeſt of her train;
Who told Chalciope Medea's grief;
And the ſad tale exceeded her belief:
Her ſons conſulting, ſhe with them eſſay'd
To ſooth the ſorrows of the love-ſick maid.
Inſtant ſhe roſe, and trembling with diſmay
Came to the chamber where her ſiſter lay;
Torn were her cheeks, the tears her grief confeſs'd;
And thus Chalciope the maid addreſs'd:

'Say, why thoſe tears that thus inceſſant fall?
'What mighty ills your feeble mind appal?
'Say, does ſome heaven-ſent woe your grief inſpire?
'Or in your boſom dwells Æeta's ire,
'My ſons and I the cauſe? Oh! far from home,
'On the world's utmoſt limits may I roam,

' Nor ſee my parents, nor my native ſhore,
' Nor hear the hated name of Colchos more !'
She ſaid : Medea's cheeks the crimſon ſtain'd ;
She ſtrove to ſpeak, but ſhame her words reſtrain'd.
Now on her lips the ready accents hung,
Now ſtifled in her breaſt : her faltering tongue
Long time the purpoſe of her ſoul witheld,
Artful at length ſhe ſpoke, by love impell'd :
" Dire fears, Chalciope, my ſoul diſmay,
" Leſt with theſe gueſts my fire thy children ſlay,
" My frightful dreams ſuch horrid ſcenes preſent ;
" May ſome kind deity theſe woes prevent !
" Leſt for thy ſons the tears eternal flow :"
Thus ſpoke the maid, inquiſitive in woe,
If haply, for her children's fate afraid,
Chalciope might firſt ſolicit aid.
Mix'd grief and terror all the mother ſhook,
At laſt, impaſſion'd, thus ſhe trembling ſpoke :
' 'Tis for their ſakes I now before thee ſtand ;
' Lend me, O lend thy ſalutary hand !
' But ſwear by earth and heaven what I unfold
' Reſts in thy boſom, never to be told :
' By the great Gods, and all that's dear I call,
' Swear thou wilt never ſee my children fall,

' Leſt

' Left I too periſh, and in fell deſpight
' Riſe a dread fury from the ſhades of night.'

Earneſt ſhe ſpoke, and tears inceſſant ſhed,
Then on her ſiſter's breaſt reclin'd her head,
And mix'd their mutual ſighs; groan anſwer'd groan,
And the wide palace echo'd to their moan.
Medea thus in mournful terms replies:

" Alas! what ſuccour can my thoughts deviſe,
" Thus with thy cruel menaces oppreſs'd?
" Oh, ſtill uninjur'd may thine offspring reſt!
" By heaven above I ſwear, and earth below,
" Earth, the great mother of the Gods, I vow,
" (If aught my power can do, or words perſuade)
" To give thee counſel, and to lend my aid."
Thus ſpoke the maid; and thus Chalciope;

' Perhaps, in favour of my ſons and me,
' Thy mind, to ſave the hero, might impart
' Some ſecret counſel, ſome myſterious art.
' From Jaſon Argus comes, imploring aid;
' They reſt their ſafety on the magic maid.'

Thus ſhe; with joy exults the virgin's heart,
And riſing bluſhes roſy charms impart;
But ſoon o'ercaſt with grief ſhe thus reply'd:
" To ſerve thee, ſiſter, be no art untry'd.

" Ne'er may I ſee with pleaſurable eyes
" In yon bright orient cheerful morning riſe,
" If aught on earth be half ſo dear to me
" As is the welfare of thy ſons and thee.
" As brethren they my fond regard engage,
" By blood related, and the ſame our age.
" My ſiſter, moſt eſteem'd, and ever dear,
" Thee with a daughter's love I ſtill revere.
" For with thy children, nurs'd by thee, I ſhar'd
" (So fame reports) a mother's fond regard.
" Go then, and from my prying parents hide
" The means of ſuccour which I now provide.
" All-potent ſpells will I, at dawn of day,
" To Hecate's myſterious ſhrine convey."
Pleas'd with the tale, Chalciope departs,
And with the proffer'd aid tranſports her children's hearts.
Fear mix'd with ſhame now ſeiz'd the lonely maid,
Who dare, her ſire reluctant, lend her aid.
Now riſing ſhades a ſolemn ſcene diſplay
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' etherial way;
All night the ſailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repoſe the weary watchman ſhares,
And the faint wanderer ſleeps away his cares;

Ev'n

Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathleſs lies
Her child of love, in ſlumber ſeals her eyes:
No ſound of village-dog, no noiſe invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades;
Alone Medea wakes: to love a prey,
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away:
For lovely Jaſon cares on cares ſucceed,
Left vanquiſh'd by the bulls her hero bleed;
In ſad review dire ſcenes of horrors riſe,
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought ſhe flies:
As from the ſtream-ſtor'd vaſe with dubious ray
The ſun-beams dancing from the ſurface play;
Now here, now there the trembling radiance falls,
Alternate flaſhing round th' illumin'd walls:
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her eyes deſcends a pearly flood.
Now raving with reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
Now ſick with love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
The tyrant God, of every thought poſſeſs'd,
Beats in each pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt:
Now ſhe reſolves the magic to betray—
To tame the bulls—now yield him up a prey.
Again the drugs diſdaining to ſupply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die;

Anon, repelling with a brave diſdain
The coward thought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain.
Then paufing thus: "Ah wretched me! ſhe cries,
" Where'er I turn what varied ſorrows riſe!
" Toſt in a giddy whirl of ſtrong deſire,
" I glow, I burn, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire:
" Oh! had this ſpirit from its priſon fled,
" By Dian ſent to wander with the dead,
" Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian ſkies,
" Ere Jaſon, lovely Jaſon, met theſe eyes!
" Hell gave the ſhining miſchief to our coaſt,
" Medea ſaw him, and Medea's loſt---
" But why theſe ſorrows? if the powers on high
" His death decree,---die, wretched Jaſon, die!
" Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
" Ah me! what words ſhall purge the guilt away!
" But could I yield------O whither muſt I run
" To find the chief---whom virtue bids me ſhun?
" Shall I, all loſt to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
" And yet I muſt------if Jaſon bleeds I die!
" Honour farewell! adieu for ever ſhame!
" Hail black diſgrace! and branded be my fame!
" Live, Jaſon, live! enjoy the vital air!
" Live thro' my aid! and fly where winds can bear.

" But when he flies, cords, poiſons lend your pow'rs:
" That day Medea treads th' infernal ſhores!
" Yet what reproach will after death be caſt?
" The maids of Colchos will my honour blaſt---
" I hear them cry---the falſe Medea's dead,
" Thro' guilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed;
" Medea, careleſs of her virgin fame,
" Preferr'd a ſtranger to a father's name!
" O may I rather yield this vital breath,
" Than bear that baſe diſhonour worſe than death!"
Thus wail'd the fair, and ſeiz'd, with horrid joy,
Drugs foes to life, and potent to deſtroy;
A magazine of death! again ſhe pours
From her ſwoln eye-lids tears in ſhining ſhow'rs.
With grief inſatiate, comfortleſs ſhe ſtands,
And opes the caſket, but with trembling hands.
A ſudden fear her labouring ſoul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal ſhades:
She ſtands deep-muſing with a faded brow,
Abſorb'd in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converſe, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her boſom play,
Endearing life, and charm deſpair away.

Enlivening ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
And every object brightens to her eyes.
Then from her hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
Conſents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Reſolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time ſeems to ſtand, or backward drive his wheels;
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills:
At length the morn diſplays her roſy light,
And the whole town ſtands pictur'd to her ſight.
Back to the ſhip (his brothers left behind
To mark the motions of Medea's mind)
Argus return'd; meanwhile her golden hair,
That flow'd diffuſive in the wanton air,
The virgin binds; then wipes the tears away,
And from her eyes bids living lightning play;
On every limb refreſhing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious ſhow'rs.
Her robe ſhe next aſſumes; bright claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening waiſt the robe infold:
Down from her ſwelling loins the reſt unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Then takes her veil, and ſtately treads the room
With graceful eaſe, regardleſs of her doom.

Thus

Thus forward moves the faireſt of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the preſent blind.
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r,
Alike unconſcious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car her mules; dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's fair fane ſhe bends her way.
A juice ſhe bears, whoſe magic virtue tames
(Thro' fell Perſephone) the rage of flames;
For one whole day it gives the hero might,
To ſtand ſecure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the ſword; the ſword without a wound
Leaps as from marble ſhiver'd to the ground.
This plant, which rough Caucaſean mountains bore,
Sprung from the venom of Prometheus' gore,
(While on the wretch the ſavage eagle ſtorm'd)
In colour like Corycian crocus form'd:
On two tall ſtems up-ſprings the flowery ſhoot,
A cubit high; like red raw fleſh its root.
From this root's juice, as black as that diſtill'd
From mountain beeches, the fair maid had fill'd
A Caſpian conch; but firſt, as beſt beſeems,
Array'd in black ſeven times in living ſtreams
She bath'd; and call'd ſeven times on Brimo's name.
At midnight hour, the ghoſt-compelling dame,

She pluck'd the root, earth murmur'd from below,
And ſad Prometheus groan'd with agonizing woe.
This root the Colchian maid ſelecting plac'd
In the rich zone that bound her ſlender waiſt:
Then iſſuing mounts the car, but not alone,
On either ſide two lovely damſels ſhone:
Her hand with ſkill th' embroider'd rein controuls,
Back fly the ſtreets as ſwift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they ſpeed their way,
The domes retreat, the ſinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee ſuccinct a damſel-train
Cloſe throng behind them, haſtening to the plain.
As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amneſian waves,
Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows:
Swift to ſome ſacred feaſt the goddeſs moves,
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſhady groves;
Th' Amneſian fount, or ſilver-ſtreaming rills,
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills:
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or, trembling, ſavage adoration pay:
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The croud falls back, and, as ſhe moves, reveres:

Swift

Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends,
The fane ſhe reaches, and on earth deſcends;
Then to her train------ "Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
"Miſled by folly to this lonely way!
"Alas! ſhould Jaſon with his Greeks appear,
"Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
"No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
"Haunt the cool ſhade, or tread in dance the plain.
"But ſince alone---with ſports beguile your hours,
"Collect ſweet herbs, and pluck the faireſt flow'rs:
"If due attention to my words ye pay,
"With richeſt ſpoils ye ſhall return to-day.
"For Argus and Chalciope require,
"(But ſacred keep this ſecret from my ſire)
"That for large preſents, for my ſuccour paid,
"To this raſh ſtranger I ſhould lend my aid.
"I paſs'd my word, and ſoon without his train
"The Grecian will attend me at the fane:
"In equal portions we the ſpoil will ſhare---
"For him a doſe more fatal I prepare---
"But when he comes, ye nymphs, retire apart."
She ſpoke; the nymphs approv'd the virgin's art.
When Argus heard the maid with early day
To Hecate's fair fane would ſpeed her way,

He beckon'd Jaſon from his bold compeers
Apart, and Mopſus moſt renown'd of ſeers;
For preſcient Mopſus every omen knew
Of birds that parting or approaching flew.
No mortal ever of the firſt-born race
Diſplay'd like Jaſon ſuch ſuperior grace,
Whether from demigods he trac'd his line,
Or Jove himſelf immortal and divine,
As grac'd by Juno, Jove's imperial queen,
With ſoft addreſs, and dignity of mien.
His comrades gaz'd with wonder as he went;
Mopſus foreſaw and hail'd the bleſt event.
Hard by the path, and near the temple, ſtands
A poplar tall that wide its arms expands;
Here frequent rooks their airy paſtime take,
And on the boughs their ſpray-form'd manſions make:
One ſhook its pinions, (louder than the reſt)
And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind expreſs'd:
'Vain ſeer! whoſe divinations fail to tell
'Thoſe plain events which children know ſo well;
'That maids will not, with comrades in the train,
'Tell the ſoft love-tale to their favour'd ſwain.
'Falſe prophet, hence! for thee nor love inſpires,
'Nor Venus gratifies with ſoft deſires.'

Then Mopſus laugh'd, as ſcoffing thus ſhe ſpoke,
To hear the bird her dark predictions croak;
And thus: "Hence, Jaſon, to the fane, and find
"The maiden to thy warmeſt wiſhes kind;
"Venus approves, and fortune will enſue,
"If what prophetic Phineus ſaid prove true.
"Myſelf and Argus here will wait apart,
"Go and unfold the ſecrets of thy heart;
"Be every mode of ſoft perſuaſion try'd."
He counſel'd wiſely, and the chief comply'd.
Meanwhile the maid her ſecret thoughts enjoy'd,
And one dear object all her ſoul employ'd:
Her train's gay ſports no pleaſure can reſtore,
Vain was the dance, and muſic charm'd no more;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wiſh her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawn explores,
To find the hero whom her ſoul adores;
At every whiſper of the paſſing air,
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there;
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain,
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,

He ſhines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her flufh'd cheeks glow'd, her very heart was dead:
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes---the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze.
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Short time remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound:
Thus gazing they; till by the breath of love,
Strongly at laſt inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move;
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſs'd the blooming maid:
'Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
'Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
'In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.

'Whom

'Whom would'ſt thou fly? ſtay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
'Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
'Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
'Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground.
'By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
'By the fam'd authors of thy royal race;
'By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
'To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
'O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
'Without thy aid thy Jaſon is no more.
'To thee a ſuppliant, in diſtreſs I bend,
'To thee a ſtranger, one who wants a friend!
'Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
'Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
'All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes' fates,
'And bleſs Medea thro' her hundred ſtates.
'The mother and the wife, who now in vain
'Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,
'Shall ſtay their tears: the mother, and the wife,
'Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
'Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
'Sav'd valiant Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled,
'Forſook her father, and her native plain,
'And ſtem'd the tumults of the ſurging main;

'Ye

' Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
' The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave;
' Ev'n the juſt Gods forgave: and now on high
' A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
' What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
' For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee?
' Heaven gave thee not to kill, ſo ſoft an air;
' And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!'
He ceas'd, but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear;
Her eyes to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd on her face.
A look ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe hangs her head.
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain---but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes;
Trembling the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart---had given her very heart away.
For Jaſon beam'd in beauty's charms ſo bright,
The maid admiring languiſh'd with delight.
Thus, when the riſing ſun appears in view,
On the fair roſe diſſolves the radiant dew.

Now on the ground both caſt their baſhful eyes,
Both view each other now with wild ſurprize.
The roſy ſmiles now dimpling on their cheeks,
The fair at length in faltering accents ſpeaks:
" Obſervant thou to my advice attend,
" And hear what ſuccour I propoſe to lend.
" Soon as my ſire Æeta ſhall beſtow
" The dragon's teeth in Mars's field to ſow,
" The following night in equal ſhares divide;
" Bathe well thy limbs in ſome perennial tide;
" Then all retir'd, thyſelf in black array,
" Dig the round foſs, and there a victim ſlay,
" A female lamb; the carcaſe place entire
" Above the foſs, then light the ſacred pyre,
" And Perſeus' daughter, Hecate, appeaſe
" With honey, ſweeteſt labour of the bees;
" This done, retreat, nor, while the relicks burn,
" Let howling dogs provoke thee to return,
" Nor human footſteps; leſt thou render vain
" The charm, and with diſhonour join thy train.
" Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfil,
" This magic unguent on thy limbs diſtil:
" Then thou with eaſe wilt ſtrong, and graceful move,
" Not like a mortal, but the Gods above.

" Forget not with this unguent to beſmear
" Thy ſword, thy buckler, and tremendous ſpear:
" No giant's falchions then can harm thy frame,
" Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.
" One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field;
" Nor thou to perils, nor to labour yield.
" But mark my words; when thou, with ceaſeleſs toil,
" Haſt yok'd the bulls and plough'd the ſtubborn ſoil;
" And ſeeſt up-ſpringing on the teeth-ſown land
" Of giant foes a formidable band,
" Hurl ſlily 'midſt their ranks a rough hard ſtone,
" And they, like dogs contending for a bone,
" Will ſlay each other: thou with ſpeed renew
" The glowing fight, and conqueſt will enſue.
" Thus ſhalt thou bear from Æa's realms to Greece,
" If ſuch thy fix'd reſolve, the Golden Fleece."

This ſaid, her eyes were fix'd upon the ground,
And her fair cheeks with ſtreaming ſorrows drown'd;
Deſponding anguiſh ſeiz'd her gentle mind,
Leſt he ſhould leave her comfortleſs behind.
Imbolden'd thus, him by the hand ſhe preſs'd,
And in the language of her ſoul addreſs'd;

" If ſafely hence thou ſail'ſt, O, think of me!
" As I for ever ſhall remember thee!

" And

" And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
" Where lies thy home beyond the boundleſs main?
" Say, is Orchomenos thy native ſoil?
" Or dwell'ſt thou nearer on th' Ææan iſle?
" Let me that far-fam'd virgin's name inquire,
" Who boaſts the ſame high lineage with my ſire."
She ſaid; her tears his ſoft compaſſion won,
And thus the chief, by Love inſpir'd, begun:
' While on my fancy bright ideas play,
' Thy image never from my ſoul ſhall ſtray,
' If ſafe I ſail, preſerv'd by thee, to Greece,
' Nor heavier labours interrupt my peace.
' But if the diſtant country where I dwell
' Thy will demands, my ready tongue ſhall tell.
' A land there is which lofty hills ſurround,
' For fertile paſtures and rich herds renown'd,
' Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
' His royal heir, Hæmonia is the name.
' Deucalion here the firſt foundations laid
' Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire ſway'd;
' There my Iolcos ſtands, and many more
' Fair ample cities, that adorn the ſhore.
' What time, as rumour'd by the voice of fame,
' Æolian Minyas to that country came,

' He built, close bordering on the Theban ground,
' Orchomenos, a city far renown'd.
' But why your wonder should I vainly raise?
' My birth-place tell, and Ariadne's praise?
' For this the virgin's name you now inquire,
' A lovely maid, and Minos is her sire.
' Oh! may, like hers, your sire propitious prove,
' Who honour'd Theseus with his daughter's love!'
Complacent thus he sooth'd her sorrowing soul;
Yet anxious cares within her bosom roll.
" Perchance in Greece" (the pensive maid rejoin'd)
" Oaths are rever'd, and solemn compacts bind.
" But Minos greatly differs from my sire,
" Nor I to Ariadne's charms aspire.
" Then mention hospitality no more;
" But, safe conducted to thy native shore,
" Grant this, 'tis all I ask, Oh! think of me,
" As I for ever shall remember thee,
" In my great sire, the Colchian king's despite:
" But if thy pride my ardent passion slight,
" Fame, or some bird the hateful news will bring;
" Then will I chace thee on the tempest's wing,
" Brand thy false heart, thy curs'd familiar be,
" And prove thou ow'st thy life, thy all to me."

Medea thus, and tears abundant ſhed;
And mildly thus the ſon of Æſon ſaid:
'In vain, dear nymph, thy miſſive bird ſhall ſoar
'Thro' air ſublime, in vain the tempeſt roar.
'But if towards Greece thou deign'ſt thy courſe to bear,
'Immortal honours ſhall attend thee there;
'There huſbands, brothers, ſons, ſo long deplor'd,
'Safe to their native land by thee reſtor'd,
'Shall as a Goddeſs reverence thy name,
'And pay thee rites which only Gods can claim.
'But would'ſt thou grace my bed with bridal ſtate,
'Our love can only be diſſolv'd by fate.'
His words with raptures all her ſoul ſubdue;
Yet gloomy objects riſe before her view,
Ordain'd, ere long, Theſſalia's realms to ſee;
For ſuch was Juno's abſolute decree,
That ſoon to Greece the Colchian maid ſhould go,
To Pelias ſource of unremitting woe.
Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids ſtay,
In ſilence waiting till the cloſe of day:
Such pleaſing tranſports in her boſom roll,
His form, his words ſo captivate her ſoul,
On feather'd feet the hours unheeded fled,
Which warn'd her home: 'Hence (cautious Jaſon ſaid)

' Hence let us haſten unperceiv'd away,
' And here enraptur'd paſs ſome future day.'
Thus the bleſt hours in converſe ſweet they ſpent,
And both unwilling from the temple went;
He to his comrades bordering on the main,
The fair Medea to her virgin train.
Her train approach'd, but ſtood unnotic'd by;
Her ſoul ſublime expatiates in the ſky.
Her rapid car ſhe mounts; this hand ſuſtains
The poliſh'd thong, and that the flowing reins.
Fleet o'er the plain the nimble mules convey'd
To Æa's walls the love-tranſported maid.
Meanwhile Chalciope aſtoniſh'd ſtands,
And inſtant tidings of her ſons demands;
In vain: ſad cares had clos'd Medea's ears,
No anſwers gives ſhe, and no queſtions hears;
But on a footſtool low, beſide her bed,
All bath'd in tears ſhe ſits; her hand ſuſtains her head.
There ſits ſhe pondering, in a penſive ſtate,
What dire diſtreſſes on her counſels wait.
But Jaſon, eager to return, withdrew
With his two friends, and join'd his ſocial crew,
Who throng'd impatient round, while he diſplay'd
The ſecret counſels of the Colchian maid,

And ſhow'd the potent herbs: Idas apart
Conceal'd the choler rankling in his heart.
Meanwhile the reſt, when glimmering day-light clos'd,
Wrapp'd in the mantle of the night repos'd.
Next morn they ſent Æthalides the ſon
Of Mercury, and valiant Telamon,
(For thus in council had the Greeks decreed)
Of fierce Æeta to demand the ſeed,
The ſerpent's teeth, whoſe ever-wakeful ſight
Watch'd o'er the fountain of the God of fight.
This baneful monſter was by Cadmus ſlain,
Seeking Europa o'er the Theban plain;
An heifer to his ſeat of regal ſway,
So will'd prophetic Phœbus, led the way.
Theſe teeth Minerva from the monſter rent,
And part to Cadmus and Æeta ſent:
Sow'd on Bœotia's ample plains, from thoſe
A hardy race of earth-born giants roſe.
To Jaſon theſe he gave, a precious ſpoil;
Nor, tho' his matchleſs arm the bulls might foil,
Deem'd he, that victory would crown his toil.
The ſun now ſinking with a feeble ray
To diſtant Ethiopians ſlop'd his way;
Night yok'd her ſteeds: the Grecian heroes ſpread
Around the halſers and the ſails their bed.

The northern Bear was ſunk beneath the hills,
And all the air a ſolemn ſilence fills:
Jaſon to lonely haunts purſu'd his way;
(All rites adjuſted the preceding day.)
'Twas Argus' care a lambkin to provide,
And milk, the reſt the ready ſhip ſupply'd.
A ſweet ſequeſter'd ſpot the hero found,
Where ſilence reigns, and welling ſtreams abound;
And here, obſervant of due rites, he laves,
His limbs immerging in the cleanſing waves;
Then o'er his ſhoulders, pledge of favours paſt,
The gift of fair Hypſipyla he caſt,
A ſable robe: a deep round foſs he made,
And on the kindling wood the victim laid:
The mix'd libation pouring o'er the flame,
Loud he invok'd infernal Brimo's name;
Then back retires: his call her ears invades,
And up ſhe riſes from the land of ſhades:
Snakes, wreath'd in oaken boughs, curl'd round her hair,
And gleaming torches caſt a diſmal glare.
To guard their queen the hideous dogs of hell
Rend the dark welkin with inceſſant yell;
The heaving ground beneath her footſteps ſhakes;
Loud ſhriek the Naiads of the neighbouring lakes,

And

And all the fountain-nymphs aſtoniſh'd ſtood
Where Amaranthine Phaſis rolls his flood.
Fear ſeiz'd the chief, yet backward he withdrew,
Nor, till he join'd his comrades, turn'd his view.
And now on Caucaſus, with ſnow o'erſpread,
The riſing morn her ſilver radiance ſhed,
When proud Æeta, earlier than the reſt,
The fencing corſlet buckled to his breaſt,
The ſpoils of Mimas of gigantic race,
Whom Mars had vanquiſh'd on the plains of Thrace:
His golden helmet to his head he bound,
With four fair creſts of glittering plumage crown'd,
Bright as the ſun new riſing from the main;
His nervous arms a mighty ſpear ſuſtain:
From his broad ſhoulder beams his ſevenfold ſhield,
Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield,
Since great Alcides, of his friend bereft,
Was (ſad miſchance!) on Myſia's borders left.
His ſon hard by with ready chariot ſtands;
The king aſcends; the reins adorn his hands;
Fierce to the field he haſtes in regal ſtate,
And crouds of Colchians round their monarch wait.
As ocean's god, when drawn by rapid ſteeds,
To Iſthmian games, or Calaureia ſpeeds,

To Tænarus, or rocky Petra roves,
Or where Geræſtus boaſts her oaken groves,
Oncheſtus' woods, or Lerna's limpid ſpring;
So to the combat drives the Colchian king.
Meanwhile, inſtructed by the magic maid,
The chief his ſhield, his ſpear and trenchant blade
With unguents ſmear'd: the Greeks approaching nigh
In vain their efforts on his armour try;
But chief the ſpear ſuch magic charms attend,
No force can break it, and no onſet bend.
Idas enrag'd deals many a furious wound,
But, as hard hammers from an anvil bound,
So from the ſpear his ſword recoiling ſprung:
The diſtant vales with loud applauſes rung.
Next, with the potent charm the chief anoints
His well-turn'd limbs, and ſupples all his joints.
And, lo! new powers invigorate his hands,
And arm'd with ſtrength intrepidly he ſtands.
As the proud ſteed, exulting in his might,
Erects his ears, impatient for the fight,
And pawing ſnuffs the battle from afar;
So pants the hero for the promis'd war.
Firmly he moves, incapable of fear;
One hand his ſhield ſuſtains, and one the ſpear.

Thus,

Thus, when black clouds obſcure the darkening day,
And rains deſcend, the living lightnings play.
And now the fight draws near; the Grecian train
Sail up the Phaſis to the martial plain;
From which as far the towers of Æa ſtand,
As when the chieftains, who the games command
For ſome dead king, the bounding barriers place
For ſteeds or men contending in the race.
Æeta there they found, of mind elate;
On Phaſis' banks his chariot rolls in ſtate.
On the Caucaſian ſummits, that command
The field of Mars, the crowded Colchians ſtand.
Now Argo moor'd, the prince invades the field,
Arm'd with his magic ſpear, and ample ſhield;
With ſerpents' teeth his brazen helm was ſtor'd,
And croſs his ſhoulder gleam'd his glittering ſword:
Like Mars the chief enormous power diſplay'd,
Or Phœbus brandiſhing his golden blade.
O'er the rough tilth he caſt his eyes around,
And ſoon the plough of adamant he found,
And yokes of braſs: his helm (approaching near)
He plac'd on earth, and upright fix'd his ſpear.
To find the bulls he farther went afield,
And trac'd their ſteps, arm'd only with his ſhield.

In a dark cave which ſmoky miſts ſurround,
Horrid and huge their ſafe retreat he found.
With rage impetuous forth the monſters came,
And from their noſtrils iſſued ſtreams of flame.
Fear ſeiz'd the Greeks, but he their fury braves;
Firm as a rock, defies the roaring waves;
Screen'd by his ſhield, intrepidly he ſcorns
The bulls loud-bellowing, and their butting horns;
Collected firm he wards each threatening blow.
As at the forge where melting metals glow,
While now the bellows heave, now ſink by turns,
The flame ſubſides, or with freſh fury burns;
Stirr'd to the bottom roars the raging fire:
So roar the bulls, and living flame reſpire,
That fierce as lightning round the hero play'd,
In vain, now ſhelter'd by the magic maid.
One bull he ſeiz'd, that aim'd a deadly ſtroke,
Seiz'd by his horns, and dragg'd him to the yoke;
Then hurl'd the roaring monſter on the ground;
An equal fate his fellow-captive found.
Loos'd from his arm he flung his ſhield aſide,
And the two monſters manfully he ply'd,
Dragg'd on their knees his fiery foes o'ercame,
And ſhifting artfully eſcap'd the flame.

Æeta

Æeta view'd him with aſtoniſh'd eyes;
When lo! the ſons of Tyndarus ariſe,
As erſt it was decreed, and from the land
Heav'd the ſtrong yokes and gave them to his hand:
Theſe o'er the bulls' low-bended necks he flung;
The brazen beam by rings ſuſpended hung.
The youths retreating from the burning field,
The chief reſum'd his loaded helm, his ſhield
Behind him thrown; then graſp'd his maſſy ſpear,
(Thus arm'd the hinds of Theſſaly appear,
With long ſharp goads to prick their bullocks' ſides)
And the firm plough of adamant he guides.
The reſtiff bulls with indignation fir'd,
From their broad noſtrils living flames expir'd,
Loud as the blaſts when wintry winds prevail,
And trembling ſailors furl the folding ſail.
Urg'd by his ſpear the bulls their taſk fulfil,
Prove their own proweſs, and the ploughman's ſkill.
As the ſharp coulter cleft the clodded ground,
The roughen'd ridges ſent a rattling ſound.
Firm oe'r the field undaunted Jaſon treads,
And ſcattering wide the ſerpent's teeth he ſpreads;
Yet oft looks back, ſuſpecting he ſhould find
A legion riſing up in arms behind:

Unwearied

Unwearied ſtill the bulls their toil purſue;
Their brazen hoofs the ſtubborn ſoil ſubdue.
When now three portions of the day were ſpent,
And weary hinds at evening homeward went,
The chief had till'd four acres of the ſoil;
He then releas'd the monſters from their toil.
Away they ſcamper'd wildly o'er the plain;
Himſelf rejoin'd his delegated train,
Till on the field his earth-born foes appear:
The Greeks their animated hero cheer.
He in his helm, repleniſh'd at the ſprings,
To ſlake his burning thirſt freſh water brings.
His limbs renew'd with forceful vigour play,
His heart beats boldly and demands the fray.
Thus the fell boar diſdains the hunter-bands,
Foams, whets his tuſks, and in defiance ſtands.
Now roſe th' embattled ſquadron in the field,
In glittering helms array'd, with ſpear and ſhield,
Bright o'er the Martial plain the ſplendors riſe,
And dart in ſtreams of radiance to the ſkies.
Thus, when thick ſnow the face of nature ſhrouds,
And nightly winds diſpel the wintry clouds,
The ſtars again their ſplendid beams diſplay;
So ſhone the warriours in the face of day.

But

But Jaſon, mindful of the maid's command,
Seiz'd a vaſt rock, and rais'd it from the land :
Not four ſtout youths, for ſtrength of limbs renown'd,
Could lift a weight ſo ponderous from the ground :
This 'midſt his foes, embattled on the field,
He hurl'd, and ſafe retir'd behind his ſhield.
The Colchians ſhout, as when the raging main
Roars round tremendous rocks, but roars in vain.
In ſilence fix'd, Æeta ſtands aghaſt
To ſee the fragment with ſuch fury caſt.
The hoſt, like dogs contending o'er their prey,
With curs'd ferocity their comrades ſlay,
Then leave on earth their mangled trunks behind,
Like pines or oaks uprooted by the wind.
As ſhoots a ſtar from heaven's etherial brow,
Portending vengeance to the world below,
Who thro' dark clouds deſcry its radiant light :
Thus Jaſon ruſh'd, in glittering armour bright.
His brandiſh'd falchion fell'd the riſing foes :
Succinct in arms, ſome half their lengths diſcloſe,
Some ſcarce their ſhoulders ; other feebly ſtand,
While others, treading firm, the fight demand.
As on the bounds which ſeparate hoſtile ſtates,
Eternal ſource of battle and debates,

The

The cautious hind the cruel ſpoiler fears,
And reaps his wheat with yet unripen'd ears;
Ere yet the ſpikes their wonted growth attain,
Ere yet the ſun-beams have matur'd the grain:
So Jaſon's arms the riſing ſquadrons mow'd;
Their blood profuſely in the furrows flow'd.
Some ſidelong fall on earth, and ſome ſupine,
Some prone lie groveling and their lives reſign,
Like whales incumbent on the buoyant main:
Some wounded periſh ere they tread the plain;
As late in air they held their heads on high,
So lowly humbled in the duſt they lie.
Thus tender plants, by copious torrents drown'd,
Strew their freſh leaves, uprooted from the ground;
The tiller views with heart-corroding pain
His foſtering care, and all his labours vain.
Æeta thus with wild vexation burn'd,
And with his Colchians to the town return'd,
Some weightier taſk revolving in his mind:
Thus clos'd the combat, and the day declin'd.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jason obtains the Golden Fleece by the assistance of Medea. She embarks with the Argonauts for Greece. Æeta pursues them. Having crossed the Euxine sea, they sail up the Ister; and by an arm of that river enter the Adriatic. Absyrtus is treacherously murdered by Jason. They sail into the Sardinian sea by the way of the Eridanus and the Rhone. The murder of Absyrtus is expiated by Circe, at whose island they land. Thetis and her nymphs conduct the heroes through the straits of Scylla and Charybdis. They sail by the island infested with the Syrens, from whose enchantments Orpheus delivers them. At Corcyra, once called Drepane, they meet with the Colchians that pursued them through the Symplegades; who request Alcinous, king of the island, to deliver up Medea. He agrees to send her back to her father, if unmarried; but if married to Jason, he refuses to separate them. Upon this determination her nuptials are immediately celebrated. They again put to sea, and are driven upon the quicksands of Africa. The tutelary Deities of the country extricate them from their distresses. They bear Argo on their shoulders as far as the lake Tritonis. The Hesperides, who were bewailing the death of the serpent, slain the preceding day by Hercules, give some account of that hero. The death of Canthus and Mopsus, two of their comrades, is related. Triton, whose figure is particularly described, gives them directions about their voyage. They sail near Crete. The story of Talus. At Hippuris they sacrifice to Phœbus, who, standing on the top of an hill, enlightens their way. The clod of earth, given by Triton to Euphemus, becomes an island, called Calliste. They anchor at Ægina; and loosing from thence, arrive without further interruption at Thessaly.

THE

THE ARGONAUTICS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

BOOK IV.

O Goddeſs, daughter of th' eternal king,
Medea's various cares and counſels ſing:
Far from my mind the ſad ſuſpenſe remove,
Whether to celebrate her lawleſs love,
Or whether her baſe flight from Colchis' bay,
Beſt claims the tribute of my tuneful lay.
In ſolemn council to his faithful chiefs
The vengeful king diſclos'd his boſom-griefs:
Sore diſconcerted at the recent fight,
He ſpent in long debate the doleful night;
Miſtruſting ſtill, theſe ſchemes, ſo deeply laid,
Were all conducted by his daughters' aid.
Meanwhile th' imperial queen of heaven had ſhed
O'er the fair virgin's breaſt deſpondent dread.

She ſtarts, ſhe trembles, as, purſu'd by hounds,
The fawn light ſkipping o'er the meadow bounds.
She fears the ſecrets of her ſoul betray'd,
And her ſire's vengeance for her proffer'd aid.
Her handmaids, conſcious of her crimes, ſhe fears;
Her eyes fierce flames emit, loud murmurs fill her ears.
Her death ſhe meditates in wild deſpair,
And, ſadly ſighing, tears her golden hair.
Now fate imbibing from the poiſon'd bowl,
Soon had ſhe freed her voluntary ſoul,
And Juno's projects all been render'd vain,
But, kindly pitying a lover's pain,
The Goddeſs urg'd with Phrixus' ſons her flight,
And eas'd her boſom of its ſorrow's weight.
Forth from her caſket every drug ſhe pours,
And to her lap conſigns the magic ſtores.
Then with a parting kiſs her bed ſhe preſs'd,
Clung round each door, and ev'n the walls careſs'd.
A lock ſhe tore of looſely-flowing hair,
And ſafe conſign'd it to her mother's care,
The ſacred relick of her virgin-fame;
And, wailing thus, invok'd Idya's name:

'This lock, O mother, at my hand receive,
'Which I, far-diſtant roaming, with thee leave.

'Farewell,

'Farewell, Chalciope; far hence I roam!
'And thou farewell, my firſt, my deareſt home!
'Oh! hadſt thou, ſtranger, in deep ocean drown'd,
'Periſh'd, and never trod on Colchian ground!'
She ſpoke, and tears her heart-felt woe betray'd;
Then fled ſhe inſtant. Thus the captive maid,
When, from her friends and country baniſh'd far,
She ſhares the miſerable fate of war,
Diſus'd to toil beneath a tyrant's ſway,
Flies from oppreſſion's rod with ſpeed away.
With ſpeed like her's the weeping fair withdrew:
The doors ſpontaneous open'd as ſhe flew,
Shook by her magic ſong; barefoot ſhe ſtrays
Thro' winding paths and unfrequented ways.
Before her face one hand her veſture holds,
And one confines its border's flowing folds.
Beyond the city-walls with trembling haſte,
Unſeen of all the centinels, ſhe paſs'd,
Then by accuſtom'd paths explor'd the fane,
Where ſpectres riſe, and plants diffuſe their bane;
(Thus practiſe magic maids their myſtic art)
Fears ill portending flutter round her heart.
Her frenzy Cynthia, riſing bright, ſurvey'd,
And this ſoliloquy in triumph made:

'Yes, with Endymion's heavenly charms o'ercome,
'I to the cave at Latmos once could roam,
'Of love regardful, when your potent lay
'Had from the ſtarry ſpheres ſeduc'd my ray,
'That you, protected by the gloom of night,
'Might celebrate unſeen the myſtic rite,
'Your lov'd employ: now Cupid's ſhafts ſubdue,
'Not Cynthia only, but, fair ſorcereſs, you.
'For you his toils the wily god hath wove,
'And all your heart inflam'd with Jaſon's love.
'Come then, thoſe pangs which love ordains endure,
'And bear with courage what you cannot cure.'
She ſaid: impetuous haſtening to the flood,
Soon on its lofty banks Medea ſtood.
A fire, which midnight's deadly gloom diſpell'd,
Signal of conqueſt gain'd, ſhe here beheld.
Involv'd in ſhade, the ſolitary dame
Rais'd her ſhrill voice, and call'd on Phrontis' name.
Known was her voice to Phrixus' ſons, who bear
The grateful tidings to their leader's ear.
The truth diſcover'd, the confederate hoſt
All ſilent ſtood, in wild amazement loſt.
Loud call'd ſhe thrice; and with reſponſive cries,
His friends requeſting, Phrontis thrice replies.

Quick

Quick at her call they ply the bending oar;
Nor were their halſers faſten'd to the ſhore,
When Æſon's ſon at one deciſive bound
Leaps from the lofty deck upon the ground;
Phrontis and Argus haſten to her aid,
Whoſe knees embracing, thus Medea pray'd:
' Oh! ſave me, friends, from my offended ſire,
' Oh! ſave yourſelves from dread Æeta's ire.
' Known are our projects: ſail we hence afar,
' Ere Æa's monarch mounts his rapid car.
' My magic charms ſhall cloſe the dragon's eyes,
' And ſoon reward you with the golden prize.
' But thou, lov'd gueſt, continue faithful ſtill,
' And ſwear whate'er thou promis'dſt to fulfil:
' Ah! leave me not to infamy a ſcorn,
' By all my friends abandon'd and forlorn.'
Plaintive ſhe ſpoke: his arms around her waiſt
Rapturous he threw, then rais'd her and embrac'd,
And ſolac'd thus in terms of tendereſt love:
" By heaven's high king I ſwear, Olympian Jove,
" By Juno, goddeſs of the nuptial rite,
" Soon as my native land tranſports my ſight,
" Thou, lovely virgin, ſhalt be duly led,
" Adorn'd with honours, to my bridal bed."

This ſaid, in her's he cloſ'd his plighted hand:
To Mars's grove Medea gave command,
Spite of her ſire, the veſſel to convey,
And bear by night the golden fleece away.
Swift at the word they ſprung; the Colchian maid
Embark'd, and inſtant was their anchor weigh'd.
Their craſhing oars reſound: ſhe oft to land
Reverts her eye, and waves her trembling hand:
But Æſon's ſon his ready aid affords,
And ſooths her ſorrows with conſoling words.
Wak'd by their hounds, what time the huntſmen riſe,
And ſhake the balm of ſlumber from their eyes,
At twilight, ere Aurora's dreaded ray
Efface the tracks, and waft the ſcent away:
Jaſon, then landing with the fair, attains,
With flowers diverſified, the verdant plains,
Where firſt the ram, with Phrixus' weight oppreſs'd,
His wearied knee inclin'd, and ſunk to reſt.
Hard by, an altar's ſtately ſtructure ſtands,
To favouring Jove firſt rais'd by Phrixus' hands,
Where he the golden monſter doom'd to bleed;
So his conductor Hermes had decreed.
Here, as by Argus taught, the chiefs withdrew,
While their lone courſe the regal pair purſue

Thro' the thick grove, impatient to behold
The ſpreading beech that bears the fleecy gold.
Suſpended here, it darts a beamy blaze,
Like a cloud tipp'd with Phœbus' orient rays.
With high-arch'd neck, in front the dragon lies,
And towards the ſtrangers turns his ſleepleſs eyes;
Aloud he hiſſes: the wide woods around,
And Phaſis' banks return the doleful ſound.
Colchians, far diſtant from Titanus' ſhore,
Heard ev'n to Lycus' ſtreams the hideous roar;
Lycus, who, ſever'd from Araxis' tides,
A boiſterous flood, with gentle Phaſis glides:
One common courſe their ſtreams united keep,
And roll united to the Caſpian deep.
The mother, ſtarting from her bed of reſt,
Fears for her babe reclining on her breaſt,
And cloſely claſping to her fondling arms,
Protects her trembling infant from alarms.

As from ſome wood, involv'd in raging fires,
Clouds following clouds aſcend in curling ſpires:
The ſmoky wreaths in long ſucceſſion climb,
And from the bottom riſe in air ſublime;
The dragon thus his ſcaly volumes roll'd,
Wreath'd his huge length, and gather'd fold in fold.

Him,

Him, winding ſlow, beheld the magic dame,
And Sleep invok'd the monſter's rage to tame.
With potent ſong the drowſy God ſhe ſway'd
To ſummon all his ſuccour to her aid;
And Hecate from Pluto's coaſts ſhe drew,
To lull the dauntleſs monſter, and ſubdue.
Jaſon advanc'd with awe, with awe beheld
The dreaded dragon by her magic quell'd.
Lifeleſs he lay, each languid fold unbound,
And his vaſt ſpine extended on the ground.
Thus, when the boiſterous wave forbears to roar,
It ſinks recumbent on the peaceful ſhore.
Still ſtrove the monſter his huge head to heave,
And in his deadly jaws his foe receive.
A branch of juniper the maid applies,
Steep'd in a baneful potion, to his eyes:
Its odours ſtrong the branch diffus'd around,
And ſunk th' enormous beaſt in ſleep profound.
Supine he ſunk; his jaws forgot to move,
And his unnumber'd folds are ſpread o'er half the grove.
Then Jaſon to the beech his hand applies,
And graſps, at her command, the golden prize.
Still ſhe perſiſts to ply the potent ſpell,
And the laſt vigour of the monſter quell,

Till

Till he advis'd her to rejoin the crew;
Then from the grove of Mars the maid withdrew.
As ſome fair dame, when Cynthia riſes bright,
Beholds the beamy ſplendors with delight,
Which from her veſtment ſtrong-reflected riſe;
Thus gloried Jaſon in the gliſtering prize.
The flaming rays, that from its ſurface flow'd,
Beam'd on his cheeks, and on his forehead glow'd.
Large as the heifer's hide, or as the hind's,
Which in Achaia's plains the hunter finds,
Shone the thick, ponderous fleece, whoſe golden rays
Far o'er the land diffus'd a beamy blaze.
He on his ſhoulders, now, the ſpoil ſuſpends,
Low at his feet the flowing train deſcends;
Collecting, now, within its ponderous folds,
His graſping hand the coſtly capture holds.
Fearful he moves, with circumſpect ſurvey,
Left men or gods ſhould ſnatch the prize away.
Now as returning morn illumes the land,
The royal pair rejoin the gallant band.
The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,
Fierce as Jove's fiery bolt, the radiant prize.
Their hands extending as they flock around,
All wiſh to heave the trophy from the ground.

But Jaſon interdicting ſingly threw
O'er the broad fleece a covering rich and new;
Then in the ſhip he plac'd the virgin-gueſt,
And thus the liſtening demigods addreſs'd:
' No longer doubt ye, comrades, to regain
' Far o'er a length of ſeas your lov'd domain.
' For ſee, the end of all our glorious toil,
' Won by Medea's aid, this precious ſpoil!
' Her, not reluctant, I to Greece will bear,
' And with connubial honours crown her there.
' Guard your fair patroneſs, ye gallant crew,
' Who ſav'd your country when ſhe ſuccour'd you.
' Soon will Æeta with his Colchian train
' Preclude, I ween, our paſſage to the main.
' Some with your oars reſume your deſtin'd ſeat;
' Some with your ſhields ſecure your wiſh'd retreat;
' This rampire forming, we their darts defy,
' Nor, home returning, unreveng'd will die.
' Lo! on our proweſs all we love depends,
' Our children, parents, country and our friends.
' Greece, as we ſpeed, thro' future times ſhall boaſt
' Her empire fix'd, or wail her glory loſt.'
He ſaid, and arm'd; the heroes ſhout applauſe:
Then from its pendent ſheath his ſword he draws,

Severs

Severs the halſer, and, in arms array'd,
His ſtation fixes near the magic maid,
And where Ancæus' hand the pilot's art diſplay'd.
Keen emulation fir'd the labouring crew,
As down the ſtream of Phaſis Argo flew.
Medea's flight now reach'd Æeta's ear,
And all her crimes in all their guilt appear.
To council call'd, in arms the Colchian train
Ruſh thick as billows on the roaring main,
Thick as the leaves that flutter from above,
When blaſting autumn ſtrips the faded grove;
So thick the ſhouting Colchians ruſh to war,
Led by Æeta in his ſplendid car,
Glorying in Phœbus' gifts, his rapid ſteeds,
Whoſe ſwiftneſs far the ſpeed of winds exceeds.
His left a buckler's wide circumference rais'd;
In his extended right a flambeau blaz'd;
His girded belt a mighty ſpear ſuſtains;
His ſon Abſyrtus graſps the flowing reins.
Now by tough oars impell'd and proſperous tides,
The veſſel glibly down the river glides.
Th' indignant king invok'd the powers above,
His parent Phœbus, and almighty Jove,
His wrongs to witneſs: and to ſudden fate
Doom'd in his fury the devoted ſtate.

Who dar'd delay the guilty maid to bring,
From land or ocean, to their injur'd king,
On their rebellious heads his wrath ſhould fall,
And vengeance merited o'ertake them all.
Thus menac'd he; and, lo! the Colchian train
Launch'd on that day their veſſels in the main;
Swift, on that day, unfurl'd their bellying ſails,
And all embarking caught the balmy gales.
Nor deem ye this a well-train'd naval hoſt;
Like flocks of birds they ſcream around the coaſt.
Juno, propitious to her favourite-crew,
Inſpir'd the breezes that ſerenely blew,
That ſoon on Grecian land the fair might tread,
And pour deſtruction down on Pelias' head.
With the third morn, on Paphlagonia's ſhore,
Where Halys rolls his ſtream, the heroes moor.
Medea here ordain'd a ſolemn rite
To Hecate, the magic queen of night.
But what, or how ſhe form'd the potent ſpell,
Let none enquire, nor ſhall my numbers tell:
Fear holds me ſilent. Here the pious band
Erect a ſacred temple on the ſtrand,
Sacred to Hecate, night's awful queen;
And ſtill beſide the beach the holy fane is ſeen.

And

And now the words of Phineus, old and blind,
Recurr'd to Jaſon, and each hero's mind.
From Æa he adviſ'd them to purſue
A different courſe, a courſe no pilot knew,
Which Argos thus delineates to the crew:

' When towards Orchomenos our courſe we bent,
' We took that route th' inſtructive prophet meant.
' For in times paſt a different road was known,
' And this thy prieſts, Ægyptian Thebes, have ſhewn.
' Before the ſtars adorn'd the ſaphire-ſphere,
' Or Danaus' race had reach'd th' enquirer's ear;
' In Greece the bold Arcadians reign'd alone,
' And, ere bright Cynthia deck'd her ſilver throne,
' On acorns liv'd, the food of ſavage man;
' Before Deucalion's ſons their reign began;
' With harveſts, then, was fertile Ægypt crown'd,
' Mother of mighty chiefs, of old renown'd;
' Then the broad Triton, beauteous to behold,
' His ſtreams prolific o'er the country roll'd.
' For Jove deſcends not there in bounteous rains,
' But inundations fertilize the plains.
' Hence roſe the matchleſs chief (if fame ſays true)
' Who conquer'd Europe's realms and Aſia's too;
' His hardy troops embattled at his ſide,
' He on his valour and thoſe troops rely'd.

' Who

'He built and peopled with ſuperior ſkill
'Unnumber'd cities, ſome remaining ſtill.
'Though many ages now have paſs'd away,
'Yet Æa ſtands, nor haſtens to decay;
'Peopled at firſt by his adventurous train,
'Whoſe long-continued race ev'n now remain.
'With care they ſtill recording tablets keep
'Of all the limits of the land and deep,
'Wherever rivers flow, or ſtorms prevail,
'Wherever men can march, or ſhips can ſail.
'A river, ſtately-winding, deep and wide,
'From far, far diſtant mountains rolls its tide;
'Where ſhips of burden ſure protection claim:
'Long is its courſe and Iſter is its name.
'Far, o'er Riphæan hills, where Boreas reigns,
'He undivided flows thro' various plains;
'But when thro' Thrace and Scythian climes he glides,
'In two broad ſtreams his rapid flood divides:
'This to th' Ionian ſea its circuit ſweeps,
'That wider ſtretches to Trinacria's deeps,
'Whoſe lofty ſhores your Grecian coaſt command,
'If Achelöus flow through Grecian land.'

He ſaid: a favouring ſign the Goddeſs gave,
Which with new courage animates the brave.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial fires emit a living ray,
And beams of glory point the certain way.
Here, leaving Lycus' valiant ſon behind,
They ſpread with joy their canvaſs to the wind.
Afar the Paphlagonian hills appear;
And from Carambis' cape remote they ſteer,
Led by the heavenly light and kindly gales,
Till in broad Iſter's flood the veſſel ſails.
Where the Cyanean rocks o'erlook the main,
Part of the Colchians ſteer their courſe in vain;
While they, whoſe counſels ſage Abſyrtus guides,
Cut through the mouth call'd Calon Iſter's tides.
Outſailing thus yon' tardy ſhips, they ſweep
With ſkilful oars the wide Ionian deep.
An iſle, which Iſter's branching ſtreams compriſe,
Peuce, triangular, before them lies:
Wide o'er the beach its ample baſe extends,
And in the flood its pointed angle ends.
The two broad ſtreams, that round the iſland flow,
They by Arecos' name and Calon know.
Below this iſle Abſyrtus and his crew
Through the wide Calon their ſwift courſe purſue:
Above it ſailing Jaſon's comrades ſtray,
And through Arecos wind their diſtant way.

Such naval force diſmay'd the neighbouring ſwains;
They left their fleecy flocks and verdant plains:
The ſhips in view, with terrour ſtruck they ſtood,
And deem'd them monſters riſing from the flood:
Never beheld they from their native ſhore
Ships proudly ſailing on the ſeas before.
For the fierce Scythians and Sigynnian race
Maintain'd no commerce with the ſons of Thrace:
Nor Sindians e'er, who roam the deſert plain,
Nor e'er Graucenians croſs'd the ſeas for gain.
When Argo's crew the mount Angurús paſs'd,
And reach'd the rock Cauliacus at laſt,
(Iſter near which his ſtately ſtream divides
And mingles with the deep his ſever'd tides;)
And diſtant left the wide Talaurian plain,
Then had the Colchians plough'd the Chronian main.
Here, left the veſſel ſcape, they cautious ſtay,
And ſtrive to intercept her in her way.
At length appears to their expecting view
On Iſter's flood the enterpriſing crew.
Two lovely ſea-girt iſles their notice claim'd,
Dear to Diana, and the Brugi nam'd.
Superb in one a ſacred temple roſe,
And one ſecur'd them from their Colchian foes.

Her

Her power revering whom theſe iſles obey,
The foe had quitted them without delay.
Each iſle beſide was throng'd with Colchian hoſts,
Who, guarding every paſs, protect the coaſts.
For troops of enemies embattled ſtood,
Far ev'n as Neſtis and Salango's flood.
Their numbers few, the Mynian chiefs forbear
To wage with numerous foes unequal war.
Preventive of debate, this truce was ſeal'd;
That, ſince the king propos'd the Fleece to yield,
Whether by open force, or arts unknown,
Conqueſt the daring combatant might crown,
He, though reluctant, muſt reſign his right,
And the conteſted prize the victor's toil requite.
That, from the crowd with ſecrecy convey'd,
Diana's fane ſhould guard the magic maid,
Till mid' the ſceptred princes one aroſe
To fix their vague opinions, and propoſe,
Or to reſtore her to her ſire's embrace,
Or in Orchomenos's city place,
Or freely grant her to embark in peace,
And with the Grecian heroes viſit Greece.
When now, long pondering, the ſuſpicious maid
Had learn'd, and all their ſecret counſels weigh'd,

Tormenting cares diſturb'd her mind's repoſe,
And keen reflection added woes to woes.
Aſide ſhe then, from all th' aſſembled crew,
With cautious ſecrecy her Jaſon drew:
Him, thus withdrawn, th' impaſſion'd maid addreſs'd,
And told the ſecret ſorrows of her breaſt:
' Say, what the cauſe that hoſtile hoſts are join'd,
' And leagues, deſtructive of my peace, combin'd?
' Say, have theſe charms, with rapture once explor'd,
' Lull'd to forgetfulneſs my faithleſs lord?
' Hath time effac'd the promiſes he made,
' When in the needful hour he aſk'd mine aid?
' Where now thine oaths, prefer'd to mighty Jove?
' Where now thy tenders of unalter'd love?
' Curs'd oaths! which bade me all I love diſclaim,
' Friends, parents, country, every honour'd name!
' Forlorn and vex'd leſt thou ſhould'ſt toil in vain,
' I with the plaintive halcyon ſought the main.
' I follow'd but to ſhield thee from alarms,
' When bulls breath'd fire, and giants roſe in arms.
' Now is the Fleece, for which ye ſail'd, poſſeſs'd,
' And by my fooliſh fondneſs thou art bleſs'd.
' Bleſs'd thou; but me what ſecret ſorrows vex,
' Whoſe deeds reflect diſhonour on my ſex!

' Me

‘ Me as thy daughter, ſiſter, wife they brand,
‘ Who dare attend thee to a diſtant land.
‘ But ſtay, protect me, eaſe my weight of woe,
‘ Nor to my royal ſire without me go.
‘ Oh! think on juſtice, and revere thine oath,
‘ Which both conſented to, which bound us both:
‘ Or inſtant, ſhould'ſt thou every tie evade,
‘ In this frail boſom plunge the pointed blade.
‘ Thus frantic love its due deſert ſhall ſee,
‘ And death come grateful to a wretch like me.
‘ Think, ſhould the king exert his ſovereign ſway,
‘ And with my brother deſtine me to ſtay,
‘ (That king with whom ye both with treacherous aim
‘ Have form'd a league, ſubverſive of my fame;)
‘ Oh! how ſhall I behold my father's face?
‘ With courage I! not ſhrinking at diſgrace!
‘ No; ſtung by conſcience, I foreſtall my fate,
‘ And feel the horrours which my crimes create.
‘ Back o'er the ſeas, mid' raging tempeſts borne,
‘ Long may'ſt thou wander joyleſs and forlorn.
‘ Ne'er may thy boaſted patroneſs and friend,
‘ Juno, to thee her wonted aid extend.
‘ Stern fate may ſtill ſeverer toils ordain,
‘ And thou, falſe wretch, remember me in vain.

' Oh! may the Fleece deceive thy raviſh'd ſight,
' And, like a viſion, vaniſh into night.
' Rife may my Furies, vengeance to demand,
' And diſtant drive thee from thy native land.
' From thee, their guilty ſource, my ſorrows flow:
' Share now thy part, and ſuffer woe for woe.
' Thine oaths no more a ſlighted maid ſhall wrong,
' Nor this perfidious truce protect thee long.'

Stung with deſpair, ſhe utter'd thus her grief,
Thus to her angry ſpirit gave relief.
To burn the ſhip forth ruſh'd th' impetuous dame,
And wrap its heaven-built ſides in ſudden flame;
Reſolv'd in thought, as now the veſſel blaz'd,
To periſh dauntleſs in the flame ſhe rais'd:
But Jaſon thus, with boding fears impreſs'd,
Sooth'd the mad tumults of Medea's breaſt:

" Ceaſe, heavenly maid, nor wound a lover's ear
" With words unwelcome, and unfit to hear.
" The common ſafety bids us all unite
" To gain a timely reſpite from the fight.
" See, fair protectreſs, to reſtore thee loſt,
" What clouds of enemies ſurround the coaſt.
" The country arms thy brother's cauſe to aid,
" And bear thee to thy ſire a captive maid.

" Againſt ſuch force ſhould we our arms oppoſe,
" Periſh might all our hoſt, o'erpower'd by foes:
" Then, ſad to think! if, every hero ſlain,
" In long captivity muſt thou remain.
" Our arts perfidious will this truce conceal,
" Whoſe baneful influence muſt thy brother feel.
" Bereav'd of him, the Colchians' cauſe to aid,
" And to recover thee, a captive maid,
" No more the neighbouring forces will unite:
" Inſtant will I renew the deſperate fight,
" Secure my wiſh'd return, and vindicate my right."

Thus ſpoke he mild: the miſchief-brooding maid
Told her dark purpoſe, and, 'O think,' ſhe ſaid,
' Think, Jaſon, now: oppoſe we, as beſeems,
' To their deſtructive deeds deſtructive ſchemes.
' Urg'd firſt by Love, in errour's maze I ſtray'd,
' And through that God is every luſt obey'd.
' Decline the fight, till I the youth betray,
' And to your hands conſign, an eaſy prey.
' With preſents be the heedleſs ſtripling lur'd:
' Heralds, of faith approv'd, by me procur'd,
' Ere long a ſecret audience ſhall obtain,
' And to my purpoſes Abſyrtus gain.
' My plan (I reck not) if it pleaſe, purſue:
' Go, ſlay my brother, and the fight renew.'

Such were the ſnares the treacherous lovers laid;
And by large preſents was the prince betray'd.
The heralds with theſe ſpecious preſents bore
The veil Hypſipyle ſo lately wore.
Each Grace in Naxos' iſle, with art divine,
Wrought the rich raiment for the God of wine;
He gave it Thoas, his illuſtrious heir,
And Thoas to Hypſipyle the fair;
She gave it Jaſon: wondering you behold,
And with new tranſport trace th' embroider'd gold.
What time with large nectareous draughts oppreſs'd,
On the ſoft veſture Bacchus ſunk to reſt,
Cloſe by his ſide the Cretan maid reclin'd,
At Naxos' iſle whom Theſeus left behind;
From that bleſs'd hour the robe, with odours fill'd,
Ambroſial fragrance wide around diſtill'd.
Her guileful purpoſes the magic maid
In order thus before the heralds laid:
That, ſoon as night her ſable ſhade had ſpread,
And to the temple was Medea led,
Thither Abſyrtus ſhould repair, and hear
A project pleaſing to a brother's ear:
How ſhe, the Golden Fleece in triumph borne,
Would to Æeta ſpeed her wiſh'd return;

How

How Phrixus' treacherous ſons prolong'd her ſtay;
And her to cruel foes conſign'd a prey.
Then far ſhe flung her potent ſpells in air,
Which lur'd the diſtant ſavage from his lair.
Curſe of mankind! from thee contentions flow,
Diſaſtrous Love! and every heart-felt woe:
Thy darts the children of thy foes infeſt,
As now they rankle in Medea's breaſt.
How, vanquiſh'd by her wiles, Abſyrtus fell,
In ſeemly order now my Muſe muſt tell.
Medea now ſecur'd in Dian's fane,
The Colchians haſten to their ſhips again.
Jaſon meanwhile lies in cloſe ambuſh, bent
Abſyrtus and his friends to circumvent.
Him, yet unpractis'd in his ſiſter's guile,
His ready ſhip had wafted to the iſle:
Conceal'd in night they tugg'd their toilſome oars,
Till in the bay ſecure the veſſel moors.
Alone, in confidence, the ſtripling came,
And at Diana's porch approach'd the dame,
(She like a torrent look'd, when ſwoln with rain,
Which foaming terrifies the village-ſwain;)
To learn what ſnare her wily art could lay,
To drive theſe bold adventurers away.

And all was plann'd; when from his ambuſcade
Sprung Æſon's ſon, and ſhook his lifted blade.
The conſcious ſiſter, ſtung with ſecret dread,
Leſt her own eyes ſhould view Abſyrtus dead,
Turn'd from the murderous ſcene aſide diſtreſs'd,
And veil'd her guilty face beneath her veſt.
As falls an ox beneath the ſtriker's blow,
So was Abſyrtus laid by Jaſon low.
Near that bright fane the neighbouring Brugi built,
He eyes his victim, and completes his guilt.
Here ſunk he low; and to his bleeding ſide,
Compreſſing both his hands, the hero died.
Medea's veil receiv'd the purple flood,
And her fair veſture bluſh'd with brother's blood.
Hell's blackeſt Fury the dire ſcene ſurvey'd,
And mark'd with ſidelong eye the reeking blade.
The pious rite for blood in ſecret ſpilt,
Jaſon fulfils, and expiates his guilt.
The ſkin he raſes from the body ſlain,
Thrice licks the blood, thrice ſpits it out again.
Then with collected earth the corſe he preſs'd;
And ſtill his bones with Abſyrteans reſt.
When in full proſpect the bright flambeau blaz'd,
Which to conduct the chiefs Medea rais'd,

Elate

Elate with hope the radiant guide they view,
And near the Colchian veſſel Argo drew.
As lions fierce the timorous flocks diſmay,
Leap o'er the folds, and drive them far away;
As trembling doves before the kite retreat,
So before Argo flies the Colchian fleet.
Furious as flame, on all the hoſt they prey'd,
And low in death was each aſſailant laid.
Jaſon at length, to aid his valiant crew,
Who little need his aid, appear'd in view.
For not a fear their gallant hearts oppreſs'd,
Save what their Jaſon's ſafety might ſuggeſt.
The chiefs aſſembled with Medea ſat,
And on their future voyage thus debate;
Peleus began: 'Now, ere Aurora riſe,
'A ſpeedy embarkation I adviſe:
'A different courſe with caution let us chooſe,
'From that far different which the foe purſues.
'For (ſuch my ſanguine hope) when morning-light
'Yon ſlaughter'd heaps diſcloſes to their ſight,
'No words will win them to purſue us far,
'No tongue entice them to renew the war.
'Sedition ſoon, their prince Abſyrtus dead,
'Will, like a peſt, o'er all their navy ſpread:

'Secure

' Secure and free ſhall we recroſs the main,
' Their forces ſcatter'd, and their ſovereign ſlain.'
He ſaid; the chiefs conſented, and with haſte
Re-enter'd Argo, and their oars embrac'd.
Hard by Electris, laſt of iſles, they row,
Near which, Eridanus, thy waters flow.
Soon as their leader's fate the Colchians knew,
They vow'd deſtruction to the Grecian crew;
And, eager to o'ertake the Mynian train,
Had travers'd in their wrath the boundleſs main,
But Juno, as her thunder awful roll'd,
Preſag'd her vengeance, and their pride control'd.
Dreading Æeta's ire, the vanquiſh'd hoſt
Far diſtant voyag'd from the Colchian coaſt.
Unnumber'd ports the ſcatter'd fleet explor'd:
Some to thoſe iſles repair'd where Jaſon moor'd,
Nam'd from Abſyrtus: ſome, where ſtately flows
The flood Illyricum, expect repoſe;
Beſide whoſe bank a lofty tower they rear'd,
Where Cadmus' and Harmonia's tomb appear'd;
Here with the natives dwell they. Others roam
Till midſt Ceraunian rocks they find a home;
Ceraunian nam'd, ſince Jove's red thunder tore
Their ſhips that anchor'd on the neighbouring ſhore.

But

But towards th' Hyllean port the heroes bear,
And, fortune ſmiling, fix their halſers there.
For many an iſle projected o'er the tide,
Near which no veſſel could with ſafety ride.
No hoſtile arts th' Hylleans now deviſe:
They teach the Mynians where their voyage lies;
And for their friendly intercourſe obtain
The largeſt tripod from Apollo's fane.
For, doubtful of the Fleece, when Jaſon came
To hear reſponſes from the Pythian dame,
Enrich'd, and honour'd from the ſhrine he trod
With two bright tripods, given by Delphi's God.
'Twas doom'd no power ſhould lay the country waſte,
Within whoſe confines were theſe tripods plac'd.
Hid, for this cauſe, in earth the ſumptuous prize
Hard by the fair Hyllean city lies;
Deep, deep it lies, with ponderous earth oppreſs'd,
That there unſeen it might for ever reſt.
King Hyllus, whom in fam'd Phœacia's ſhore
Fair Melite to great Alcides bore,
To mortal view was manifeſt no more.
Nauſithoïis, to youthful Hyllus kind,
The heedleſs ſtripling in his courts confin'd;
(For, when to Macris' iſle Alcides fled,
That far-fam'd iſle, which infant Bacchus fed,

To

To expiate his guilt, and waſh the ſtain
Of blood yet ſtreaming from his children ſlain,
Here, as beſide his favourite-beach he rov'd,
The naiad Melite he ſaw and lov'd,
The daughter of Ægëus, fair and young,
From whoſe careſſes hopeful Hyllus ſprung.)
But he, to manhood ripening, wiſh'd to roam
Far from his ſovereign's eye and regal home:
The native iſlanders augment his train,
And with their leader tempt the Chronian main.
Nauſithoüs complied with each demand,
And Hyllus ſettled on th' Illyric ſtrand:
But, as he ſtrove his ſcatter'd herd to ſhield,
A boor's rude weapon ſtretch'd him on the field.
How croſs theſe ſeas, how round th' Auſonian ſhores,
And the Ligurian iſles they plied their oars,
Ye Muſes, tell: what tokens ſtill remain
Of Argo's voyage, what her feats, explain:
Say, to what end, by what impelling gales
She o'er remoteſt ſeas unfurl'd her ſails.
All-ſeeing Jove their perfidy diſcern'd,
And for Abſyrtus ſlain with anger burn'd.
By Circe's myſtic rites heaven's fire decreed
The guilt to expiate of ſo baſe a deed.

To

To ſufferings dire, but what no mortal knew,
He, ere they ſafe return'd, foredoom'd the crew.
Beyond th' Hyllean land their courſe they ſteer'd:
Remote the vaſt Liburnian iſles appear'd,
Late fill'd with Colchians; Pityëa fair,
And rocky Iſſa, are the names they bear.
Theſe iſlands paſt, Cercyra's cliffs they greet,
Where dwelt (for here had Neptune choſe her ſeat)
Cercyra: he, by tender paſſions ſway'd,
From diſtant Phliuns fetch'd the black-ey'd maid;
Melaine her admiring ſailors name,
As through dark groves they view the ſwarthy dame.
Fleet as the veſſel ſails before the wind,
Ceroſſus, Melite they leave behind.
Soon on Nymphæa, though remote, ſhe gains,
Where Atlas' daughter, queen Calypſo, reigns.
The crew conjectur'd, through far diſtant ſkies
They ſaw the tall Ceraunian mountains riſe.
And now Jove's purpoſes and vengeful rage
Propitious Juno's anxious thoughts engage.
That every toil with glory might be crown'd,
And no diſaſtrous rocks their ſhip ſurround,
She wak'd the briſker gales in Argo's aid,
Till in Electris' iſle ſhe rode embay'd.

Sudden,

Sudden, the veſſel, as ſhe ſail'd along,
Spoke, wondrous portent! as with human tongue:
Her ſturdy keel of Dodonean oak,
By Pallas vocal made, prophetic ſpoke.
This ſolemn voice ſhook every heart with fear:
They deem'd the Thunderer's threaten'd vengeance near.

'Expect,' ſays Argo, 'ſtorms and wintry ſeas,
'Till Circe's rites the wrath of Jove appeaſe.
'Ye guardian twins, who aid our great deſign,
'By humble prayer the heavenly powers incline
'To ſteer me ſafe to each Auſonian bay,
'And to the haunts of Circe point my way.'

Thus Argo ſpoke, as night her ſhades diſplay'd:
The ſons of Leda liſten'd and obey'd.
Before th'immortal Powers their hands they ſpread;
All, ſave theſe chiefs, were ſtruck with ſilent dread.
The canvaſs wide-diſtended by the gales,
Swift down Eridanus the galley ſails.
Here Jove's dread bolt transfix'd the ſtripling's ſide,
Who greatly dar'd the car of Phœbus guide.
This flood receiv'd him; and the flaming wound
Still ſteams, and ſpreads offenſive vapours round.
The feathery race, as o'er the flood they fly,
Wrapp'd in ſulphureous exhalations die.

The

The poplar's winding bark around them ſpread,
Apollo's daughters wail their brother dead.
Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber run,
Sink in the ſand, and harden by the ſun.
When boiſterous winds the troubled waters urge,
And o'er its bank aſcends the ſwelling ſurge,
Theſe amber gems, ſwept by the tide away,
Their pearly tribute to the river pay.
But, down the ſtream, as Celtic legends tell,
The tears of Phœbus floated as they fell
In amber drops, what time from angry Jove
The God withdrew, and left the realms above:
To the fair Hyperborean race he fled;
Griev'd for his favourite Æſculapius dead.
From fair Coronis ſprung this godlike ſon,
Where Amyros' ſtreams near Lacerea run.

Strangers to mirth, the penſive Mynians muſe
On their hard lot, and ſtrengthening food refuſe.
Loathing the ſtench theſe putrid ſtreams emit,
Sickening and ſpiritleſs whole days they ſit;
Whole nights they hear the ſorrowing ſiſters tell,
How by the bolts of Jove their brother fell.
Their mingled tears, as o'er the ſtream they weep,
Like drops of oil float down the rapid deep.

The Rhone's broad channel Argo's keel divides,
Which mingles with Eridanus its tides:
There, where the confluent floods unite their force,
Boiſterous they foam. The Rhone derives its ſource
From caverns deep, which, far from mortal ſight,
Lead to the portals, and the realms of night.
One ſtream its tribute to th' Ionian pays,
One to the wide Sardinian ocean ſtrays;
Thro' ſeven wide mouths it diſembogues its tides,
Where foaming to the ſea its ſtream divides.
This winding ſtream tranſmits th' adventurous train
To lakes that delug'd all the Celtic plain.
Diſaſtrous fate had here their labour foil'd,
And of her boaſted proweſs Argo ſpoil'd,
(For through a creek to ocean's depths convey'd,
To ſure deſtruction had the heroes ſtray'd;)
But Juno haſten'd from on high, and ſtood
On a tall rock, and ſhouted o'er the flood.
All heard, and all with ſudden terrour ſhook;
For loud around them burſts of thunder broke.
Admoniſh'd thus, ſubmiſſive they return,
And ſteering back their better courſe diſcern.
Mid' Celtæ and Ligurians long they ſtray'd,
But reach'd the ſea-beat ſhore by Juno's aid:

O'er them each day her cloudy veil ſhe drew,
And thus from human ſight conceal'd the crew;
Whoſe ſhip had now the broad, mid channel paſs'd,
And rode amidſt the Stœchades at laſt:
For Jove's twin ſons had pray'd, nor pray'd in vain.
Hence rear they altars, and due rites ordain
To theſe kind Powers, whoſe influential aid
Not only Argo's bold adventurers ſway'd;
But later voyagers, by Jove's decree,
Have own'd their happy influence o'er the ſea.
The Stœchades now leſſening from their view,
Swift to Æthalia's iſle the veſſel flew.
With chalks, that, as they cover'd, ting'd the ſhore,
The heroes rubb'd their wearied bodies o'er.
Here are their quoits and wondrous armour fram'd,
Here is their port diſplay'd, Argoüs nam'd.
Hence ſailing, they the Tyrrhene ſhores ſurvey,
As through Auſonia's deeps they cleave their liquid way.
Æea's celebrated port they reach,
And faſten here their halſers to the beach.
Here ſaw they Circe, as in ocean's bed,
Diſmay'd with nightly dreams, ſhe plung'd her head.
For thus the ſorcereſs dream'd; that blood and gore
Had ſmear'd her walls, and flow'd around her floor:

That all her treaſur'd ſtores were wrapp'd in flame,
With which ſhe lur'd each paſſenger that came:
That copious ſtreams of blood her hand apply'd,
And her fears vaniſh'd as the flames ſubſide.
For this the magic dame, as morning roſe,
Waſh'd in the cleanſing wave her locks and clothes.
Monſters, unlike the ſavage, beſtial race,
Unlike to humankind in gait or face,
Limbs not their own ſupport whoſe hideous frame,
As ſheep their ſhepherd follow, theſe their dame.
Such monſters once the pregnant earth diſclos'd,
Of heterogeneous ſhapes and limbs compos'd:
No drying winds had then the ſoil condens'd,
No ſolar rays their genial warmth diſpens'd;
But time perfection to each creature gave:
Monſters like theſe were ſeen in Circe's cave.
All, ſtedfaſt gazing on her form and face,
Pronounc'd the ſorcereſs of Æeta's race.
Thoſe terrors vaniſh'd, which her dream inſpir'd,
Back to her gloomy cell the dame retir'd.
Cloſe in her guileful hand ſhe graſp'd each gueſt,
And bade them follow where her footſteps preſs'd.
The crowd aloof at Jaſon's mandate ſtay'd,
While he accompanied the Colchian maid.

Together

Together thus they Circe's ſteps purſue,
Till her enchanting cave aroſe in view.
Their viſit's cauſe her troubled mind diſtreſs'd;
On downy ſeats ſhe plac'd each princely gueſt.
They round her hearth ſat motionleſs and mute:
(With plaintive ſuppliants ſuch manners ſuit)
Her folded hands her bluſhing face conceal;
Deep in the ground he fix'd the murderous ſteel;
Nor dare they once, in equal ſorrow drown'd,
Lift their dejected eyelids from the ground.
Circe beheld their guilt: ſhe ſaw they fled
From vengeance hanging o'er the murderer's head.
The holy rites, approv'd of Jove, ſhe pays:
(Jove, thus appeas'd, his haſty vengeance ſtays)
Theſe rites from guilty ſtains the culprits clear,
Who lowly ſuppliant at her cell appear.
To expiate their crime in order due,
Firſt to her ſhrine a ſucking pig ſhe drew,
Whoſe nipples from its birth diſtended ſtood:
Its neck ſhe ſtruck, and bath'd their hands in blood.
Next with libations meet and prayer ſhe ply'd
Jove, who acquits the ſuppliant homicide.
Without her door a train of Naiads ſtand,
Adminiſtering whate'er her rites demand;

Within, the flames, that round the hearth arife,
Waſte, as ſhe prays, the kneaded ſacrifice:
That thus the Furies' vengeful wrath might ceaſe,
And Jove appeas'd diſmiſs them both in peace,
Whether they came to expiate the guilt
Of friends' or ſtrangers' blood by treachery ſpilt.
Circe aroſe, her myſtic rites complete,
And plac'd the princes on a ſplendid ſeat.
Near them ſhe ſat, and urg'd them to explain
Their plan and progreſs o'er the dangerous main:
Whence roſe the wiſh to viſit Circe's iſle,
And thus beneath her roof converſe awhile.
For ſtill on every thought the viſion preſs'd,
And its remembrance ſtill diſturb'd her reſt.
Soon as the ſorcereſs ſaw Medea raiſe
From earth thoſe eyes which ſhot a beamy blaze,
Anxious ſhe wiſh'd to hear her native tongue,
Conjecturing from her features whence ſhe ſprung.
For all Sol's race are beauteous as their fire;
Their radiant eyes emit celeſtial fire.
The willing maid complied with each demand,
And in the language of her native land
Her ſtory told; each ſtrange event declar'd,
What countries they had ſeen, what dangers ſhar'd;

Her

Her ſiſter's counſels how they ſway'd her breaſt,
How with the ſons of Phrixus ſhe tranſgreſs'd;
How from her father fled, his threats diſdain'd:
But ſtill untold her brother's fate remain'd.
His fate th' enchantreſs knew; no arts could hide
The murderous deed: ſhe pitied and reply'd:
'Ah! wretch, dire miſchiefs thy return await.
'Hope not to ſhun thy father's vengeful hate;
'Reſolv'd on right, he to the realms of Greece
'Will cloſe purſue thee, nor his fury ceaſe,
'Till he avenge the murder of his ſon:
'For deeds of blackeſt darkneſs haſt thou done.
'But go, at once my kin and ſuppliant, free,
'Nor fear additional diſtreſs from me.
'Thy lover hence, far hence thyſelf remove,
'Who ſcorn'dſt a father's for a vagrant's love.
'Here ſupplicate no more: my heart diſclaims
'Thy guilty wanderings and ſiniſter aims.'
She ſpoke: the maid lamented; o'er her head
Her veil ſhe caſt, and many a tear ſhe ſhed.
Her trembling hand the hero rais'd with ſpeed,
And from the cave of Circe both recede.
By watchful Iris taught, Saturnia knew
What time from Circe's cave they both withdrew.

To mark their ſteps commiſſion'd Iris ſtaid,
On whom theſe freſh injunctions Juno laid;
'Haſte, Iris, now; thy pinions wide expand,
'And bear once more Saturnia's dread command.
'Go, Thetis rouze from ocean's dark retreat;
'Her potent aid my projects will complete.
'Spread then towards Vulcan's ſhores thy ſpeedy wing,
'Where round his anvils ceaſeleſs hammers ring.
'Bid him no more his boiſterous bellows ply,
'Till heaven-built Argo ſail ſecurely by.
'Then to the Deity, whoſe ſovereign ſway
'Controls the winds, whom raging ſtorms obey,
'Haſte; and requeſt that every riſing gale
'Be huſh'd, and ſilence o'er the ſeas prevail:
'That round the waves ſereneſt zephyrs play,
'Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.'
She ſaid: and Iris, poiz'd on airy wings,
From the bright ſummit of Olympus ſprings:
Deſcends impetuous down th' Ægean deeps,
Where in his watery caverns Nereus ſleeps.
To Thetis firſt repairs the winged maid;
Solicits and obtains her potent aid.
Vulcan ſhe next in humble prayer addreſs'd;
The God of fire complied with her requeſt:

His bellows heave their windy ſides no more,
Nor his ſhrill anvils ſhake the diſtant ſhore.
Her wants to Æolus ſhe next diſclos'd:
And while her wearied limbs ſhe here repos'd,
Thetis from all her Naiad-train withdrew,
And from her Nereus to Olympus flew.
Juno with tranſport hail'd her ſea-born gueſt,
Whom near her throne ſhe ſeated, and addreſs'd:
'O, hear my tale, bright Goddeſs of the main:
'Thou know'ſt my care for Jaſon and his train;
'Thou know'ſt how Juno's arm alone upheld,
'And through the jutting rocks their ſhip impell'd:
'Around whoſe ſides fierce, fiery tempeſts rave,
'And the huge crag is whiten'd by the wave.
'Now muſt they ſail near Scylla's awful height,
'And where the rock Charybdis forms a ſtreight.
'Thee yet an infant in my arms I preſs'd,
'And more than all thy ſiſter-nymphs careſs'd.
'Revering me, the wife of ſovereign Jove,
'Thou ſcorn'dſt the tenders of his lawleſs love.
'(For him a mortal beauty now inflames,
'And now he revels with celeſtial dames.)
'And Jove, in vengeance for his ſlighted bed,
'Swore, not a Deity ſhould Thetis wed.

'Nor

' Nor could the fervour of his love abate,
' Till Themis thus diſclos'd the will of fate;
' That from thy womb in future times ſhould ſpring,
' Superior to his ſire, an infant-king.
' Dreading th' event, left in ſome future day
' This infant-king ſhould claim celeſtial ſway,
' Thee Jove abandon'd to ſecure his throne,
' And reign unrival'd ever and alone.
' But, lo! I gave, thy bridal bed to grace,
' A mortal huſband worthy thy embrace;
' I made thee mother of a happy line,
' And to thy nuptials call'd the Powers divine.
' Myſelf, in honour to the godlike pair,
' Deign'd on that day the bridal torch to bear.
' Soon as thy ſon (believe the truths you hear)
' Shall in Elyſium's bliſsful plains appear,
' Whom kindly now the foſtering Naiads guard
' In Chiron's manſion, of thy milk debarr'd,
' In Hymen's ſilken chains the hero led,
' Muſt ſhare the honours of Medea's bed.
' Oh! be a mother's tendereſt care diſplay'd,
' Succour thy Peleus, and thy daughter aid.
' Hath he tranſgreſs'd? thy riſing wrath ſubdue;
' For Ate's dire effects th' immortals rue.

' Vulcan,

' Vulcan, I ween, obſequious to my will,
' His fires will ſtifle, and his bellows ſtill;
' His boiſterous waves will Æolus reſtrain,
' And zephyrs only fan the curling main,
' Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.
' But ſhelves and ſtormy ſeas obſtruct her way;
' Theſe, theſe I dread: but, with thy train expert,
' Be thine the care theſe miſchiefs to avert.
' Safe from Charybdis' gulf the veſſel guide,
' Safe from loud Scylla's all-abſorbing tide;
' Scylla, the terrour of Auſonia's ſhore,
' Whom Phorcuns to infernal Hecat bore,
' Cratæis nam'd. Oh! ſummon all thy pow'r,
' Left her voracious jaws my chiefs devour.
' Hope's cheerly dawn if haply thou diſcern,
' Snatch from the watery grave the ſinking ſtern.'
" If 'tis reſolv'd," replies th' aſſenting queen,
" Tempeſts to curb, and oceans to ſerene,
" Fear not; but in my proffer'd aid confide:
" This arm ſhall convoy Argo o'er the tide.
" The ſurge ſubſiding ſhall confeſs my ſway,
" While harmleſs zephyrs round the canvaſs play.
" Now muſt I traverſe the wide fields of air,
" And to my ſiſters' cryſtal grots repair;

" Requeſt their aid, and haſten to the ſhores,
" Where anchor'd Argo unmoleſted moors:
" That each brave comrade, at the dawn of day,
" With heart elate may cleave the liquid way."
She ſpoke, and through th' aërial regions ſped,
Then in the pools of ocean plung'd her head.
At Thetis' call the ſiſter Nereids came,
And flock'd obedient round their oozy dame.
Juno's commands ſhe bade the ſiſters heed,
And to th' Auſonian deep deſcend with ſpeed.
Swifter than lightning, or than Phœbus' beams,
The Goddeſs darted thro' the yielding ſtreams;
Till, gliding ſmooth beſide the Tyrrhene ſtrand,
Her ſpeedy footſtep preſs'd th' Ææan land.
Along the winding beach the Mynians ſtray,
And while with quoits and darts their hours away.
Here Thetis ſingled from the gallant band
Peleus her ſpouſe, and preſs'd the hero's hand:
Unſeen by all the hoſt, his hand ſhe preſs'd;
By all, ſave Peleus, whom ſhe thus addreſs'd:
' Loiter not here; but with returning light
' Unfurl your ſails, nor Juno's counſels ſlight.
' Safe thro' th' Erratic rocks your ſhip to guide,
' Which frown tremendous o'er the toſſing tide,

' For

'For this the ſea-green ſiſters join their force,
'And ſmooth through dangerous ſeas your deſtin'd courſe.
'My form, what time we urge the foaming keel,
'By you not unobſerv'd, to none reveal;
'Leſt, as before, your folly I chaſtiſe,
'And to more deſperate heights my vengeance riſe.'
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd to the deeps below.
The wondering chief was pierc'd with keeneſt woe.
For ſince the dame, with indignation fir'd,
Had from her Peleus' hated bed retir'd,
Unſeen till now ſhe lurk'd: the ſtrife begun
From this unweeting cauſe, her infant-ſon.
For, ſoon as night diffus'd its darkeſt ſhade,
Her young Achilles o'er the flame ſhe laid,
And, at return of day, with ceaſeleſs toil
Applied to all his limbs ambroſial oil,
That youth might triumph o'er th' attacks of time,
Nor creeping age impair his vigorous prime,
The father ſaw, as from his bed he roſe,
Fierce, ambient flames his infant's limbs encloſe;
And, as he gaz'd, his rueful cries confeſs'd
The boding ſorrows of a parent's breaſt.
Fool! for his queen, who heard her lord deplore,
Daſh'd in a rage her infant on the floor.

Then

Then fleet as air, or like a dream of night,
She vaniſh'd ſudden from his odious ſight;
Plung'd in her fury down the whelming main,
Nor e'er emerg'd ſhe from the waves again.
For this he ſorrow'd: but each ſage command
Which Thetis gave, he told his gallant band.
They heard, and from their ſports retir'd in haſte;
Then ſhar'd, recumbent, in a ſhort repaſt.
Sated, they catch the comforts of repoſe,
Till, every toil renewing, morn aroſe.
Soon as her radiant light illumin'd heav'n,
And to their wiſh were breezy zephyrs giv'n,
Quitting the land, they climb with nimble feet
The lofty decks, and reaſſume their ſeat.
Each to his toil returns alert and bold:
They tear the griping anchor from its hold;
They hoiſt the yard, their bracing ropes unbind,
And give the flapping canvaſs to the wind.
Swift ſails the ſhip: ſoon to th' expecting crew
Anthemoeſſa's iſle aroſe in view.
The Syrens here, from Acheloüs ſprung,
Allure the loitering ſailors with their tongue,
Who, faſtening to the beach the corded ſtay,
Neglect their voyage, and attend the lay.

What time to Acheloïs' longing arms
The Muſe Terpſichore reſign'd her charms,
Their mutual love theſe wily ſongſters crown'd;
Who lur'd, in times remote, with tempting ſound
Ceres' fair daughter, and fallacious ſhew
A virgin-face, while wing'd like fowls they flew.
On a bright eminence the charmers ſtand,
And watch the veſſels as they tug to land.
Full many a mariner their ſongs betray,
Who liſts and lingers till he pines away.
As Argo ſail'd they rais'd their tuneful tongue;
And here their halſers had the heroes hung,
But Thracian Orpheus wak'd his wonted fire,
And ſung reſponſive to his heavenly lyre;
That each reſounding chord might pierce their ear,
And none the muſic of the Syrens hear.
Yet ſtill they ſung: ſtill briſkly, with the breeze,
The veſſel tilted o'er the curling ſeas.
Butes alone became an eaſy prey,
Who all enraptur'd liſten'd to their lay.
Erect, above the rowing chiefs, he ſtood,
And frantic ſprung into the faithleſs flood.
His helpleſs hands he rais'd, the ſhip to gain,
And, but for Venus' aid, had rais'd in vain:

She,

She, Eryx' honour'd queen, the wretch deſcry'd,
And ſnatch'd him floundering from the foaming tide;
His kind protectreſs; as her courſe ſhe bends
Where Lilybœum's ample cape extends.
This dire miſhap diſhearten'd all the band;
Who row with vigour from the traiterous ſtrand.

But other peſts, more fatal to their freight,
Threaten their progreſs to that dangerous ſtreight,
Where Scylla's rock projects its wave-worn ſide;
And where Charybdis' gulf abſorbs the tide.
Daſh'd by the driven waves the Planctæ roar'd;
From whoſe cleft ſummits flames ſulphureous pour'd.
Thick, duſky clouds involve the darken'd ſkies,
And hid are Phœbus' ſplendours from their eyes.
Though Vulcan ceas'd from his aſſiduous toils,
The fires flaſh thick, and fervid ocean boils.
Here o'er the ſailing pine the nymphs preſide,
While Thetis' forceful hands the rudder guide.
As oft in ſhoals the ſportive dolphins throng,
Circling the veſſel as ſhe ſails along,
Whoſe playful gambols round the prow and ſtern
The much-delighted mariners diſcern;
Round Argo thus the toiling nymphs attend,
And, led by Thetis, their aſſiſtance lend.

O'erhanging

O'erhanging black th' rocks' bleak brow they ſee,
And gird their azure veſtures to their knee.
Now here, now there, as danger warns, they glide,
And ſtem mid' cruſhing crags the troubled tide.
Pendent on mountain-waves the veſſel hung,
That pierc'd her ſolid planks, and foam'd the rocks among.
Above theſe rocks, here now the Nereids riſe,
And float on billows hid amidſt the ſkies;
Deſcending now to ocean's ſecret bed,
They in his gulphy deeps conceal their head.
As when along the beach, ſuccinct for play,
To toſs the flying ball the Nereids ſtray,
From hand to hand the ſphere unerring flies,
Nor ever on the ground inglorious lies;
The ſiſters thus, with coadjutant force,
High o'er the ſurge impel the veſſel's courſe:
From ſecret ſhelves her wave-daſh'd ſides they ſhove,
Tho' ſturdy billows ſtrong againſt them ſtrove.
On a tall fragment that o'erlook'd the flood,
His ſhoulder reſting on his hammer, ſtood
The ſooty God: and from her ſtarry ſkies
Juno beheld the ſcene with ſtedfaſt eyes.
Her hand around Minerva's neck ſhe threw;
For much Saturnia trembled at the view.

Long as the vernal ſuns protract the light,
So long in Argo's cauſe the nymphs unite.
Propitious to their labours ſprung the breeze,
And the free veſſel ſhot acroſs the ſeas.
Trinacria's verdant meads they ſoon ſurvey,
Where graze thy herds, illuſtrious God of day.
Juno's commands obey'd, the watery train,
Like diving mews, explore the deeps again.
Coaſting along, the bleating flocks they hear,
And herds loud bellowing ſtrike their liſtening ear.
Sol's youngeſt daughter, Phaëthuſa, leads
The bleating flocks along the dewy meads;
Propp'd on her ſilver crook the maid reclin'd:
A ſtouter ſtaff, with brazen ringlets join'd,
Lampetie takes; whoſe herds the heroes ſee
Slunk to the brook, or browſing on the lea.
Of ſable hue no cattle you behold;
Milkwhite are all, and tipp'd their horns with gold.
They paſs'd theſe meads by day; at day's decline
They bruſh'd with pliant oars the yielding brine.
At length Aurora's all-reviving ray
Redden'd the waves, and ſhew their certain way.
A fertile iſle towers o'er th' Ionian tide,
Ceraunia nam'd; the land two bays divide.

Fame

Fame ſays, (forgive me, Muſe, while I unveil,
Reluctant too, a legendary tale;)
A ſickle lies conceal'd within this land,
With which raſh Saturn's mutilating hand
His father caſtrated: for Ceres' aid
Others aſſert this rural ſickle made.
For Ceres once, with love of Macris fir'd,
To this fam'd iſle, her favourite ſeat, retir'd.
The Titans here ſhe taught her arms to wield,
And crop the bearded harveſt of the field.
This iſland hence, nurſe of Phœacian ſwains,
Th' expreſſive name of Drepane obtains.
From mangled Uranus's blood they trace
The ſource inglorious of Phœacia's race.
Trinacria left, and numerous perils paſt,
Here heaven-protected Argo moors at laſt.
The heroes diſembark'd Alcinoüs hails,
And at their feſtive ſacrifice regales.
Mirth unremitted through the city runs,
As though they welcom'd home their darling ſons.
The godlike gueſts their ſocial part ſuſtain,
Joyous as though they preſs'd Hæmonia's plain:
But ere that diſtant plain delights their view,
The chiefs muſt buckle on their arms anew.

For, lo! thoſe Colchians who adventurous ſtray'd
Through deeps unknown, and enter'd undiſmay'd
The dire Cyanean rocks, here throng the coaſt,
And wait th' arrival of the Grecian hoſt.
The forfeit maid ſhould Argo's crew refuſe,
War in each ſad, diſaſtrous ſhape enſues.
Arm'd and reſolv'd they threaten inſtant fight,
And future fleets t' aſſert their monarch's right.
But king Alcinoüs interpos'd his aid,
And, ere they ruſh'd to fight, their wrath allay'd.
Arete's knee the ſuppliant virgin preſs'd,
And thus th' aſſociate band and queen addreſs'd:
' O queen,' exclaim'd ſhe, ' lend thy timely aid
' To ſave from Colchian hands a ſuffering maid.
' With ruffian rage to bear me hence they come,
' And to my wrathful ſire conduct me home.
' Thou know'ſt, if one, like me, of humankind,
' How prone to err is man's unſtable mind.
' Deem me no ſlave to luſt's uſurping pow'r;
' Prudence forſook me in the needful hour.
' Be witneſs, Sun, and thou, whoſe every rite
' Is wrapp'd, dire Hecate, in ſable night,
' How I reluctant left my native home,
' And with rude foreigners abhor'd to roam.

‘ Fear wing’d my flight; and, having once tranſgreſs’d,
‘ To flee I judg’d my laſt reſource and beſt.
‘ Still have I liv’d, as with my father, chaſte,
‘ My ſpotleſs zone faſt girded to my waiſt.
‘ Oh! may my tale, fair princeſs, claim thy tears;
‘ Oh! teach thy lord compaſſion as he hears.
‘ On thee may all th’ immortal Gods beſtow
‘ Beauty and life, exempt from age and woe;
‘ Cities, that need no bold invaders dread,
‘ And a fair progeny to crown thy bed.’
In tears ſhe ſpoke: then to each gallant chief
Told in theſe plaintive ſtrains her tale of grief:
‘ Low at your feet, ye warriours, ſuppliant view
‘ A princeſs doom’d to wretchedneſs for you.
‘ Yok’d were the bulls, and, deſperate as they roſe,
‘ Cruſh’d by my aid were hoſts of giant-foes.
‘ Yes, ſoon Hæmonia the rich prize will ſee,
‘ And boaſt of conqueſts which ſhe owes to me.
‘ My country I, my parents, palace left,
‘ To pine through life, of all its joys bereft;
‘ But gave to you, a baſe, ungrateful train,
‘ To ſee your country and your friends again.
‘ Spoil’d of my beauty’s bloom by fate ſevere,
‘ In endleſs exile muſt I languiſh here.

'Revere your oaths; Erynnis' vengeance dread,
'Who heaps her curſes on the perjur'd head:
'Dread heaven's ſure wrath, if, to my ſire reſtor'd,
'My ſhame or ruin wait his deſperate word.
'No ſheltering ſhrine, no fortreſs near, I fly
'To you alone, on your defence rely.
'Yet why on you? who, mercileſs and mute,
'Have heard my cries, nor ſeconded my ſuit;
'Unmov'd have ſeen me lift my ſuppliant hand
'To the kind princeſs of this foreign land.
'Elate with hope the Golden Fleece to gain,
'Colchos oppos'd you, and her king in vain:
'But fearful now the battle to renew,
'Ye dread detachments, nor will fight with few.'
She ſaid; and all, who heard her ſuppliant moan,
Cheer'd her ſad heart, and check'd the riſing groan.
Each gallant man his brandiſh'd ſpear diſplay'd,
And vow'd aſſiſtance to the ſuffering maid,
Shook his drawn ſword, a prelude to the fight,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, and reſolv'd on right.
Night now diſpers'd the faint remains of day,
And all the ſlumbering world confeſs'd its ſway:
Grateful its gloom to men with toils oppreſs'd;
Grateful to all but her, with ſleep unbleſs'd.

She,

She, hapleſs fair, her painful vigils kept;
Revolving ſtill her griefs, ſhe watch'd and wept.
As at the diſtaff toils th' induſtrious dame,
Whoſe frequent tears her orphan children claim.
All night ſhe toils, while clinging round they ſtand,
Wail their loſt ſire, and his return demand.
Swift down her cheek deſcends the ſilent tear:
So hard the lot fate deſtines her to bear!
Like her's Medea's copious tears deſcend,
Such agonizing griefs her tortur'd boſom rend.
The royal pair retir'd with wonted ſtate
From the throng'd city to their palace-gate.
On their ſoft couch reclin'd, at evening's cloſe,
Long conference held they on Medea's woes.
Thus to Alcinöus the queen expreſs'd
The kind ſuggeſtions of her pitying breaſt:

'Oh! may the Minyans, prince, thy favours ſhare;
'Oh! ſhield from Colchian foes an injur'd fair.
'Not diſtant far Hæmonia's plains extend,
'And near our iſland Argos' frontiers end.
'But far remote Æeta reigns; his name
'Unknown to us, or faintly known by fame.
'She, in whoſe ſorrows now I bear a part,
'Hath, to redreſs them, open'd all my heart,

'Let no rude Colchian bear her hence away,
'To her ſire's vengeance a devoted prey.
'Her error this: the fiery bulls to quell,
'Fond and officious ſhe prepar'd the ſpell.
'Augmenting then (as oft offenders will)
'Her firſt with future errors, ill with ill,
'Far from her native home, impreſs'd with dread,
'Far from her angry ſire the damſel fled.
'But bound is Jaſon by ſtrong ties, ſays fame,
'To wed the wanderer, and retrieve from ſhame,
'Urge him not then, with many an added threat,
'His faith to violate, his oaths forget;
'Nor ſtimulate Æeta's wrath to riſe:
'Their daughters parents rigorouſly chaſtiſe.
'Thus Pycteus, with parental zeal o'ercome,
'Compell'd his child Antiope to roam.
'Thus Danaë, by her wrathful ſire ſecur'd,
'Toſs'd in the troubled deep diſtreſs endur'd.
'Nor long ſince Eehetus, a wretch accurs'd,
'With brazen pins his daughter's eye-balls pierc'd:
'Pent in a dungeon's awful gloom ſhe pin'd,
'Doom'd by her ſavage ſire obdurate braſs to grind.'
She ſaid: ſoft pity touch'd the ſovereign's breaſt,
Who thus his ſupplicating queen addreſs'd:

"In

" In me, O queen, theſe heroes ſhould deſcry,
" For the fair ſufferer's ſake, a firm ally;
" Soon ſhould my arms the Colchian foes remove,
" But I revere the juſt decrees of Jove.
" Unſafe I deem Æeta to deride,
" Who ſways the ſceptre with a monarch's pride;
" Able, though diſtant, if averſe from peace,
" To ſcatter diſcord through the realms of Greece.
" Hear my propoſal then; which you, I truſt,
" And all who hear it, will applaud as juſt:
" If ſtill a virgin's ſpotleſs name ſhe bear,
" Safe to her ſire's domains conduct the fair:
" But if one bed the wedded pair contain,
" I will not ſever Hymen's ſilken chain.
" Forbid it, heaven! that I in wrath expoſe
" Her ſinleſs offspring to inſulting foes."

He ſaid, and ſunk to reſt: his ſage reſolves
Anxious and oft the wakeful queen revolves.
She roſe: their princeſs' footſtep heard, ariſe
Her female train, and each her wants ſupplies.

' Go,' to her page apart Arete ſaid,
' Bid Æſon's valiant ſon the virgin wed,
' Bid him no more Alcinoüs' ears aſſail
' With long entreaties and a well-known tale.

' Himſelf,

' Himſelf, unaſk'd, his advocate will go,
' And tender theſe conditions to the foe:
' If ſtill the fair a ſpotleſs maid remain,
' Soon ſhall ſhe view her father's courts again;
' But, if a matron's honour'd name ſhe bear,
' He will not ſeparate the wedded pair.'
She ſaid: her herald, eager to convey
The royal meſſage, ſped without delay;
To Æſon's ſon he told Arete's word,
And the kind counſels of her ſovereign lord.
Hard by their ſhip, in gliſtering arms array'd,
Deep in the port of Hyllicus embay'd,
He ſpies the chiefs, his embaſſy repeats,
And every gallant heart with tranſport beats.
They crown the goblets to the Powers divine,
And drag th' accuſtom'd victims to the ſhrine:
Then for the penſive fair officious ſpread
In a ſequeſter'd grot the bridal bed.
Hither, in days of yore, fair Macris came,
Daughter of Ariſtæus, honour'd name!
He taught mankind the virtues and the uſe
Of the bee's labours, and the olive's juice.
For, know, when Hermes infant-Bacchus bore,
Snatch'd from the flames, to fair Eubœa's ſhore,

Macris

Macris embrac'd him with a mother's love,
And there, awhile, ſhe nurs'd the ſeed of Jove,
And there with honey fed; till Juno's ſpite
Far from Eubœa's iſle compell'd her flight.
At length, of this Phœacian grot poſſeſs'd,
She with vaſt opulence the natives bleſs'd.
To deck with honours due the bridal bed,
Around it wide the Golden Fleece was ſpread.
With ſweeteſt flowers, that deck or dale or hill,
Th' aſſiduous nymphs their ſnowy boſoms fill.
The Golden Fleece emits ſo bright a ray,
They ſhone all radiant as the ſtar of day,
Inſpiring love: the prize though ſtrong deſire
Prompts them to touch, with reverence they retire.
Theſe are the daughters of the Ægeän flood,
Thoſe, Meletæum, haunt thy lofty wood.
From groves, from ſtreams, at Juno's call they ran,
To grace the nuptials of this godlike man.
The ſacred grot, recorded ſtill by fame,
Bears to this day Medea's honour'd name:
For here the nymphs, their veils around them ſpread,
To nuptial joys the happy lovers led:
And every chief, to guard the bliſsful ſpot,
Clad in bright armour, ſtood before the grot,

Leſt hoſtile troops, with rude tumultuous noiſe,
Should force an entrance, and diſtract their joys.
Thus ſtation'd, they protect the hallow'd ground,
Their feſtive brows with leafy chaplets crown'd.
As Orpheus ſtruck his tuneful lyre, they ſung,
And Hymeneals round the grotto rung.
But in Alcinoüs' court the fair to wed,
O'er Jaſon's anxious mind diſquiet ſpread:
Full oft he wiſh'd Iolcos' coaſt to gain,
And wed the virgin in his ſire's domain;
Such too Medea's wiſh: but fate ſevere
Forc'd him to celebrate his nuptials here.
For pleaſure unalloy'd we look in vain;
Pleaſure to ſuffering man is mix'd with pain.
Whether the Colchian foe had ſcorn'd or clos'd
With the juſt terms Phœacia's prince propos'd,
Of this they doubted: mid' the mirthful ſcene
Fears, which theſe doubts ſuggeſted, intervene.
Aurora now her orient beams diſplay'd,
And pierc'd the ſullen night's ſurrounding ſhade.
The circling ſhores and dew-beſpangled ground
Reflect her rays: the ſtreets with noiſe reſound.
The citizens and Colchians, who poſſeſs'd
The diſtant coaſt, awake from balmy reſt.

Impatient

Impatient now his purpoſe to diſcloſe,
To plead Medea's cauſe the monarch roſe:
His hand ſuſtain'd a ſceptre's maſſy gold,
Which kings, deciding right, were wont to hold.
Around their prince, in gliſtering arms array'd,
Phœacia's peers a ſeemly pomp diſplay'd.
Eager on each adventurous chief to gaze,
A female troop beyond the city ſtrays.
In feſtive bands the diſtant ſwains unite:
(For Juno had divulg'd the nuptial rite)
One from his fold a ram ſelected brought,
An heifer one, to feel the yoke untaught;
Flagons of wine ſome for libation bear:
The ſmoke of victims blacken'd all the air.
As women wont, the female train ſelect
Their coſtly veils, with gay embroidery deck'd:
Such golden toys, ſuch trinkets they provide;
As on a nuptial day adorn the bride.
The comely chiefs their admiration won;
But more than all Æager's tuneful ſon,
As lightly to the lyre's melodious ſound
Tripp'd the briſk dancer o'er the meaſur'd ground.
In concert full the virgin-choir prolong
The happy day with Hymeneal ſong.

Here a fair band, collected in a ring,
Praiſes to thee, auſpicious Juno, ſing.
By thee inſpir'd, diſclos'd the royal dame
The friendly terms her prince was pleas'd to name.
Nor are the terms Alcinoüs nam'd diſown'd:
(For now their faithful loves hath Hymen crown'd)
True to his oath, he heard with fix'd diſdain
And deem'd Æeta's vengeful fury vain.

Soon as the Colchians ſaw their purpoſe croſs'd,
Defeated all their ſchemes, their labour loſt;
That to the ſovereign's terms they muſt accede,
Or quit his ports, and ſail away with ſpeed;
Dreading the monarch's wrath, ſubmiſs they try
To win his friendſhip, and commence ally.
Settling at laſt, long time the Colchian hoſt
Dwelt with the natives on Phœacia's coaſt:
Till Bacchus' hated race from Corinth fled,
Exil'd theſe Colchians, and the iſle o'erſpread.
They ſought the neighbouring ſhores: in times to come
Their ſons emigrating explor'd a home,
Where far and wide extends th' Illyric coaſt,
And the Ceraunian hills in clouds are loſt.
But theſe events, which now my Muſe engage,
Were late fulfill'd in ſome ſucceeding age.

Yet

Yet ſtill, in Phœbus' fane, uninjur'd ſtand
The altars rais'd by fair Medea's hand:
Some to the fates are pil'd with victims due,
Some to the nymphs their annual rites renew.
Towards the parting train the royal pair
Their generous love by coſtly gifts declare.
Twelve fair Phœacians, at the queen's command,
Conduct Medea to the ſea-beat ſtrand.

On the ſeventh morn with gently-breathing gales
Propitious Jove expanded Argo's ſails;
Argo, decreed freſh dangers to ſuſtain,
Ere Greece beholds her gallant ſons again.
Ambracia's bay had open'd to their view,
Beſide Curetes' land the galley flew,
The cluſtering iſles, Echidanes, they paſs'd,
And Pelops' diſtant realm beheld at laſt.
Nine tedious nights and days the veſſel ſweeps
The troubled ſurface of the Libyan deeps;
Till, driven by rapid tides and ſtorms aſtray,
She near the Syrtes' quickſands plough'd her way:
Whirl'd in whoſe gulphy pools, their deſtin'd grave,
Nor ſails nor oars the ſinking galleys ſave.
Burſt from its black abyſs, the boiling flood
Up-heaves its ſhaggy weeds, involv'd in ſhelves of mud.

With the far-ſpreading ſpray the ſands ariſe;
But nought diſcern they here that creeps or flies.
The tide (which now retreats into the main,
And now returns upon the beach again;)
Far o'er the ſhore, impell'd with fury, ſhew
All Argo's ſlimy keel expos'd to view.
They diſembark, and gaze with aching eyes
On ridgy mountains loſt amid the ſkies.
No grateful ſtreams, no beaten paths appear,
No rural cot diſcern they, far or near;
A death-like ſilence reign'd around: diſmay'd
His comrade each interrogating ſaid:
'What country this? on what bleak clime at laſt
'Have the rude tempeſts heaven-built Argo caſt?
'Oh! had we dar'd, devoid of vulgar fear,
'Our courſe undaunted through thoſe fragments ſteer,
'Like heroes then (though Jove ſucceſs deny'd)
'We in the bold attempt had bravely died.
'What can our ſkill deviſe? the leaſt delay
'Is fatal here; the winds forbid our ſtay.
'How bleak and barren is the coaſt we tread!
'And what a deſert waſte is wide around us ſpread!'
He ſaid; and, joining in the loud lament,
Ancæus thus foreboded the event:

'What

'What dire miſhaps our gallant hoſt befall!
'Thus by ſtern fate's decree we periſh all!
'What woes await us, on this deſert caſt,
'If from the land awakes the furious blaſt!
'For ſlimy ſeas my ſight far off commands,
'And whitening billows burſting o'er the ſands.
'And dreadfully had Argo's yawning ſides,
'Remote from ſhore, receiv'd the guſhing tides,
'Had not the ſurge, which lifted her to heav'n,
'Full on the pebbly beach the veſſel driv'n.
'But now the tide retiring quits the ſtrand,
'And waves unfaithful ſkim the levell'd ſand.
'Our projects baffled, and hope's cheerly dawn
'From our expecting fight thus ſoon withdrawn,
'Let other hands the pilot's art diſplay,
'And they who fear not danger ſteer the way.
'But our joint labours Jove decrees to foil,
'Nor will our native home reward our toil.'

He ſaid; and all, renown'd for naval ſkill,
Cloſe with his words, and wait th' impending ill.
From every heart the vital motion fled,
O'er every face a deadly paleneſs ſpread.
As when from ſtreet to ſtreet, in wild diſmay,
Affrighted mortals, like pale ſpectres, ſtray;

Expecting wars, or plagues, or burſting rains,
That deluge all the harveſt of the plains:
Or, as when ſtatues drops of blood diſtil,
And fancied bellowings the temples fill;
The noon-day ſun eclips'd involves in night
Th' aſtoniſh'd world, and ſtars emit their light:
Thus on the beach they ſtalk'd, a heartleſs clan!
Like ſweating ſtatues, or like ſpectres wan.
His feeble arm each round his comrade caſt,
Then ſunk into the ſand to breathe his laſt,
Reſolv'd, as now the ſtar of Heſper roſe,
To ſhare the ſolace of united woes.
Some here, ſome there ſelect their clay-cold bed,
And round their ſhivering limbs their garments ſpread:
Reſign'd to death, in midnight's ſullen ſhade
And at mid-day, here languiſhing they laid.
Remote, Medea's fair attendants moan,
Cling round their queen, and groan return for groan.
As when a neſt, ſurcharg'd with callow young,
Falls from the lofty cliff to which it clung,
Th' unfeather'd brood by ſhrilleſt cries atteſt
Their far-flown mother, and their ruin'd neſt:
As on the banks Pactolus' ſtreams bedew,
Melodious ſwans their dying notes renew;

The rivers, gliding the rich vales among,
Bear on their ſilver ſtreams the ſoothing ſong:
Thus they, their golden locks beſmear'd with gore,
All night in plaintive elegies deplore.
Their toils yet incomplete, the godlike band
Had now ignobly periſh'd on the ſand,
But the bold heroines, who guard the coaſt,
Beheld with pitying eye the drooping hoſt:
Thoſe nymphs, who, when in gliſtering arms array'd,
Ruſh'd from the Thunderer's brain the martial maid,
In needful hour their kind aſſiſtance gave,
And cleans'd her infant-limbs in Triton's wave.

'Twas noon: o'er Libya's ſands the God of day
Darted the ſplendours of his fierceſt ray.
Full before Jaſon ſtood the nymphs confeſs'd,
And gently from his head withdrew the veſt.
Sudden he ſtarts, impreſs'd with ſilent dread,
And from his fair protectors turns his head.
They in compaſſion's mild addreſs began
To free from terrours vain the hopeleſs man:

'Why griev'ſt thou thus? Oh! bid thy ſorrows ceaſe:

'We know thy coming's cauſe, the Golden Fleece.

'We know the various toils by land you bore;

'How toſs'd on ocean, how diſtreſs'd on ſhore.

' Terreſtrial Powers, for acts of friendſhip known,
' We make the ſhepherd's rural cares our own.
' We, Libya's daughters and avengers, boaſt
' Our ſway extended o'er the Libyan coaſt.
' Ariſe, nor ſink beneath thy ſorrow's weight;
' But rouze thy fellows from their drooping ſtate.
' When Amphitrite with officious ſpeed
' Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery ſteed,
' Thy mother then with duteous care repay,
' Whoſe womb hath borne thee many a toilſome day.
' Diſcharge this duty, and reſail to Greece,
' Safe and triumphant with the Golden Fleece.'

They ſpoke, and vaniſh'd: from his ſandy bed
Jaſon aroſe, and looking round he ſaid;

' Ye godlike Powers, the deſert plains who rove,
' Ye fair, who tend the flocks, propitious prove.
' Thoſe dark myſterious truths your tongues foretold,
' I go, if haply can my friends unfold.
' Conven'd, may they ſome prudent ſcheme deviſe,
' For in th' advice of numbers ſafety lies.'

He ſaid: and, wading thro' the driven ſand,
Rouz'd with loud voice the ſad, deſponding band.
Thus, while the lion his loſt mate explores,
The foreſts ring, earth trembles as he roars:

Herdſmen

Herdſmen and herds, o'erwhelm'd with equal fear,
All mute and trembling deem deſtruction near.
But grateful to the hoſt was Jaſon's call;
No fears it cheriſh'd, but gave hope to all.
Yet with dejected looks the heroes meet.
Beſide the female train to each his ſeat
He, near the ſhore, aſſign'd; in order due
His wondrous tale relates, and cheers the penſive crew:

'Attend, my friends: three virgin-forms, who claim
'From heaven their race, to ſooth my ſorrows came.
'Their ſhoulders round were ſhaggy goat-ſkins caſt,
'Which, low deſcending, girt their ſlender waiſt.
'High o'er my head they ſtood; with gentle hand
'My veſture rais'd, and gave this dread command:
'That I with ſpeed my piteous bed forſake,
'And, riſen, haſte my comrades to awake.
'That mindful we our mother's cares repay,
'Whoſe womb ſuſtain'd us many a toilſome day,
'When Amphitrite with officious ſpeed
'Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery ſteed.
'Long have I ſought this wonder to explain,
'And, ſtill revolving, I revolve in vain.

'In the bold name of heroines they boaſt,
'Daughters and guardians they of Libya's coaſt.
'Known to theſe nymphs are all the toils we bore
'On the rough ocean, and the faithleſs ſhore.
'Nor ſtaid they long; but, ſudden, from my view
'Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew.'
He ſaid: on every face ſat boding fears;
When, lo! a portent, greater far, appears.
Fierce from the foamy deep, of wondrous ſize,
Springs an huge horſe; his mane expanded flies.
From his ſtrong ſides he ſhakes th' adherent ſpray,
Then towards the coaſt directs his rapid way.
Skill'd in whate'er this prodigy portends,
With pleaſure Peleus thus conſoles his friends:
'Now by his conſort's hand releas'd I ſee
'The car of Neptune, and his horſes free.
'A mother's name (or I predict in vain)
'Argo may boaſt; ſhe feels a mother's pain.
'Her pregnant womb a troop of heroes bears,
'And endleſs perils for their ſafety ſhares.
'Come, let us now our boaſted ſtrength diſplay,
'And on our ſhoulders bear our ſhip away.
'Steer we through depths of ſand our dangerous courſe,
'Led by the ſteps of this portentous horſe.

' His ſteps reluctant preſs the duſty plain,
' But rapid bear him to his kindred main;
' Thither attend his flight.' Thus ſpoke the ſeer:
His pleaſing counſels gratified their ear.
This wondrous tale the tuneful Nine recite,
And as the Muſes dictate muſt I write.
This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,
That you, O princely peers, of deathleſs fame,
By the joint efforts of united hands,
Twelve days and nights, through Libya's burning ſands,
High on your ſhoulders rais'd the veſſel's weight,
All that its womb contain'd, a mighty freight!
What woes o'ertook them, and what toils befell,
No verſe can celebrate, no tongue can tell.
Such brave exploits proclaim'd their godlike line,
For, as their lineage, were their deeds, divine.
But when Tritonis' lake the chiefs attain,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and embark'd again.
Doom'd to acuter griefs they now are curs'd
With all the miſeries of burning thirſt;
Like dogs they run its fury to aſſuage,
And at a fountain's head ſuppreſs its rage.
Nor wander'd they in vain; but ſoon explor'd
The ſacred ſpot with golden apples ſtor'd,

In Atlas' realm: the ſerpent's wakeful eyes
Watch'd, till but yeſterday, the golden prize.
The fair Heſperides with kind ſurvey
Tended the ſerpent as they tun'd their lay.
But, lo! the monſter, by Alcides ſlain,
Beneath a branching pear-tree preſs'd the plain.
His tail ſtill vibrates, though his ghaſtly head
And ſpine immenſe lie motionleſs and dead.
Flies in thick ſwarms his gory ſides ſurround,
Drink his black blood, and dry the dripping wound,
Made by the darts, whoſe poiſon'd tips detain
The deadly venom of the Hydra ſlain.
As Ladon's fate the penſive maids deplore,
Their hands they wrung, their golden locks they tore;
But, ſudden, as the heroes haſten'd near,
They to the duſt deſcend, and diſappear.
Struck with the prodigy his eyes ſurvey'd,
Thus to the nymphs obſervant Orpheus pray'd:

'Ye Goddeſſes, with blooming beauty bleſs'd,
'Look with benevolence on men diſtreſs'd.
'Whether ye grace the ſplendid courts of Jove,
'Or on this humbler earth auſpicious move;
'Whether to flowery paſtures ye repair,
'And the lov'd name of ſhepherdeſſes bear;

'Illuſtrious

‘ Illuſtrious nymphs, from Ocean ſprung, ariſe,
‘ Bleſs with a recent view our longing eyes,
‘ Bid from the thirſty ſoil a torrent burſt,
‘ Or open ſome hard rock to ſlake our thirſt.
‘ Should we again our tatter’d ſails expand,
‘ And greet at laſt the dear Achaian land,
‘ Grateful we then theſe favours will repay,
‘ And choiceſt offerings on your altars lay:
‘ No Goddeſs, who frequents the courts of Jove,
‘ Shall greater honour ſhare, or greater love.’

Thus Orpheus pray’d, with feeble voice and low:
The liſtening nymphs commiſerate their woe.
Firſt tender graſs they bade the ſoil diſcloſe;
Then high above it verdant branches roſe.
Erect and ſtrong, the ſpreading boughs diſplay’d
Wide o’er the barren ſoil an ample ſhade.
A poplar’s trunk fair Heſpera receives,
And in a weeping willow Ægle grieves.
But Erytheïs in an elm remains:
Each in her tree her proper ſhape retains;
Stupendous ſight! firſt Ægle ſilence broke,
And kindly thus the ſuppliant band beſpoke:

‘ Hither ſome lawleſs plunderer came of late,
‘ Who will reverſe the colour of your fate.

‘ Yon

' Yon beaſt he ſlew, for whom we ſorrow now,
' And tore the golden apples from their bough.
' But yeſterday the deſperate giant came;
' From his black eye-brows flaſh'd the livid flame:
' A lion's ſhaggy ſkin, beſmear'd with gore,
' Wide o'er his ſhoulders ſpread, the monſter wore.
' On his ſtout ſtaff his fearleſs ſtep rely'd,
' And by his deadly dart the ſerpent died.
' He, like a ſturdy traveller, ſtalk'd along,
' Seeking ſome fount to cool his fiery tongue.
' With eager haſte he trod the duſty plain,
' And ſtill for water look'd, but look'd in vain.
' To this tall rock, hard by Tritonis' lake,
' Some God conducted him, his thirſt to ſlake.
' Struck by his heel, its deep foundations ſhook,
' And from the yawning clefts a torrent broke.
' Prone on the ground the limpid ſtreams he ſwills,
' And, groveling like a beaſt, his belly fills.'
Elated with the tale, they ſpeed their courſe,
To find, as Ægle told, the fountain's ſource.
As when aſſembled ants with joint eſſay
Strive in ſome chink their lifted grain to lay:
Or as when flies ſome liquid ſweet explore,
They hang in cluſters round the honied ſtore;

Like

Like them the Mynians: ſuch their numbers ſeem,
And ſuch their haſte to gather round the ſtream.
Conjecturing thus ſome grateful hero ſaid,
As from the rill refreſh'd he rais'd his head:
'Ye Gods! though abſent, great Alcides gives
'Theſe limpid ſtreams; by him each hero lives.
'Come, haſte we now the country to explore,
'And the loſt wanderer to our hoſt reſtore.'
Inſtant to council roſe th' aſſociate band,
Selecting heroes to explore the land.
For nightly winds diſperſing o'er the plains
The light, looſe ſands, no ſtep impreſs'd remains.
Boreas' fleet ſons, who wing their airy flight,
Sagacious Lynceus bleſs'd with keeneſt ſight,
Euphemus ſwift of foot, and Cantheus ſpeed:
Him his brave ſpirit urg'd and heaven decreed
To aſk Alcides, on what fatal coaſt
He left his comrade, Polyphemus loſt.
When this bold chief had rear'd on Myſian ground,
And fenc'd with circling walls a city round,
Wide o'er the country, Argo's fate to learn,
He roam'd, with Argo anxious to return.
Scarce had his feet Calybian frontiers preſs'd,
Ere fate conſign'd him to eternal reſt.

Along

Along the beach, with ſtately poplars ſpread,
They rear'd a tomb in honour of the dead.
But Lynceus deems, that, o'er the diſtant lands
His ſight the long-loſt Hercules commands.
Thus ſees the clown, or thinks he can deſcry
The new moon breaking through a cloudy ſky.
Back to his comrades haſtes the joyous chief,
Precludes their further ſearch, and gives their mind relief.
Euphemus ſoon, and Boreas' ſons, his friends,
Whoſe ſearch in empty expectation ends,
Rejoin'd the hoſt: but thee, brave Canthus, ſlain
Stern fate foredoom'd to preſs the Libyan plain.
To feaſt his comrades with the grateful prey,
He forc'd through ſcatter'd flocks his deſperate way.
Sudden, his flock to guard, the ſhepherd flew,
And with a rock's huge fragment Canthus ſlew.
This ſturdy villager, Caphaurus nam'd,
His lofty lineage from Apollo claim'd,
And Acacallis: conſcious of his might,
He fear'd no rival, nor declin'd the fight.
Minos, her ſire, to Libya's coaſt remov'd
Fair Acacallis, by the God belov'd.
To Phœbus here a hopeful ſon ſhe gave,
Amphithemis or Garamans the brave.

Thy

Thy love, Amphithemis, Tritonis crown'd,
And grac'd thy bed with Naſamon renown'd,
And bold Caphaurus; whoſe deciſive blow
Tranſmitted Canthus to the ſhades below.
The bloody deed divulg'd to all the hoſt,
Not long his conqueſt could Caphaurus boaſt.
They to its ſepulchre the corſe convey,
Weeping; and make the ſhepherd's flocks their prey.
To Pluto's realms prophetic Mopſus fled,
And join'd, on that ſad day, the mighty dead.
With fate's decrees muſt mortal man comply,
And the wiſe ſeer, in ſpite of preſcience, die.
For, ſhelter'd from the fierce meridian ray,
Beneath a ſandy bank a ſerpent lay.
Innoxious till incens'd, he ne'er annoy'd,
But ſtrove th' affrighted traveller to avoid.
But all, whome'er the foodful earth contains,
Who feel his darted venom in their veins,
Nor long, nor diſtant deem the dreary road,
That leads direct to Pluto's dark abode.
His fangs infix'd when once the wretches feel,
In vain would medicine's God attempt to heal.
For when brave Perſeus (this her godlike ſon
His mother oftener nam'd Eurymedon)

O'er

O'er Libya flew, the Gorgon's head to bring,
Freſh-ſlain and dripping, to th' expecting king,
From every drop, that dyed the ſoil with blood,
A ſerpent ſprung, and thus encreas'd the brood.
The monſter's ſpiry tail raſh Mopſus preſs'd
With his unheeding foot: his tortur'd breaſt
Upward he turn'd, and writh'd his ſpires around,
Then with his venom'd fang infix'd a deadly wound.
Medea trembled and her female train:
Fearleſs he bathes the wound, nor heeds the pain.
But now, loſt wretch! each ſenſe is clos'd and dead,
And o'er his ſinking eyes death's gloomy ſhade is ſpread.
Prone to the duſt he falls: his cold remains
Preſs with unwieldy weight the deſert plains.
His faithful friends, and Jaſon with the reſt,
Weep o'er the corſe, with heart-felt grief impreſs'd.
His fleſh all putrid from the taint within,
And hanging round him looſe his flabby ſkin,
The burning ſun unable long to bear,
His buſy comrades, with officious care,
Deep in the ſoil conceal their delving ſpade,
And ſoon a decent ſepulchre was made.
Men, matrons, all, as round the grave they flock,
Lamenting loud ſelect the ſacred lock:

His

His corſe the bright-arm'd heroes thrice ſurround,
And raiſe in ſeemly form the hallow'd mound,
Then haſten to their ſhip: the ſouthern breeze
Curl'd, as it blew, the ſurface of the ſeas.
In ſad ſuſpenſe, ſtill wiſhing to forſake,
And croſs with favouring gales Tritonis' lake,
They loiter long, and waſte the uſeful day
In idle conteſt and in vain delay.
A ſerpent thus, long ſcorch'd with ſummer's heat,
Winds to ſome ſecret chink, his cool retreat.
Enrag'd he hiſſes, rears his creſt on high,
And furious darts his fire-emitting eye,
Till haply he the wiſh'd-for chink pervade,
And in its cool receſs ſecure a ſhade.
Uncertain thus, the ſhip explor'd in vain
The lake's wide mouth that open'd to the main.
With pious care, as Orpheus gives command,
They place Apollo's tripod on the ſtrand;
That thoſe auſpicious Powers the coaſt who guard,
Pleas'd with th' oblation, may their toils reward.
Clad like a youth, before them ſtood confeſs'd
The mighty Triton: in his hands he preſs'd
The gather'd ſoil; this amicable ſign
He to the heroes held, and ſpoke benign:

' The hoſpitable pledge my hand extends,
' The beſt I now can give, accept, my friends.
' Would you o'er ocean's paths your courſe diſcern,
' And learn the tracks, which ſtrangers wiſh to learn,
' Hear: from my ſire, the monarch of the main,
' I boaſt my ſcience; o'er theſe ſeas I reign.
' Perchance ev'n you, though diſtant far you came,
' May recogniſe Eurypylus's name,
' In Libya born.' He ſaid: Euphemus took
The proffer'd ſoil, and thus reſponſive ſpoke,
" If ſuch thy knowledge, friendly chief, explain
" Where Atthis lies, where rolls the Cretan main.
" Reluctant ſail'd we towards the Libyan coaſt,
" By angry heaven and adverſe tempeſts toſt:
" By land, with Argo o'er our ſhoulders caſt,
" We toil'd, and launch'd her in this lake at laſt.
" Nor can we yet our certain courſe deviſe,
" Where full in proſpect Pelops' realms will riſe."
He ſaid: his hand out-ſtretching, Triton ſhew
The lake's wide mouth, and ſea expos'd to view.
' Where the lake blackens, and its waters ſleep,
' Expect,' he cries, ' a paſſage to the deep.
' Obſerve the cliffs high towering on each ſide,
' And through the ſtreight they form your veſſel guide.

' There,

'There, above Crete, where, mingling with the ſkies,
'Yon ocean ſpreads, the land of Pelops lies.
'When to the right th' expanded lake ye leave,
'And the ſafe ſeas your mighty freight receive,
'Still cautious coaſt along the winding ſtrand,
'Till you the cape's projecting ſides command:
'Your courſe, that cape once doubled, ſafe purſue,
'Your ſhip uninjur'd, and undaunted you.
'Thus gladden'd go; nor let your vigorous arms
'Droop with fatigue, and ſhake with vain alarms.'
Heartening he ſpoke: the decks they re-aſcend,
And, rowing briſk, to croſs the lake contend.
The proffer'd tripod friendly Triton takes,
And hides his head beneath the dimpling lakes.
Thus with the coſtly prize the God withdrew,
Inſtant inviſible to mortal view.
Inſpir'd with joy, that ſome ſuperior gueſt
Had comfort given them, and with counſel bleſs'd,
The choiceſt ſheep they bade their leader ſlay,
And to the Power benign due honours pay.
He to the galley's poop with ſpeed convey'd
The choiceſt ſheep, and, as he offer'd, pray'd:
'Dread Deity, who late conſpicuous ſtood
'On the clear margin of this rolling flood,

' Whether great Triton's name delight thine ear,
' Triton, whom all the watery Gods revere;
' Or ocean's daughters, circling thy fam'd lame,
' The mighty Nereus, or thee Proteus name,
' Be bounteous ſtill: bid all our labours ceaſe,
' And reinſtate us in our native Greece.'

Thus pray'd the chief, as on the poop he ſtood,
And ſunk the ſlaughter'd victim in the flood.
His head above the billows Triton rear'd,
And in his proper ſhape the God appear'd.
As when, intent his fiery ſteed to train,
The horſeman leads him to the duſty plain,
His floating mane firm twiſted in his hand,
He runs, yet holds him ſubject to command:
Superb he paces, by his maſter led,
Curvetting ſtill, and toſſing high his head.
His bits, all white with gather'd foam around,
Crunch'd by his reſtleſs jaw, aloud reſound:
Thus Triton's hands the veſſel's head ſuſtain,
And ſafely guide her to the ſeas again.
His every limb, down to his ſwelling loin,
Proclaims his likeneſs to the Powers divine.
Below his loin his tapering tail extends;
Arch'd like a whale's on either ſide it bends.

Two pointed fins, projecting from his side,
Cleave, as he scuds along th' opposing tide.
Acute and tapering, these indented thorns
A semblance bear to Phœbe's budding horns.
His arm conducts her, till, from danger free,
She rides imbosom'd in the open sea.
This prodigy the shouting warriours saw,
Impress'd at once with gratitude and awe.
Here shatter'd ships Argous' port receives,
Here tokens of her voyage Argo leaves:
To Triton here, high-towering o'er the strand,
And here to Neptune stately altars stand.
For here they linger'd out one useless day;
But with fresh breezes sail'd, at morn, away.
Far to the right they leave the desert land,
And the stretch'd canvass to the winds expand.
Gaining mid ocean with returning light,
The doubled cape diminish'd from their sight.
The zephyrs ceasing, rose the southern gale,
And cheer'd the shouting heroes as they sail.
* The evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
* His golden circlet in the deepening shades;

☞ The Lines thus marked * are Broome's, who has translated the story of Talus; not without several omissions, which are here supplied.

* Stretch'd at his eaſe the weary labourer ſhares
* A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares:
* At once in ſilence ſleep the ſinking gales,
* The maſt they drop, and furl the flagging ſails;
* All night, all day, they ply their bending oars
* Towards Carpathus, and reach the rocky ſhores;
* Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
* The queen of iſles; but Crete they view in vain.
* There Tagus mountains hurls with all their woods;
* Whole ſeas roll back, and toſſing ſwell in floods.
* Amaz'd the towering monſter they ſurvey,
* And trembling view the interdicted bay.
* His birth he drew from giants ſprung from oak,
* Or the hard entrails of the ſtubborn rock:
* Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
* The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores,
* A form of living braſs! one part beneath
* Alone he bears, a part to let in death,
* Where o'er the ankle ſwells the turgid vein,
* Soft to the ſtroke, and ſenſible of pain.*
Pining with want, and ſunk in deep diſmay,
From Crete far diſtant had they ſail'd away,
But the fair ſorcereſs their ſpeed repreſs'd,
And thus the crew diſconſolate addreſs'd:

'Attend. This monſter, ribb'd with braſs around,
'My art, I ween, will level to the ground.
'Whate'er his name, his ſtrength however great,
'Still, not immortal, muſt he yield to fate.
'But from the far-thrown fragments ſafe retreat,
'Till proſtrate fall the giant at my feet.'
She ſaid: retiring at her ſage command,
They wait the movement of her magic hand.
Wide o'er her face her purple veil ſhe ſpread,
And climb'd the lofty decks, by Jaſon led.
* And now her magic arts Medea tries;
* Bids the red Furies, dogs of Orcus, riſe,
* That ſtarting dreadful from th' infernal ſhade,
* Ride heaven in ſtorms, and all that breathes invade.
* Thrice ſhe applies the power of magic pray'r,
* Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
* Then, turning towards the foe, bids miſchief fly,
* And looks deſtruction, as ſhe points her eye.
* Then ſpectres, riſing from Tartarean bow'rs,
* Howl round in air, or grin along the ſhores.*
Father ſupreme! what fears my breaſt annoy,
Since not diſeaſe alone can life deſtroy,
Or wounds inflicted fate's decrees fulfil,
But magic's ſecret arts have power to kill!

For, by Medea's incantations plied,
Enfeebled ſoon the brazen monſter died.
* While rending up the earth in wrath he throws
* Rock after rock againſt th' aerial foes,
* Lo! frantic as he ſtrides, a ſudden wound
* Burſts the life-vein, and blood o'erſpreads the ground.
* As from a furnace, in a burning flood
* Pours melting lead, ſo pours in ſtreams his blood:
* And now he ſtaggers, as the ſpirit flies,
* He faints, he ſinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
* As ſome huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
* Pierc'd by the ſteel, expects a final blow,
* Awhile it totters with alternate ſway,
* Till freſhening breezes through the branches play;
* Then tumbling downward with a thundering ſound,
* Headlong it falls, and ſpreads a length of ground:
* So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
* Outſtretch'd he lies, and covers half the ſhores.*
Crete thus deliver'd from this baneful peſt,
The Mynians unmoleſted ſunk to reſt.
Soon as Aurora's orient beams appear,
A temple they to Cretan Pallas rear.

With

With water ſtor'd, once more the buſy train
Embark, and laſh the foamy brine again.
Aſſiduous all with equal ardour glow
Diſtant to leave Salmonis' lofty brow.
As o'er the Cretan deep the galley flew,
Around them night her ſable mantle threw;
Pernicious night, whoſe all-inveſting ſhade
Nor ſtars, nor Phœbe's brighter rays pervade.
Thick darkneſs, or from heaven, or hell profound,
Spread, as it roſe, its rueful ſhades around.
Uncertain whether, on huge billows toſt,
Sublime they ſail, or ſink to Pluto's coaſt,
Uncertain where the burſting wave may throw,
They to the ſea commit their weal or woe.
Jaſon aloud, with lifted hands, addreſs'd
The God of day to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
The tears faſt trickling down his ſorrowing face,
He vow'd with gifts the Delphic ſhrine to grace,
He vow'd with choiceſt gifts, an ample ſtore,
To load Amyclæ, and Ortygia's ſhore.
Attentive to his tears and meek requeſt,
Phœbus from heaven deſcends, and ſtands confeſs'd,
Where, frowning hideous o'er the deeps below,
The rocks of Melans lift their ſhaggy brow.

Awhile on one of theſe he takes his ſtand,
His golden bow high lifting in his hand;
Aſſiſted by whoſe far-reflected light,
An iſle of ſmall extent attracts their ſight,
Amid the Sporades; againſt it ſtood
Hippuris, circled by the rolling flood.
Their anchors here they drop. Aurora's ray
Glimmer'd, and ſunk before the light of day.
A temple here o'er-arch'd with woods they raiſe,
And bid an altar to Apollo blaze,
On whom the name Æglete they beſtow;
For here the God diſplay'd his beamy bow.
Here, ſince on Argo's crew all bright he ſhone,
By the name Anaphe the iſle is known.
The ſcanty produce of this barren iſle
To Phœbus they on humble altars pile.
Each fair Phæacian in Medea's train,
Who oft had ſeen the fatted oxen ſlain
In king Alcinoüs' court, in laughter joins
At ſight of water pour'd on burning pines.
With well-diſſembled wrath the chiefs reprove
The laughing damſels, and the mirth they love.
A wordy altercation ſoon began,
And pleaſant raillery through the circle ran.

Hence,

Hence, to Æglete, on this feſtive day,
All who in Anaphe due honours pay,
Maidens and men, a mix'd aſſembly, join
In friendly conteſts and debates benign.
The halſers now were looſen'd from their hold,
And unreſtrain'd in ocean Argo roll'd,
When thus the dream of night, yet uneffac'd,
Revering Maia's ſon, Euphemus trac'd.
How, with cloſe graſp the ſacred clod compreſs'd,
Stream'd with a milky current at his breaſt.
And from this clod, though ſmall, his wondering eyes
Beheld a lovely, female form ariſe.
Charm'd with the beauteous fair, he ſoon reſign'd
To nuptial joys his love-devoted mind,
Lamenting ſtill that he the maid ſhould wed,
Whom at his foſtering breaſt with milk he fed.
" Thy children's nurſe am I," (the fair began,
Accoſting mild the diſconcerted man;)
" But not thy daughter: I from Triton came;
" (Triton and Libya my parents' name)
" He fix'd near Anaphe my watery cell,
" And bade me here with Nereus' daughters dwell.
" But now I haſten towards the ſun's bright ray,
" And to thy race the choiceſt boon convey."

This

This dream recurring to his mind again,
He told the leader of the gallant train,
Who, long revolving, thus at length reveal'd
Thoſe myſtic truths the Pythic ſhrine conceal'd:
'Ye Gods! what glory waits thy valorous deeds,
'What fame, Euphemus, to thy toil ſucceeds!
'For, when in ocean's bed this earth you fling,
'Thence (ſo the Gods ordain) an iſle ſhall ſpring;
'Here ſhall thy children's children late repoſe.
'Triton this hoſpitable gift beſtows:
'He tore from Afric's coaſt the treaſur'd ſoil;
'To him, of all the Gods, aſcribe the iſle.'
Thus ſpoke he preſcient, nor in vain divin'd:
Euphemus heard him with attentive mind;
Tranſported with the preſage, forth he ſprung,
And the myſterious clod in ocean flung.
Inſtant emerging from the refluent tides,
Calliſte's iſle diſplay'd its wave-waſh'd ſides,
Nurſe of Euphemus' race: in days of yore,
They dwelt on Sintian Lemnos' ſooty ſhore.
Exil'd from Lemnos by Etrurian force,
To Sparta's friendly walls they bent their courſe;
Ejected thence, Theras, Autefion's heir,
Bade him to fam'd Calliſte's iſle repair;

His

His name it took: th' events we now diſplay
Were unaccompliſh'd in Euphemus' day.
Vaſt tracts of ocean paſs'd, the joyous hoſt
Steer'd towards, and anchor'd on Ægina's coaſt.
They here propoſe a trial of their ſkill;
What chief can firſt the weighty bucket fill,
And, ere his fellows intercept his way,
Firſt to the ſhip the watery ſtore convey.
For parching thirſt, and winds that briſkly blew,
To the fleet courſe inclin'd the gallant crew.
His bucket now, repleniſh'd at the ſprings,
Each ſtout Theſſalian on his ſhoulder brings;
Intent the palm of conqueſt to obtain,
He ſcours with ſpeedy foot acroſs the plain.
Hail, happy race of heroes, and repay
With tributary praiſe my tuneful lay!
With pleaſure ſtill may diſtant times rehearſe
And added years on years exalt my verſe!
For here I fix the period of your woes,
And with your glorious toils my numbers cloſe.
Your galley looſen'd from Ægina's ſhore,
Waves diſcompos'd, and winds detain'd no more.
Serene ye ſail'd beſide th' Achaian ſtrand,
Where Cecrops' towers the ſubject main command,

Where

Where oppoſite Eubœa Aulis lies,
And where the Locrian cities lofty riſe,
Till Pagaſæ her friendly port diſplay'd,
Where rode triumphant Argo ſafe embay'd.

END OF THE ARGONAUTICS.

THE

RAPE OF HELEN;

OR,

The Origin of the *Trojan* War:

A GREEK POEM,

By *COLUTHUS*.

THE

RAPE OF HELEN, &c.

YE nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who trace
From Xanthus' fertile ſtreams your ancient race,
Oft on whoſe ſandy banks your tires are laid,
And many a trinket which your hands have made,
What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng,
To join the feſtive choir in dance and ſong;
No longer on your favourite banks repoſe,
But come, the judgment of the ſwain diſcloſe.
Say from what hills, to trackleſs deeps unknown,
Ruſh'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown;
Say to what end, with future ills replete,
O'er diſtant oceans ſail'd a mighty fleet;
What ſeas could this adventurous youth embroil,
Sow diſcord's ſeeds o'er what diſaſtrous ſoil?

Say

Say from what ſource aroſe the dire debate,
Which ſwains could end and Goddeſſes create.
What his deciſion? Of the Grecian dame
Who to the ſhepherd's ear convey'd the name?
Speak, for ye ſaw, on Ida's ſtill retreat,
Judicial Paris fill his ſhepherd's ſeat;
Venus ye ſaw, the Graces' darling queen,
As on her judge approv'd ſhe ſmil'd ſerene.

What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal ſongs for Peleus ſung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's requeſt,
Supplied with ſparkling wine each welcome gueſt;
And all the Gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Siſter of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.
Earth-ſhaking Neptune left his azure main,
And Jove ſupreme forſook his ſtarry plain:
From Helicon, with odorous ſhrubs o'erſpread,
The Muſes' tuneful choir Apollo led.
Him Juno follow'd, wife of ſovereign Jove:
With Harmony the ſmiling queen of Love
Haſten'd to join the Gods in Chiron's feſtive grove.
Cupid's full quiver o'er her ſhoulder thrown,
Perſuaſion follow'd with a bridal crown.
Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.

Diana

Diana to the Centaur's grove reſorts,
And for one day forgets her rural ſports.
His looſe locks ſhaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus ſtay'd.
War's God, as when to Vulcan's dome he ſped,
No ſpear his hand ſuſtain'd, no caſque his head,
Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from theſe bliſsful ſcenes was Diſcord warn'd;
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron ſcorn'd.
As by the gadfly ſtung, the heifer ſtrays
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, ſtung with envy, Diſcord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feaſt.
Oft from her flinty bed ſhe ruſh'd amain,
Then ſtood, then ſunk into her ſeat again:
With deſperate hand ſhe tore her ſnaky head,
And with a ſerpent-ſcourge ſhe laſh'd her flinty bed.
To dart the forky lightning, and command
From hell's abyſs the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel-arm to wreſt,
Were projects form'd within the fury's breaſt.
But, though incens'd, ſhe dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging fire.

Her purpoſe changing, ſhe with rattling arms
Diſſenſion meditates and dire alarms;
If haply clattering ſhields can ſtrike diſmay,
And from the nuptials drive the Gods away.
But Mars ſhe dreaded, oft in arms array'd,
And this new project with complacence weigh'd.
The burniſh'd apples, rich with golden rind,
Growth of Heſperian gardens, ſtruck her mind.
Reſolv'd contention's baneful ſeeds to ſow,
She tore the bluſhing apple from its bough,
Graſp'd the dire ſource whence future battles ſprung,
And midſt the Gods the golden miſchief flung.
The ſtately wife of Jove with wondering eyes
Beheld, and wiſh'd to graſp the golden prize.
Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple ſtrove;
For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.
Jove mark'd the conteſt, and, to cruſh debate,
Thus counſel'd Hermes, who beſide him ſat:
' Paris, perchance, from Priam ſprung, you know;
' His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
' And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,
' Through which his ſtreams the Phrygian Xanthus leads:
' Shew him yon prize, and urge him to declare
' Which of theſe Goddeſſes he deems moſt fair;

' In

'In whom, of all, his matchleſs ſkill can trace
'The cloſe-arch'd eyebrow and the roundeſt face,
'On ſuch a face, where bends the circling bow,
'The golden apple, beauty's prize, beſtow.'
Thus ſpoke the ſire: the willing ſon obey'd,
And to their judge the Deities convey'd.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries,
And dart new luſtre from her ſparkling eyes.
Her veil aſide inſidious Venus flung;
Looſe from the claſp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compreſs'd,
Summon'd her little Loves, and thus addreſs'd:
'Behold, my ſons, the hour of trial near!
'Embrace, my Loves, and bid me baniſh fear.
'This day's deciſion will enhance my fame,
'Crown beauty's queen, or ſink in endleſs ſhame.
'Doubting I ſtand, to whom the ſwain may ſay,
'Bear thou, moſt fair, the golden prize away.
'Nurs'd was each Grace by Juno's foſtering hand;
'And crowns and ſceptres ſhift at her command.
'Minerva dictates in th' embattled field;
'And heroes tremble when ſhe ſhakes her ſhield.
'Of all the Goddeſſes that rule above,
'Far moſt defenceleſs is the queen of Love.

'Without or ſpear or ſhield muſt Venus live;
'And crowns and ſceptres ſhe has none to give.
'Yet why deſpair? though with no falchion grac'd,
'Love's ſilken chain ſurrounds my ſlender waiſt.
'My bow this Ceſtus, this the dart I fling,
'And with this Ceſtus I infix my ſting.
'My ſting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
'And virgins languiſh, but revive again.'
Thus to her Loves the roſy-finger'd queen
Told all her fears, and vented all her ſpleen:
To every word they lent a willing ear,
Round their fond mother clung, and ſtrove to cheer.
And now they reach mount Ida's graſſy ſteep,
Where youthful Paris feeds his father's ſheep:
What time he tends them in the plains below,
Through which the waters of Anaurus flow,
Apart he counts his cattle's numerous ſtock,
Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock.
A wild goat's ſkin, around his ſhoulders caſt,
Looſe fell and flow'd below his girded waiſt.
A paſtoral ſtaff, which ſwains delight to hold,
His roving herds protected and controll'd.
Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his ſong,
He to his pipe melodious pac'd along.

Unnoted

Unnoted oft, while he renews his lay,
His flocks desert him, and his oxen stray.
Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praise of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repose;
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows:
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with sounds imperfect fills.
The cattle, slunk upon their verdant bed,
Close by their piping lord repose their head.
Beneath the shades which sheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with sudden fear impress'd,
And shuns the presence of the heavenly guest;
To the thick shrubs his tuneful reed conveys,
And all unfinish'd leaves his warbled lays.
Thus winged Hermes to the shepherd said,
Who mark'd the God's approach with silent dread:
'Dismiss thy fears, nor with thy flocks abide;
'A mighty contest Paris must decide.
'Haste, judge announc'd; for whose decision wait
'Three lovely females, of celestial state.
'Haste, and the triumph of that face declare,
'Which sweetest looks, and fairest midst the fair:

'Let her, whoſe form thy critic eye prefers,
'Claim beauty's prize, and be this apple hers.'
Thus Hermes ſpoke; the ready ſwain obey'd,
And to decide the mighty cauſe eſſay'd.
With keeneſt look he mark'd the heavenly dames;
Their eyes, quick flaſhing as the lightning's flames,
Their ſnowy necks, their garments fring'd with gold,
And rich embroidery wrought in every fold;
Their gait he mark'd, as gracefully they mov'd,
And round their feet his eye ſagacious rov'd.
But, ere the ſmiling ſwain his thoughts expreſs'd,
Graſping his hand him Pallas thus addreſs'd:
'Regard not, Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,
'Nor Venus heed, the queen of wedded love:
'But martial proweſs if thy wiſdom prize,
'Know, I poſſeſs it; praiſe me to the ſkies.
'Thee, fame reports, puiſſant ſtates obey,
'And Troy's proud city owns thy ſovereign ſway.
'Her ſuffering ſons thy conquering arm ſhall ſhield,
'And ſtern Bellona ſhall to Paris yield.
'Comply; her ſuccour will Minerva lend,
'Teach thee war's ſcience, and in fight defend.'
Thus Pallas ſtrove to influence the ſwain,
Whoſe favour Juno thus attempts to gain:

'Should'ſt

'Should'ſt thou with beauty's prize my charms reward,
'All Aſia's realms ſhall own thee for their lord.
'Say, what from battles but contention ſprings?
'Such conteſts ſhun; for what are wars to kings?
'But him, whoſe hands the rod of empire ſway,
'Cowards revere, and conquerors obey.
'Minerva's friends are oft Bellona's ſlaves,
'And the fiend ſlaughters whom the Goddeſs ſaves.'

Proffers of boundleſs ſway thus Juno made;
And Venus thus, contemptuous ſmiling, ſaid:
But firſt her floating veil aloft ſhe threw,
And all her graces to the ſhepherd ſhew;
Looſen'd her little Loves' attractive chain,
And tried each art to captivate the ſwain.

'Accept my boon,' (thus ſpoke the ſmiling dame)
'Battles forget, and dread Bellona's name.
'Beauty's rich meed at Venus' hand receive,
'And Aſia's wide domain to tyrants leave.
'The deathful fight, the din of arms I fear;
'Can Venus' hand direct the martial ſpear?
'Women with beauty ſtouteſt hearts aſſail,
'Beauty, their beſt defence, their ſtrongeſt mail.
'Prefer domeſtic eaſe to martial ſtrife,
'And to exploits of war a pleaſing wife.

'To realms extenſive Helen's bed prefer,
'And ſcoff at kingdoms, when oppos'd to her.
'Thy prize with envy Sparta ſhall ſurvey,
'And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.'

The ſhepherd, who aſtoniſh'd ſtood and mute,
Conſign'd to Venus the Heſperian fruit,
The claim of beauty, and the ſource of woes;
For dire debates from this deciſion roſe.
Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize,
She rallied thus the vanquiſh'd Deities:

'To me, ye martial dames, the prize reſign;
'Beauty I court, and beauty's prize is mine.
'Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too,
'Fame ſays, the choir of Graces ſprung from you:
'Yet diſtant far, this day, your daughters ſtray'd,
'And no one Grace appear'd to lend you aid.
'Mars too declin'd t' aſſert his mother's right,
'Though oft his brandiſh'd ſword decides the fight.
'His boaſted flames why could not Vulcan caſt,
'And at one blaze his mother's rivals blaſt?
'Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy ſcorn;
'Thou, not in wedlock, nor of woman born,
'Jove's teeming head the monſtrous birth contains,
'And the barb'd iron ripp'd thee from his brains.

' Brac'd with th' unyielding plaits of ruthleſs mail,
' She curſes Cupid and the ſilken veil.
' Connubial bliſs and concord ſhe abhors,
' In diſcord glories and delights in wars.
' Yet know, virago, not in feats of arms
' Triumph weak women, but in beauty's charms.
' Nor men nor women are thoſe mungrels baſe,
' Like you, equivocal in form and face.'
In terms like theſe the laughter-loving queen
Rallied her rivals, and increas'd their ſpleen,
As, lifting high, ſhe view'd with ſecret joy
Her beauty's triumphs and the bane of Troy.
Inſpir'd with love for her, the fair unknown,
By beauty's conquering queen pronounc'd his own,
Ill-fated Paris to the foreſt's maze
Men vers'd in Pallas' various arts conveys.
At Pericles' command they give the blow,
And lay the glories of the foreſt low.
He, artiſt fam'd, his frantic prince obey'd,
And burden'd ocean with the ſhips he made.
From Ida's ſummits ruſh'd the daring ſwain,
And to its bowery ſhades prefer'd the boiſterous main.
Th' extended beach with choice oblations ſtor'd,
And his protectreſs Venus oft implor'd;

The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides,
And in the Helleſpont his veſſel rides.
But prodigies announce approaching ill,
And with preſages ſad each boſom fill.
Up-heaving waves heaven's ſtarry concave ſhroud,
And round each Bear is caſt a circling cloud.
Clouds and big waves diſcharge their watery ſtores;
Full on the deck the burſting torrent pours.
Their ſturdy oars with unabating ſweep
Far whitening agitate the angry deep.
Dardanus paſs'd, and Ilion's fertile plains,
The mouth of Iſmarus' lake the adventurer gains.
Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height;
Now Phillis' riſing tomb attracts their ſight,
And the dull round ſhe nine times trode in vain,
To view the faithleſs wanderer again.
Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan ſpies
Th' Achaian cities unexpected riſe:
Phthia, with heroes far-renown'd replete;
Mycenæ, fam'd for many a ſpacious ſtreet.
Beſide the meads, where Erymanthus glides,
Sparta aſpires, that boaſts her beauteous brides;
Sparta with joy th' expecting ſwain ſurvey'd,
Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides ſway'd.

Nor diſtant far, o'erſhaded by a wood,
Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ ſtood.
Short was their voyage now: the bending oar
Was heard to laſh the foamy ſurge no more:
The ſailors, ſafe imboſom'd in the bay,
Firm to the beach confine the corded ſtay.
In purifying waters plung'd the ſwain,
And, riſing thence, pac'd ſlowly o'er the plain.
For much he fear'd, leſt his incautious tread
O'er his waſh'd feet the ſpatter'd mire ſhould ſpread;
Or leſt his hair, beneath his caſque confin'd,
Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind.
The city's ſplendor Paris' eye detains,
The citizens' abodes, and gliſtering fanes:
Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold portray'd,
Here Hyacinthus' image he ſurvey'd.
Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd,
Purſuing Phœbus and by him purſu'd;
But, ſore diſpleas'd at jealous Zephyr's ſpite,
They urg'd the ſtripling to unequal fight;
For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd,
To ſave from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd.
Earth with compaſſion heard Apollo's cries,
And from her boſom bade a flower ariſe,

His

His favourite's name, impreſs'd upon whoſe leaf,
Still, as the God contemplates, ſooths his grief.
Now Priam's ſon before Atrides' dome
Exulting ſtood in beauty's purple bloom.
Not Semele, by Jove's careſſes won,
On Jove beſtow'd ſo beautiful a ſon:
(Forgive me, Bacchus, ſeed of Jove ſupreme)
Such peerleſs graces round his perſon beam.
Touch'd by fair Helen's hand the bolts recede;
She to the ſpacious hall repair'd with ſpeed:
Her form diſtinct th' unfolded portals ſhew;
She look'd, ſhe ponder'd, and again withdrew.
Then on a radiant ſeat ſhe bade him reſt,
And, ſtill inſatiate, gaz'd upon her gueſt.
Awhile ſhe likens him in graceful mien
To Love, attendant on the Cyprian queen.
But 'tis not Love, ſhe recollects again;
Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant ſwain.
'Tis Bacchus ſure, the God of wine, ſhe ſaid;
For o'er his cheeks a roſy bloom is ſpread.
Daring at length her faltering voice to raiſe,
She thus expreſs'd her wonder and her praiſe:

'Whence art thou, ſtranger? whence thy comely
'race?
'Thy country tell me, and thy natal place.

'In

' In thee I mark the majeſty of kings:
' But not from Greece thy lofty lineage ſprings.
' Not ſandy Pyle thine origin can ſhew;
' I know not thee, though Neſtor's ſon I know.
' Phthia, the nurſe of heroes, train'd not thee;
' For known are all th' Æacidæ to me.
' Peleus, and Telamon renown'd in fight,
' Patroclus' courteſy, Achilles' might.'

Inſpir'd by love, thus ſpoke the gentle dame;
And he, thus anſwering, fann'd the riſing flame:

" If e'er recording fame, illuſtrious maid,
" Hath to thine ear great Ilion's name convey'd,
" Ilion, whoſe walls on Phrygian frontiers ſtand,
" Rear'd by Apollo's and by Neptune's hand;
" Him if thou know'ſt, moſt opulent of kings,
" Who reigns o'er Ilion, and from Saturn ſprings;
" I to hereditary worth aſpire;
" The wealthy Priam is my honour'd ſire.
" My high deſcent from Dardanus I prove;
" And ancient Dardanus deſcends from Jove.
" Th' Immortals thus forſake the realms of light,
" And mix with mortals in the ſocial rite.
" Neptune and Phœbus thus forſook the ſphere,
" Firm on its baſe my native Troy to rear.

" But

" But know, on three fair Goddeſſes, of late,
" Sentence I paſs'd, and clos'd the long debate.
" On Venus, who with charms ſuperior ſhone,
" I laviſh'd praiſes and conferr'd my boon.
" The Cyprian Goddeſs, pleas'd with my decree,
" Reſerv'd this recompence, O queen, for me;
" Some faithful fair, poſſeſs'd of heavenly charms,
" Should, ſhe proteſted, bleſs my longing arms;
" Helen her name, to beauty's queen ally'd;
" Helen, for thee I ſtemm'd the troubled tide.
" Unite we now in Hymen's myſtic bands;
" Thus love inſpires, and Venus thus commands.
" Scorn not my ſuit, nor beauty's queen deſpiſe:
" More need I add to influence the wiſe?
" For well thou know'ſt, how daſtardly and baſe
" Is Menelaus's degenerate race.
" And well I know, that Græcia's ample coaſt
" No fair like thee, for beauty fam'd, can boaſt."
He ſaid; on earth her ſparkling eyes ſhe caſt,
Embarraſs'd paus'd awhile, and ſpoke at laſt:
' To viſit Ilion, and her towers ſurvey,
' Rear'd by the God of ocean and of day,
' (Stupendous labours by Celeſtials wrought)
' Hath oft, illuſtrious gueſt, employ'd my thought.

" Oft

' Oft have I wiſh'd to ſaunter o'er the vales,
' Whoſe flowery paſture Phœbus' flocks regales;
' Where, beneath Ilion's walls, along the meads,
' The ſhepherd-God his lowing oxen feeds.
' To Ilion I'll attend thee: haſte, away;
' For beauty's queen forbids our long delay.
' No huſband's threats, no huſband's ſearch I dread,
' Though he to Troy ſuſpect his Helen fled.
The Spartan dame, of matchleſs charms poſſeſs'd,
Proffer'd theſe terms to her conſenting gueſt.
Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright ſun,
In ocean ſunk, his daily courſe has run,
Now gives her ſofteſt ſlumbers, ere the ray
Of riſing morn proclaims th' approach of day.
Two gates of airy dreams ſhe opens wide;
Of poliſh'd horn is this, where truths abide:
Voices divine through this myſterious gate
Proclaim th' unalterable will of fate.
But through the ivory-gate inceſſant troop
Of vain, deluſive dreams a faithleſs group.
Helen, ſeduc'd from Menelaus' bed,
Th' adventurous ſhepherd to his navy led;
To Troy with ſpeed he bears the fatal freight;
For Venus' proffers confidence create.

At morning's dawn Hermione appears,
With treſſes diſcompos'd and bath'd in tears.
She rous'd her menial train; and thus expreſs'd
The boding ſorrows of her troubled breaſt:
'Where, fair attendants, is my mother fled,
'Who left me ſleeping in her lonely bed?
'For yeſternight ſhe took her truſty key,
'Turn'd the ſtrong bolt, and ſlept ſecure with me.'
Her hapleſs fate the penſive train deplore,
And in thick circles gather round the door;
Here all contend to moderate her grief,
And by their kind condolence give relief:
'Unhappy princeſs, check the riſing tear;
'Thy mother, abſent now, will ſoon appear.
'Soon as thy ſorrow's bitter ſource ſhe knows,
'Her ſpeedy préſence will diſpel thy woes.
'The virgin-cheek, with ſorrow's weight o'ercome,
'Sinks languid down and loſes half its bloom.
'Deep in the head the tearful eye retires,
'There ſullen ſits, nor darts its wonted fires.
'Eager, perchance, the band of nymphs to meet,
'She ſaunters devious from her favourite-ſeat,
'And, of ſome flowery mead at length poſſeſs'd,
'Sinks on the dew-beſpangled lawn to reſt.

'Or

'Or to ſome kindred ſtream perchance ſhe ſtrays,
'Bathes in Eurotas' ſtreams, and round its margin plays.'

'Why talk ye thus?' (the penſive maid replies,
The tears of anguiſh trickling from her eyes)
'She knows each roſeate bower, each vale and hill,
'She knows the courſe of every winding rill.
'The ſtars are ſet; on rugged rocks ſhe lies:
'The ſtars are up; nor does my mother riſe.
'What hills, what dales thy devious ſteps detain?
'Hath ſome relentleſs beaſt my mother ſlain?
'But beaſts, which lawleſs round the foreſt rove,
'Revere the ſacred progeny of Jove.
'Or art thou fallen from ſome ſteep mountain's brow,
'Thy corſe conceal'd in dreary dells below?
'But through the groves, with thickeſt foliage crown'd,
'Beneath each ſhrivel'd leaf that ſtrews the ground,
'Aſſiduous have I ſought thy corſe in vain:
'Why ſhould we then the guiltleſs grove arraign?
'But have Eurotas' ſtreams, which rapid flow,
'O'erwhelm'd thee bathing in its deeps below?
'Yet in the deeps below the Naiads live,
'And they to womankind protection give.'

Thus ſpoke ſhe ſorrowing, and reclin'd her head;
And ſleeping ſeem'd to mingle with the dead.
For ſleep his elder brother's aſpect wears;
Lies mute like him, and undiſturb'd by cares.
Hence the ſwoln eyes of females, deep diſtreſs'd,
Oft, when the tear is trickling, ſink to reſt.
In this deluſive dream the ſleeping maid
Her mother ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, portray'd.
Aloud ſhe ſhriek'd, diſtracted and amaz'd,
And utter'd thus her anguiſh as ſhe gaz'd:
'Laſt night, far diſtant from your daughter fled,
'You left me ſlumbering in my father's bed.
'What dangerous ſteeps have not I ſtrove to gain?
'And ſtroll'd o'er hills and dales for thee in vain?'
"Condemn me not; (replied the wandering dame)
"Pity my ſufferings, nor augment my ſhame.
"Me yeſterday a lawleſs gueſt beguil'd,
"And diſtant tore me from my darling child.
"At Cytherea's high command I rove;
"And once more revel in the walks of love."
She ſaid: her voice the ſleeping maid alarms;
She ſprings to claſp her mother in her arms.
In vain: no mother meets her wiſtful eyes;
And now her tears redouble and her cries:

' Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light,
' To Crete's fam'd iſle direct your rapid flight.
' There to my ſire th' unwelcome truth proclaim,
' How yeſterday a deſperate vagrant came,
' Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,
' And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.'
The reſtleſs fair, her mother to regain,
Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain.
The Thracian town diminiſh'd from their view,
And fleet o'er Helle's ſtrait the veſſel flew.
The bridegroom now his natal coaſt deſcry'd,
And to the Trojan port conducts his bride.
Caſſandra from her tower beheld them ſail,
And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil.
But hoſpitable Troy unbars her gate,
Receives her citizen and ſeals her fate.

THE END.

NOTES

TO THE

ARGONAUTICS.

BOOK I.

V. 1. *INſpir'd by thee,* ---] Thus begins Homer's Batrachomyachia, the 17th Id. of Theocritus, and Aratus's poem.

See alſo on theſe words the Gr. Schol. and Hoelzlinus's note.

V. 3. *Whom Pelias* ---] For Pelias; Æſon, &c. See the preface.

Colchos, now called Mengrelia, is bounded on the north by part of Sarmatia; on the weſt by ſo much of the Euxine ſea, as extends from the river Corax to the mouth of the river Phaſis, on the ſouth by part of Cappadocia, and on the eaſt by Iberia.

V. 5. *Thro' the Cyanean rocks.*]

——————————when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſphorus betwixt the juſtling rocks.
Milton's Par. Loſt, B. ii. 1017.

Two rocks at the entrance of the Euxine ſea, called *ſymplegades* by the Grecians, by Juvenal *concurrentia ſaxa*; becauſe they were ſo near, that, as a ſhip varied its courſe, they ſeemed to open and ſhut; or, as Mil-

ton expreſſes it, to *juſtle* one another. They were alſo called *cyanean*, from their dark colour.

V. 13. *Anaurus paſt*, ---] A river in Theſſaly, according to Apollonius, Callimachus, and others. But ſome are of opinion, that Anaurus, as its etymology implies, is the general name of any torrent. Valerius Flaccus, relating the ſame ſtory, mentions the river Enipeus.

V. 33. *Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's ſhore*] The Pæonians of Thrace lived upon the Hebrus; and all the people of that region were at one time great in ſcience. The Grecians acknowledged they were greatly indebted to them; and the Muſes were ſaid to have come from thoſe parts. The Pierians were as famed for poetry and muſic, as the Pæonians were for phyſic. Thamyras, Eumolpus, Linus, Thymætes and Muſæus, were ſuppoſed to have been of this country. Orpheus alſo is aſcribed to Thrace; who is ſaid to have ſoothed the ſavage rage, and to have animated the very rocks to harmony. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 35. *Hard rocks, &c.* ---] Mulcentem tigres & agentem carmine quercus.---*Virg. Geor.* iv. 510.

V. 42. *By Chiron's art to Jaſon's intereſt gain'd.*] Orpheus, in the Argonautic poem aſcribed to him, gives the ſame account of himſelf.

Καὶ μ' ἔτικτεν ἀθάρην πολυδαίδαλον εἰλύνοδα,
Ὄρεσσι κέ τοι μέλπων περοχέω μελιγήρυν ἀοιδὴν,
Κηλήσω δέ τε θῆρας ἰὼ ἑρπετὰ καὶ πετεηνά. **Orph. Arg. 71.**

V. 71. *Caneus* ---] It is fabled that this perſon was a Theſſalian virgin, the daughter of Elatus, one of the Lapithæ; who, having been violated by Neptune, obtained of him, as the reward of her proſtitution, that ſhe might be transformed into a man, and rendered invulnerable. Thus changing her ſex, ſhe changed her name into Cœneus, being before called Cœnis. See Ovid's Met. and Virg. Æn. vi. 448.

V. 79.

V. 79. *From Titareſus* ---] Mopſus was ſurnamed the Titareſian, from Titareſus, the name of a place and river in Theſſaly. Thus Heſiod in Scut. Herc. L. 181.

Μόψον Ἀμπυκίδην Τιταρήσιον——

V. 125. *Theſeus* ---] Theſeus, by the help of his friend Pirithoüs, had ſtolen Helen from the temple of Diana, and carried her off: in return for this ſervice, he aſſiſted Pirithoüs in the rape of Proſerpine. In order to accompliſh this deſign, they went down to the infernal regions together: but Pluto, having diſcovered their intentions, expoſed Pirithöus to the dog Cerberus, who devoured him, and chained Theſeus to the mountain Tænarus. *Plutarch's life of Theſeus.*

V. 138. *Tho' Argus wrought* ---] Apollonius calls him Ἄργος ἀρεστορίδης, the ſon of Areſtor. But Banier remarks that we ought to read (as Meziriac has recommended) ἀλεκτορίδης, the ſon of Alector. For Argus, the ſon of Areſtor, preceded the time of the Argonauts eight or nine generations: but moſt of the ancients agree, that the ſhip Argo was built by Argus, the ſon of Alector, who lived in the time of the Argonauts. *Banier's Myth. vol.* iv.

V. 147. --- *Pero* ---] Iphiclus had ſeized upon the oxen of Tyro, the mother of Neleus. Theſe Neleus demands, but is denied by Iphiclus. Pero, the daughter of Neleus, was promiſed in marriage to him who recovered theſe oxen from Iphiclus. Melampus undertakes the recovery; but being vanquiſhed is thrown into priſon.---See Homer's Od. B. xi. 290.

V. 174. *Prophetic Idmon* ---] He is mentioned in the ſame manner by Orpheus and Valerius Flaccus:

——————Ἄβαντος παῖς τόθος ἦλυθε κάρτερος Ἴδμων,
Τόν ῥ' ὑποκυσαμένη τέκεν Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι
Ἀμβρόσιον παρὰ χεῦμα Φερητιὰς Ἀνδιάνειρα,
Τῷ καὶ μαντοσύνην ἔπορε καὶ θέσφατον ὀμφὴν
Φοῖβος. Orph. Arg. 185.

——————— Phebeius Idmon,
Cui genitor tribuit monita prænoſcere Divûm
Omina, ſeu flammas, ſeu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget aera pennis.
Val. Flac. B. i. 228.

V. 180. *Omens from birds, and prodigies from fire.*] There were two grand diviſions of the religious ceremonies of the ancients, *viz.* into ἔμπυρα and ἄπυρα, *i. e.* thoſe where fire was heaped upon the altar, and thoſe which were not accompanied with fire. The σήματα ἔμπυρα were obſervations made from the victims at the time they were burning; which was the province of the Haruſpices: the σήματα ἄπυρα referred to the flight of birds, and ſuch obſervations as the augurs collected from them. Thus Euripides in Bacchæ, v. 257.

Σκοπεῖν ἐλέφαντες, καμπύλων μιθὲς φέρειν·

V. 197. *And gave the power* ---] Thus Ovid:

——————— cui poſſe figuras
Sumere quas vellet, rurſuſque reponere ſumptas,
Neptunus dederat, Nelei ſanguinis auctor. *Met.* xii. 555.

And Seneca:

Sumere innumeras ſolitum figuras. *Med.* 635.

V. 222. *Euphemus* ---] The text has Polyphemus; which is undoubtedly a falſe reading, as Valerius Flaccus and Pauſanias ſeem to confirm. The annotator to Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, not ſuſpecting this, was led into a pleaſant miſtake. "If Polyphemus (ſays he, Od. ix. 569.) had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have deſtroyed Ulyſſes without throwing this mountain: but Apollonius is undoubtedly guilty of an abſurdity, and one might rather believe that he would ſink the earth at every ſtep, than run upon the waters with ſuch lightneſs as not to wet his feet." As this deſcription of the ſwiftneſs of Euphemus is originally taken from Homer's account of the

mares of Erichthonius, ſo Virgil's deſcription of Camilla's ſwiftneſs ſeems copied from theſe beautiful lines of Apollonius. See Pope's Il. B. xx. 270.

Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain:
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneres curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

V. 251. --- *Palæmonius* ---] Our poet in his account of this hero follows Orpheus very cloſely: Valerius Flaccus makes no mention of him.

V. 273. *They, when on tip-toe* ---] Milton's deſcription of Raphael is ſimilar to this:

——————— like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide; &c. *Par. L.* B. v. 285.

Apollonius in this beautiful deſcription has far exceeded his venerable maſter; who ſays only,

——————— ταρσοῖσιν ὑπηνατίοις πεπόλητο
Ζήτης καὶ Κάλαΐς, δέμας εἴκελοι ἀθανάτοισιν. Orph. Arg. 219.

V. 287. --- *Minyas' daughter* ---] The Argonauts were diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Minyæ: a title which they took as being deſcended from the daughters of Minyas, a Bœotian prince, the ſon of Orchomenus, who built a city of that name in Bœotia.

V. 291. --- *Iolchos* ---] A city of Theſſaly, and the birth-place of Jaſon. It was alſo called Lariſſa (as Pomponius Mela aſſerts); hence Lariſſæus Achilles. *Virg.*

V. 292. --- *the Pagaſæan bay.*] Pagaſæ is a town and promontory of Theſſaly. Here Argo was built;

and

and from that circumſtance, ἀπὸ τῆς ναυπηγίας, the bay is ſuppoſed to have derived its name.

V. 319. --- *Phrixus* ---] For an account of Phrixus ſee the preface.

V. 327. *Alcimeda embrac'd her ſon with tears,*] This affecting ſcene is extremely natural, and drawn by our poet in a manner the moſt maſterly. He is no where happier than in the execution of theſe pathetic pieces. This parting interview, the epiſode of Hypſipyla, and the loves of Medea and Jaſon have been admired and imitated by the poets of ancient and modern times.

V. 379. *Haſte, royal mother,* --] Thus Telemachus addreſſes his mother in Homer, and Turnus in Virgil.

Tears and apprehenſions of danger were deemed bad preſages, when the people were going to war.

> **Ne, quæſo, ne me lacrymis, neve omine tanto**
> **Proſequere, in duri certamina martis euntem.**
>
> *Virg. Æn.* xii. 72.

> **——— O royal mother, ceaſe your fears,**
> **Nor ſend me to the fight with boding tears.** *Pitt.*

V. 384. --- *So moves the God of day*] Virgil has manifeſtly borrowed this compariſon, and applied it to Æneas. B. iv. 143.

> **As when from Lycia, bound in wintry froſt,**
> **Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,**
> **The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,**
> **And hears in Delos, &c.** *Pitt.*

V. 447. *With beeves return, the beſt* ---] It was requiſite to reſerve the beſt of the flocks and herds for the altar: they muſt be ſound and perfect in all their limbs, or they would be deemed a very unfit offering for the Gods. Thus Achilles in Homer offers up to Apollo --- ἀρνῶν κυίσσων αἰγῶντε τελείων. τοῖς θεοῖς ὡς τελείοις προτάγειν χρὴ τέλεια, ſays Euſtathius on this paſſage.

paſſage. It is the precept of Virgil, that the cattle which are deſigned for the plough, for breeding and *ſacrifices*, ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by particular marks, and ſeparated from the reſt.

Continuoque notas, & nomina gentis inurunt.

Georg. iii. 158.

V. 456. *Example fir'd* ---] The poet through this whole deſcription is agreeably circumſtantial. He paints the buſy ſcene before us in the livelieſt colours. We are preſent to all the labours of his heroes. We ſee them conſtructing, launching and manning their ſhip, chooſing their ſeats, erecting their altar, and offering ſacrifice. We feel ourſelves already intereſted, and cannot help joining with Jaſon in his prayer, that ſucceſs may crown their enterprize.

V. 503. *Embaſian Phœbus*, ---] *Embaſian* and *Ecbaſian* are epithets which they applied to their tutelar God at the inſtant of their embarkation, and when they were about to land.

V. 551. *Tho' various toils* ---] This ſpeech of Idmon is calculated to excite our admiration and pity. We cannot but admire the courage and calmneſs of the hero, when he diſcloſes to his comrades the purpoſe of Apollo. He tells them, in a prophetic ſtrain, that they would be expoſed to dangers, but ſucceſsful at laſt; that, as to himſelf, he knew his doom, which was, that he muſt die in a diſtant country long before their return. Homer repreſents his hero *weeping* at his fate, "Ως ἄρ' ἔφη δακρυοχέων: our poet reſerves the tears of ſorrow for them, from whom they fall with a better grace;

——— *the hoſt* the fate of Idmon mourn.

V. 581. *Now by this lance* ---] This circumſtance ſeems to be borrowed from that noble one of Achilles ſwearing by his ſceptre in Homer; which paſſage both

both Virgil and Valerius Flaccus have cloſely imitated.

V. 599. --- *the Aloïdæ* ---] Iphimedia, the daughter of Triopas and wife of Alöeus, fell in love with Neptune, by whom ſhe had two ſons, Ephialtes and Otus. Preſuming on their gigantic ſtrength, they attempted to dethrone Jupiter; but were ſlain (as Homer and Pindar relate, and after them Apollonius) by Apollo at Naxus, and thrown into Tartarus by Pluto.

V. 617. *'Twas then*, ---] The following lines, to v. 720. are taken from Mr. Weſt's tranſlation of the ſong of Orpheus, and the ſetting out of the Argonauts; but many paſſages are much altered.

V. 621. *How at the firſt*, ---]

> Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
> Semina terrarumque animæque mariſque fuiſſent, &c.
>
> *Virg. Ec.*

For a full illuſtration of the propriety and beauty of this ſong, which Scaliger condemns, I beg leave to ſubjoin Mr. Wharton's judicious criticiſm, in his *Obſervations on Spenſer's Fairy Queen.* "Scaliger finds great fault with the ſubject of this ſong, and prefers to it the ſubject of Orpheus's ſong in Valerius Flaccus. By this piece of criticiſm he has betrayed his ignorance of the nature of ancient poeſy, and of the character of Orpheus. But the propriety of the ſubject of this ſong is eaſily to be defended without conſidering the character of Orpheus. The occaſion of it was a quarrel among the Argonauts, whom Orpheus endeavours to pacify with the united powers of muſic and verſe. To this it may be added, that a ſong whoſe ſubject is religious, and which aſſerts the right of Jupiter to the poſſeſſion of Olympus, was even expedient, as one of the chiefs had but juſt before

fore ſpoken blaſphemy againſt him. Nor were the auditors of ſo mean a rank as Scaliger would repreſent them: he terms them *Viri Militares*; but it ſhould be conſidered, that they were *Princes* and *Demi-Gods*. There is one circumſtance belonging to the ſong of Orpheus in Apollonius, which gives it a manifeſt ſuperiority to that of Orpheus in Valerius Flaccus, I mean the deſign of it, which was, to expreſs the vehemence of the paſſions, at once ſo agreeable to the well-known character of Orpheus, and ſo expreſſive of the irreſiſtible influence of muſic. In the Latin poet, Orpheus ſings upon no occaſion, and to no end, unleſs to make the night paſs away more pleaſantly."

V. 636. *Ophion*, ---] Milton has undoubtedly copied this paſſage, Par. L. B. x. 580.

——————— how the ſerpent whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, &c.

Apollonius, as well as Milton, has hinted that Ophion was of the ſerpent-race. ——— the vaſt ſpecies of the ſerpent-breed.

The upper part of Eurynome was a perfect figure of a woman; the lower part, from the thighs downward, terminated in the tail of a fiſh. *Lucian.*

V. 649. *Here the ſweet bard* ---] The effect, which the harp and voice of Orpheus had upon the Argonauts, is here elegantly deſcribed. When the poet had ended his ſong, they, intent and bending towards him, ſtill liſtened, and imagined him ſtill ſinging. Milton follows Apollonius very cloſe:

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear.
Par. L. B. viii. 1.

V. 57. *Then on the flaming tongues* ---] It was the cuſtom

cuſtom of the ancients at their ſolemn feſtivals, before they went to reſt, to ſacrifice the tongues of the victims to Mercury, the God of eloquence, pouring on them a libation of wine. This was done, either with a deſign to make an expiation for any indecent language that had been ſpoken (as was the caſe about fifty lines above) or to ſignify, that what had been there ſpoken, ought not to be divulged or remembered afterward.

V. 669. *Endu'd with voice,* ---] The ancient writers, as well hiſtorians as poets, are full of theſe wonders. The ſpeech of Achilles's horſe to his maſter is well known. Among the many prodigies, which are ſaid to have appeared at the death of Julius Cæſar, this, Virgil informs us, was one, --- *pecudeſque locutæ.* Appian expreſsly ſays that an ox ſpoke with an human voice. Livy has given us the ſpeech of one of theſe animals on a certain occaſion:

Quod maximè terrebat Conſulem Cn. Domitium, bovem locutum, "Roma tibi cave." *Lib.* xxxv.

This ſhip was indeed built out of ſome ſacred timber from the grove of Dodona, which was ſacred to Jupiter Tomarias: and on this account it was ſaid to have been oracular, and to have given verbal reſponſes.

V. 670. *Itonian* ---] Minerva was ſo called from Itonis, a city of Theſſaly, where ſhe was worſhipped.

V. 698. *The parted ocean whitening* ---] The poets are fond of expreſſing the activity of the rowers, and the velocity of the ſhip, by the effect which the ſtroke of their oars, and the track of the keel produce on the waters.

——— λεύκαινεν ὕδωρ ξεστῆς ἐλάτῃσιν. Od. μ'. 172.
Totaque remigio ſpumis incanuit unda. *Catull.*
Et freta caneſcunt, ſulcam ducente carinâ. *Manil.*

V. 701.

V. 701, *Th' immortal Powers* ---] Apollonius, anxious to impreſs on his readers a juſt idea of the importance of his ſubject, has, in the true ſpirit of Homer, repreſented all the Gods looking down upon Argo, as if intereſted in the ſucceſs of her voyage.

V. 717. *With Chiron came* ---] Achilles was educated under Chiron. The circumſtance of Chariclo's raiſing up young Achilles in her arms, to ſhew him his father Peleus, is exceedingly beautiful and ſtriking. From this action we may alſo fairly conjecture, that this famous expedition preceded the ſiege of Troy, probably, about thirty years; *viz.* from the infancy of Achilles to his arrival at perfect manhood.

V. 752. *Corn-crown'd Theſſalia* ---] On the epithet πιερίη, which the poet here applies to Theſſaly, and which ſeems to have perplexed the commentators, Mr. Bryant makes the following ingenious remark: "The Pelaſgi ſettled very early in Theſſaly, to which they gave the name *Aëria*. This was the ancient name of Egypt, from whence this people came. They likewiſe called the ſame country Ai Monah, Regio Lunaris; which the poets changed to Hæmonia."

V. 759. *And Dolops' tomb*; ---] The ſcholiaſt tells us, this Dolops was the ſon of Hermes, and ſlain at Magneſia; where they erected a monument, near the ſhore, to his memory.

V. 766. --- *Aphetæ* ---] The place from which they ſet ſail was named from that event *Aphetæ*. It is a town and port of Magneſia in Theſſaly.

V. 778. *Tall Athos* ---] Plutarch and Pliny aſſert, that this mountain is ſo high, as to project its ſhade, when the ſun is in the ſummer-ſolſtice, on the market-place of the city Myrina. *Univ Hiſt.*

——— ingenti tellurem proximus umbrâ
Veſtit Athos, nemorumque obſcurat imagine pontum.
Stat. Theb.

V. 793.

V. 793. *For angry Venus* ---] "The deſcription of Venus, enraged againſt the men of Lemnos for neglecting her temple, repreſents her (ſays Mr. Spence in his Polymetis) rather as the Goddeſs of Jealouſy, than of Love. There is no figure of her under this character, nor any deſcription in any of the Roman poets *before the third age.*" Had the learned author conſulted Apollonius, he would have ſeen to whom Valerius was indebted for this deſcription of Venus, as the Goddeſs of Jealouſy. The paſſage is indiſputably borrowed from our poet. So true is it, what Mr. Gray has obſerved of this writer, that had he conſulted the Greek authors, they would have afforded him more inſtruction on the very heads he profeſſes to treat, than all the other writers put together. See Gray's 5th letter to Mr. Walpole.

V. 826. --- *like the Bacchanalian band,*] The Lemnian women are here repreſented as ſavage as the Thyades, who delighted in bloody banquets. Upon this the ſcholiaſt obſerves, that the Mænades and Bacchæ uſed to devour the raw limbs of animals which they had cut or torn aſunder. In the iſland of Chios it was a religious cuſtom to tear a man limb from limb by way of ſacrifice to Dionuſus: the ſame in Tenedos. Hence we may learn one ſad truth, that there is ſcarce any thing ſo impious and unnatural, as not at times to have prevailed. *Bryant's Myth. vol.* ii. *p.* 13.

V. 852. *For Boreas* ---] There is a judicious note on this paſſage, inſerted in an elegant edition of our poet, lately publiſhed at Oxford; which I ſhall venture to give the reader: "Licet ventus Boreas Argonautis ad curſum continuandum *ſecundus* eſſet, non tamen ſolverunt." Mihi perſpectum eſt nihil veri his ineſſe. Non enim ventus Aquilo ſecundus eſt tendentibus in Pontum, ſed *adverſum tenet.* Hoc ergo

Apollonius

Apollonius indicat, Minyas non ſolviſſe illo mane, ex inſulâ Lemno, quod Aquilo, qui ipſis in Pontum porrecturis adverſus erat, flaret. *Weſſeling. Obſerv. p.* 130.

This obſervation appears to be juſt. Yet is it no unuſual thing with the poets to put one wind for another. The moſt judicious and accurate of the Roman poets is not exempt from errors of this kind. "The deſcription of the departure of Æneas from Carthage is not only inconſiſtent with truth and probability, in this reſpect, but contradictory to itſelf. He ſails in the morning with a *weſt* wind, which is very improperly called favourable; but before he is out of ſight of Carthage, we find him purſuing his courſe with a *north* wind, which is ſtill more contrary to his intended courſe." See *an Eſſay on the original Genius and Writings of Homer.*

V. 913. --- *Hypſipyla aroſe,*] Dido is the Hypſipyla of Virgil. The latter, as Hoelzlinus ſpeaks, is the archetype of the former.

V. 949. *A mantle* ---] This mantle, which Pallas gave to Jaſon, and the ſimile of the ſtar, to which he is compared, are beautiful ſpecimens of our poet's talent for deſcription. We ſhall find him, in the more deſcriptive parts of his poem, riſing greatly above that equal mediocrity which ſome critics have aſcribed to him.

V. 971. *Behind, Amphion* ---] The fable of Thebes being built by the power of muſic is not in Homer, and therefore may be ſuppoſed to be of later invention. See *Pope's Od.* B. xi. 320.

V. 982. *The Taphians,* ---] The Teleboans, or Taphians (ſo called from the iſland Taphos which they inhabited) coming to Argos, ſtole the oxen of Electryon, the father of Alcmena: a battle enſued, in which himſelf and ſons were ſlain.

V. 988. *This Pelops drove,* ---] Hippodamia was

the daughter of Œnomaüs, king of Elis and Pisa. She was a princess of great beauty, and had many admirers. Œnomaüs having been informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son-in-law, endeavoured to deter the suitors from paying their addresses to his daughter, by proposing a chariot-race. The terms were; that he who conquered him in the race should obtain his daughter, but that he who proved unsuccessful should be put to death. Pelops, whom Hippodamia was most attached to, accepted the dangerous conditions, and contended with Œnomäus. The plan which his daughter had concerted with Myrtilus, the charioteer, of loosening the pin of the wheel, succeeded to her wish. The pin flew out, the chariot was overthrown, and victorious Pelops claimed the lady as his prize.

V. 997. *At mighty Tityus aim'd,* ---] Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus was born: who, from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections on the earth, as if he had sprung from it, is fabled to be the son of the earth.

V. 1132. *And let him revel* ---] This is an oblique, but very severe sarcasm on Jason.

V. 1161. *And if with offspring* ---] That there was offspring appears from Homer's Il. B. vii.

> And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' sands,
> With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
> Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
> A thousand measures to the royal tent;
> Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
> To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.

These verses, says Mr. Pope, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity: as that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle; who succeeded his mother

ther in the kingdom of Lemnos: that Samos was anciently famous for its wines; and that coined money was not in uſe at the time of the Trojan war; but the trade of the countries carried on by exchange in braſs, oxen, ſlaves, &c. as appears by two lines further:

> Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave,
> Some braſs, or iron, ſome an ox, or ſlave.

V. 1187. *That there initiated* ---] All that were initiated into the Cabiritic myſteries were thought effectually ſecured from ſtorms at ſea, and all other dangers: and the influence of the Cabirian prieſts was particularly implored by mariners for ſucceſs in their voyages. *Potter. Bryant.*

V. 1193. *Thence the black main* ---] So named from a bay, which lies weſt of the Thracian Cherſoneſus; called Melas from a river of that name.

V. 1207. *An ancient iſland* ---] Cyzicus, or Cyzicum according to Strabo, is an iſland in the Propontis, joined by two bridges to the continent. The ſtrait, over which theſe bridges were thrown, being in a courſe of years filled up, an iſthmus was formed, and the iſland became a peninſula: to this iſthmus the poet alludes. *Strabo. Hoelz.*

V. 1235. *Here the rope-faſten'd ſtone* ---] It is obſervable that the name of an anchor does no where occur in Homer. The ſhips of which he ſpeaks had only a rudder and ballaſt. Neither was there any metal employed in the conſtruction of them; the timbers were faſtened together with pegs.

We muſt not therefore wonder at the rude expedient, to which the Argonauts had recourſe, in theſe ſtill earlier times.

V. 1299. *As near* ---]

Ac veluti magnâ juvenum cum denſa ſecuri
Silva labat; cuneiſque gemit grave robur adactis;
Jamque abies, piceæque ſuunt: ſic dura ſub ictu
Oſſa virûm malæque ſonant, ſparſuſque cerebro
Albet ager. *Val. Flac.* L. iii. 163.

V. 1380. *There ſtands the tomb,* ---] The moſt ancient tombs were very ſimple: they were nothing more than hillocks of earth heaped up over the grave. This the Romans called *Tumulus*. Sometimes we find an oar, or pillar erected over it in honour of the deceaſed. Thus we read in Homer;

Τύμβον χεύαιλες, καὶ ἐπὶ σκλὴν ἐρύσαιλες,
Πήξαμεν ἀκροτάτῳ τύμβῳ ἐυτῆρες ἐρετμὸν.

See *Bp. Louth's note on Iſaiah* liii. 9.

V. 1384. --- *round her neck ſhe tied*] Some nicer critics may be offended that Clita ſhould die in ſo vulgar a manner: but this objection is owing to a want of conſidering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. Amata, the mother of Turnus, in the 12th book of the Æneid, hangs herſelf. In the 11th book of the Odyſſey Jocaſta dies in like manner, and likewiſe in the Œdipus of Sophocles.

V. 1399. *Sift coarſeſt meal, and at the public mill.*] It was cuſtomary for families to grind their own corn. For this purpoſe they made uſe of hand-mills. Wind and water-mills were a later invention. They employed their ſlaves at this work: and ſometimes it was inflicted on them as the heavieſt puniſhment.

Molendum in piſtrind, vapulandum, habendæ compedes.
Ter. Phorm.

See *Bp. Lowth's Iſaiah*, page 217.

Here we find, not a ſingle family, but a whole people, annually, in token of mortification and ſorrow, labouring

labouring together at one common mill, and partaking of the bread of affliction, which is of the coarſer kind, and unbaked.

V. 1406. *A beauteous Halcyon*, ---] Ceyx, king of Thrace, married Alcyone, the daughter of Æolus. On a voyage to conſult the Delphic oracle, he was ſhipwrecked. His corpſe was thrown aſhore in ſight of his wife, who, in the agonies of love and deſpair, threw herſelf into the ſea. The Gods, in pity to her fidelity, changed her and her huſband into the birds which bear her name. The halcyons very ſeldom appear, but in the fineſt weather: whence they are fabled to build their neſts on the waves. The female is no leſs remarkable than the turtle for her conjugal affection. When the halcyons are ſurprized by a tempeſt, they fly about as in the utmoſt terrors, and with the moſt lamentable cries.

V. 1418. *There Cybele* ---] The worſhip of Cybele was famous in Phrygia. Her prieſts, ſounding their tabrets and ſtriking their bucklers with ſpears, danced and diſtorted their whole bodies. To theſe dances and diſtortions they add ſhrieks and howlings; whence they were called Corybantes. Thus it was that they deplored the loſs of their Goddeſs's favourite Atys; thus they drowned the cries of Jupiter, concealed among the Curetes in Crete; and thus they ſtifled the grief of theſe Dolians for their ſlaughter'd monarch, See *Banier's Myth.*

V. 1422. --- *by Cybele the vaſt profound,*] Orpheus, in his hymn to this Goddeſs, has aſcribed to her the ſame unlimited dominion:

Μήτηρ μὲν τε θεῶν ἠδὲ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
Ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ καὶ γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὑπερθεν,
Καὶ πόντος, πνοιαίτε. Orph. Hymn. 13.

V. 1448. *This trunk they hew'd,* ---] It ſometimes happens,

happens, that the roots and branches of aged trees bear a faint likeneſs to the human fabric. The ancients ſeem to have taken advantage of this fancied ſimilitude, which they improved by a little art; and their firſt efforts towards imagery were from theſe rude and rotten materials. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. i.

V. 1461. *Idæan Dactyli* ---] The Dactyli were the prieſts of Cybele: they firſt inhabited mount Ida in Phrygia; hence they were ſtiled *Idæi.* They were originally five in number, as their name, derived from the fingers of the hand, imports.

V. 1463. --- *Oaxis rolls his wave.*] There is a river of this name, not only in Meſopotamia, but in Crete.

Thus Virg. Ecl. i.

Et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.

V. 1469. --- *martial dance*;] Called alſo the Pyrrhic dance, from fire, with which it was accompanied. It was eſteemed a martial exerciſe, and was performed by perſons in armour, who gave it the name of Berarmus, from the temple of the Deity, where it was probably firſt practiſed; or from the regularity of their movements in dancing. *Schol. Bryant.*

V. 1478. *Boughs bend with fruit,* ---] It was the general opinion of the ancients, that when they had appeaſed their Deities by ſacrifice and prayer, the tokens of reconciliation would appear by an uncommon fertility of the ſoil.

The poets have not failed to avail themſelves of this popular opinion. It is cuſtomary with them to repreſent fruits and flowers of every kind, as ſpringing up and coming to perfection in a manner, that ſeemed to indicate the immediate agency of ſome propitious Deity.

Beſides; Cybele was taken for the Earth; on which account ſhe was called the mother of the Gods; for

the earth gives birth to all things. Hence her worſhip was blended with ſeveral circumſtances which bore a relation to the earth. Its fertility therefore, at the inſtant of the celebration of her feſtival, is ſomething more than a poetical embelliſhment.

V. 1509. --- *Ryndacus* ---] A river of Myſia, which empties itſelf into the Propontis. Near its banks, as ſome aſſert, ſtood the tomb of Ægæus or Briareus.

V. 1525. --- *Arganthon* ---] A mountain near Cios. Cios is the name of a river, and of a city in Myſia.

V. 1530. *Some bring dry wood,* ---] Thus Theocritus, ſpeaking of the employments of the Argonauts, when they landed in the country of the Bebrycians, ſays,

Ἔυναις τ' ἐςόρνυλο, κ. τ. λ. Id. 22.

On the dry beach they rais'd the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables ſpread.

V. 1556. *Meanwhile, preparing* ---] This ſtory is told with great ſimplicity and elegance by our poet's rival and contemporary Theocritus; Id. 13. Nor has his faithful imitator, Valerius Flaccus, neglected to embelliſh his poem with the ſame ſtory. The learned editor of Theocritus, publiſhed in 2 vol. at Oxford, portions out to each poet his ſhare of merit in the following words: Egregiè quidèm Valerius Flaccus Herculis vehementem & repentinam perturbationem depingit: qui, veſperi reverſus, Hylam ad ſociorum menſas, in littore conſtructas, non deprehendit. Nihil niſi dictionem Virgilianam, caſtam, teretem, ſimplicem, pro turgidulâ illâ, & duriuſculâ, deſidero. Conferatur & Hercules Apollonii Rhodii: quem credibile eſt omnes intendiſſe nervos, ut in ſimili materiâ poetam coævum ſuperaret. Pulchrum profectò illud Herculis, a manu abietem abjicientis. At

fortaſſis, ad ſummum, ſimpliciora Theocriti & lucu-lentiora fatebere, & minus frequentata circumſtantiis & elaborata. *Not. ad V.* lv. Id. 13.

V. 1568. *But know, Alcides* ---] Hercules, arriving at the country of the Dryopians, a people of Epirus, applied to their prince Theodamas for refreſhment. Upon his refuſal, he unyoked one of the oxen with which he was plowing, and ſacrificed it. Theoda-mas, attempting to redreſs this grievance by force of arms, was killed, and his ſon Hylas was carried off by the conqueror. Some attribute this exploit to the rapacity of Hercules, others to his deſire of civilizing an inhoſpitable people. Callimachus, ſpeaking of the rapacity of Hercules, ſays,

Οὐ γὰρ ὅγε Φρυγίη περ ὑπὸ ὀξυὶ γυῖα θεωθεὶς
Παύσατ' ἀοἰφαγίης· ἐτὶ οἱ πάρα πηδὺς ἐκείνη
Τῇ περ ἀρητειώνῃ συμήιτετο Θειοδάμαντι. In Dian. 159.

V. 1576. *In Dian's praiſe* ---] Thus Callimachus, in his hymn to Diana, celebrates her as encircled with a choir of nymphs:

—— αἱ νύμφαι σε χορῷ ἔνι κυκλώσονται
Ἀγχόθι πηγάων. In Dian. 170.

V. 1598. *As when a lion* ---] Virgil has cloſely imitated this ſimile in the following lines, where, ſpeaking of the impetuoſity of Turnus, he thus com-pares him;

Ac veluti pleno lupus inſidiatus ovili,
Cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpeſſus & imbres,
Nocte ſuper mediâ; tuti ſub matribus agni
Balatum exercent: ille aſper & improbus irâ,
Sævit in abſentes: collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, & ſiccæ ſanguine fauces.

Æn. B. ix. 59.

V. 1626. *As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,*] Apollonius,

Apollonius, within the compaſs of a very few lines, makes uſe of two different words to expreſs the ſame animal, μύωψ and οἶστρος. The former, he tells us, is the more general appellation: ἓν [οἶστρον] μύωπα βοῶν κλείουσι νομῆες. B. iii. 276.

The correſpondent names in Latin are *aſilus* and *tabanus*: *aſilus vulgò tabanus vocatur*, ſays Servius.

——————— cui nomen aſilo
Romanum eſt, æſtron Græci vertere vocantes.
Arcebis gravido pecori. *Virg. Georg.* iii.

Homer alſo ſpeaks of this fly as being very pernicious to cattle:

Οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο κατὰ μέγαρον, βόες ὡς ἀγελαῖοι,
Τὰς μέντ' ἀιόλος οἶστρος ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐδόνησεν. **Od. xxii. 299.**

Confus'd, diſtracted thro' the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting.

This ſimile is common to the poets: Virgil, Coluthus, and Tryphiodorus have made uſe of it.

V. 1676. *And one ſtill moves,* ---] It was uſual with the ancients to place one vaſt ſtone upon another for a religious memorial. The ſtones thus placed they poized ſo equally, that they were affected with the leaſt external force: a breath of wind would ſometimes make them vibrate. Theſe were called rocking ſtones. Of ſuch an one Apollonius is here ſpeaking, as being moved by the wind, and the admiration of ſpectators. *Bryant.*

V. 1746. *A land projecting* ---] The coaſt of Bebrycia; the ancient name of Bithynia, a country of Aſia Minor, near Troas, bounded on the north by the Euxine ſea.

Orpheus has given us, at the beginning of his poem, a catalogue of the heroes that accompanied Jaſon

ſon to Colchis. Apollonius has followed his example. And he has ſhewn himſelf a judicious imitator of Homer, by diverſifying and enlivening his narration with an account of the family, character, and birth-place of his Argonauts. He conſtantly inſerts ſome little hiſtory or anecdote, which may ſerve to impreſs their names on our memory, and to intereſt us in their future fortunes. He has contrived to throw the utmoſt variety into the voyage, by deſcribing particularly the ſituation of the coaſts, and the cuſtoms and manners of the inhabitants. The launching of Argo, the epiſode of Hypſipyla, the night-adventure of the Dolians, the ſtory of Hylas, the ſacrifices and ſimiles, are ſeverally poſſeſſed of ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit, as cannot fail to give the reader a favourable idea of our poet's taſte and genius.

NOTES TO BOOK II.

V. 16. *TILL match'd with me* ---] This encounter between Amycus and Pollux is deſcribed likewiſe by Theocritus, who, in the opinion of Caſaubon, far ſurpaſſes Apollonius; but Scaliger gives the preference to our author, who has certainly furniſhed Virgil with many circumſtances in his deſcription of the conteſt between Dares and Entellus. See Æn. B. v.

Neither Apollonius nor Theocritus have loſt ſight of Homer's deſcription of the combat of the cæſtus, Il. xxiii. 683.

Mr.

Mr. Warton, in his valuable edition of Theocritus, delivers his opinion of the deſcription of this combat, by the three poets, Apollonius, Theocritus, and Valerius, in the following words: "Apollonio ſane, auctore ſuo, Flaccum inferiorem cenſeo; quippe quod Flaccus minus ſimplex ſit, & omnia, ſublimitatis affectato ſtudio, magnificentius efferat & inflatius. Utroque præſtantior Theocritus, quod utroque ſimplicior. Tantum illi cedit Apollonius, quantum Flaccus Apollonio."

V. 112. *Like bulls* ---] This ſimile is borrowed by Virgil, Æn. xii. 715.

> With frowning front two mighty bulls engage,
> A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage, *&c.* *Pitt.*

V. 163. *As ſwains with ſmoke,* ---] Virgil has alſo taken this ſimile from Apollonius; a poet, as Catrou obſerves, very rich in beautiful compariſons. See Pitt's Virg. Æn. xii. 832.

> So when the ſwain invades with ſtifling ſmoke
> The bees, cloſe-cluſter'd in a cavern'd rock,
> They riſe; *&c.*

It was the cuſtom of the ancients to force bees out of their hives by fumigation. To this practice the poets frequently allude. Thus Ovid de rem. amor. L. i. 185.

> Quid, cum ſuppoſitos fugiunt examina fumos,
> Ut relevent dempti vimina curva fagi?
>
> —— τῦφε πολλῷ τῷ καπνῷ. Ariſtoph. in veſp.

V. 178. --- *an iron-land.*] The land of the Chalybes, which bordered upon that of the Mariandyni.

V. 199. --- *their brows with laurel crown'd.*] Crowns and garlands were thought ſo neceſſary to recommend men to the Gods, and were ſo anciently uſed, that

ſome

ſome have derived the cuſtom of putting them on at feaſts, from the primitive entertainments, at which the Gods were thought to be preſent. *Potter.*

V. 221. *Fronting Bithynia's coaſt,*] The ſtorm drove them to Salmydeſſus, a city on the coaſt of Thrace oppoſite to Bithynia.

The Scholiaſt ſpeaks of more than one Bithynia. There is a country of that name, he tells us, both on the coaſt of Europe and of Aſia. The ſtorm drove the Argonauts to Salmydeſſus, which is oppoſite to the Aſiatic Bithynia.

V. 224. --- *ſad Phineus* ---] Phineus was a king of Thrace, or, as ſome ſay, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two ſons to be torn out, to ſatisfy their mother-in-law. The Gods puniſhed his cruelty: they ſtruck him with blindneſs, and ſent the Harpies to him, who took the meat from his mouth; ſo that he would have periſhed with hunger, if Zetes and Calaïs had not delivered him from them, and purſued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the chace. Theſe Harpies were called out of hell, and ſeem to be of the number of the furies. A permiſſion was given them to dwell upon earth to puniſh the wicked: by which the poets would repreſent to us the remorſe of a bad conſcience. *Catrou.*

V. 237. *For, lo! deſcending* ---] Apollonius has furniſhed Virgil with many hints on this ſubject of the Harpies. See Æn. B. iii. 225.

> At ſubitæ horriſo lapſu de montibus adſunt
> Harpyiæ; *&c.*
>
> When from the mountains, terrible to view,
> On ſounding wings the monſter-harpies flew. *Pitt.*

The Harpies were a kind of birds which had the faces of women, and foul, long claws. When the table was furniſhed for Phineus, they flew in, and either

either devoured or carried away the greater part of his repaſt, or polluted what they left. *Raleigh.*

V. 256. *Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade.*] The perſon and diſtreſſes of this old man are repreſented to us in a manner the moſt ſtriking and pathetic. Virgil had this deſcription in view, when, ſpeaking of Achemenides, he ſays,

Cum ſubitò e ſilvis, macie confecta ſupremâ,
Ignoti nova forma viri, miſerandaque cultu
Procedit, ſupplexque manus ad litora tendit,
Reſpicimus: dira illuvies, immiſſque barba,
Conſertum tegmen ſpinis —— *Æn.* iii. 590.

V. 346, 347. *By every woe--- And by theſe eyes ---*] Thus Telemachus ſwears, not only by Jupiter, but by the ſorrows of his father.

By great Ulyſſes, and his woes I ſwear.
See *Pope's Odyſſ.* xx. 406.

Adjurations of this ſort are frequently to be met with in the Greek Tragedians.

V. 377. *As when ſwift hounds, ---*] Virgil has cloſely copied the concluſion of this compariſon: the eager hound, ſays he,

Hæret hians, jam jamque tenet, ſimiliſque tenenti
Increpuit malis, morſuque eluſus inani eſt. *Æn.* xii. 754.

They ſnap, and grind their gnaſhing teeth in vain.

V. 393. --- *the dogs of Jove:* ---] The ancient name of a prieſt was Caheu, rendered miſtakenly *xυν*, and *canis*. Hence the Harpies, who were prieſts of Ur, are ſtiled by Apollonius *the dogs* of Jove. Iris, accoſting Calaïs and Zetes, tells them, it would be a profanation to offer any injury to thoſe perſonages. The Sirens and Harpies were of the ſame vocation. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii.

V. 464.

V. 404. *The Strophades* ---] The word *Strophades* is derived from a Greek verb that ſignifies to *turn*. Theſe iſlands therefore were named Strophades, becauſe near them the ſons of Boreas left off purſuing the Harpies, and *turned* back to the houſe of Phineus.

V. 437. *Two rocks* ---] This is very ſimilar to a paſſage in the Odyſſey, B. xii. v. 71.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Thro' the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd *erratic* by the Gods above.——
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* paſs'd theſe rapid floods,
The ſacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide. *Pope.*

It is obſerved in the note on this paſſage, "that Homer, to render his poety more *marvellous*, joins what has been related of the Symplegades to the deſcription of Scylla and Charybdis.---The ſtory of the dove being reported of the Symplegades might give him the hint of applying the cruſhing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis." But we muſt remember that Argo paſſed, in her *return*, through *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and that Apollonius, as well as Homer, has mentioned theſe rocks by the name πλαγκταὶ, *erratic*, which is ſuppoſed to be more ſtrictly applicable to the Symplegades. If the Cyanean rocks were called Symplegades from their juſtling together, and that appearance was occaſioned by the different views in which they were ſeen, ſometimes in a direct line, and ſometimes obliquely, why might not Scylla and Charybdis, for the ſame reaſon, be ſaid to juſtle together, and conſequently without impropriety be called πλαγκαὶ or erratic? *Minerva*, according to Apollonius, guided Argo through the Symplegades; but her courſe through *Scylla* and *Charybdis* was directed by Thetis

Thetis, at the interceſſion of *Juno*, agreeable to what Homer here mentions.

V. 448. --- *a nimble dove let fly*,] The dove which returned to Noah with a leaf of olive, and brought the firſt tidings that the waters of the deep were aſſuaged, was held in many nations as particularly ſacred: it was looked upon as a peculiar meſſenger of the Deity, an emblem of peace and good fortune. Among mariners it was thought to be particularly auſpicious; who as they ſailed uſed to let a dove fly from their ſhips, to judge of the ſucceſs of their voyage. The moſt favourable ſeaſon for ſetting ſail was at the Heliacal riſing of the ſeven ſtars, near the head of Taurus; and they are, in conſequence of it, called Pleiades. It was at their appearance that the Argonauts ſat out upon their expedition. Ἄμος δ' ἀντέλλοιμι πελειάδες.—Theoc. Id. xiii. 25. When firſt the pleaſing Pleiades appear. And this was thought a fortunate time for navigation in general. The Argonauts, in a time of difficulty and danger, made the experiment of letting a dove fly, and formed from it a fortunate preſage. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii. 285.

It is indeed the opinion of many learned men, that the ſcience of augury, or of predicting future events by the flight of birds, aroſe from the diſmiſſion of the raven and the dove from Noah's ark at the time of the deluge. This ſpecies of divination is undoubtedly very ancient: it is mentiond in many places of the Old Teſtament, and made a conſiderable part of the religion of the heathen world.

V. 479. --- *Acheruſia* ---] Is a cave, through which, according to the fable, is a paſſage to the regions below. Hercules is ſaid to have deſcended through it to bring up Cerberus. Tokens of which exploit they ſhew, ſays Xenophon, even to this day.

Near

Near this ſpot ſtands the principal city of the Mariandyni, named from Hercules, Heraclea. Here, as our poet informs us, runs the river Acheron, ſo called from the abovementioned lake.

V. 493. --- *Halys* ---] This river, which riſes in Cappadocia, and empties itſelf into the Euxine, took its name from the beds of ſalt through which it runs. *Strabo.* Tornefort ſays, this country is ſo full of foſſil-ſalt, that it is to be found in the high roads and plowed lands.

V. 498. --- *Thermodon* ---] This river, ſays Strabo, after having received many others, runs through Themiſcyra, formerly inhabited by the Amazons, and then falls into the Euxine ſea.

V. 502. --- *the Chalybes* ---] It is commonly believed, that the ancient Chalybes were the deſcendents of Tubal; for they are celebrated by the ancients for their extraordinaty ſkill in working of iron, and making of ſteel-armour; whence they are ſaid to have had their name. *Univ. Hiſt.*

Strabo is of opinion, that they are the ſame whom Homer mentions by the name of ἄλυβες. For he joins them with the Paphlegonians, and characterizes them thus, ἔβεν ἀργύρε ἐστὶ γειέθλη.

Chalybes nudi ferrum —— *Virg. Georg.*

V. 505. --- *the Genetæan hill.*] A promontory, ſo named from Genetes, a neighbouring river, which ran through the country of the Chalybes. A temple was erected here to Jupiter the hoſpitable.

V. 530. --- *Phaſis* ---] Pliny informs us, that the bird called the *Pheaſant*, derives its name from this river, whoſe banks they frequented in great abundance; and that they were firſt brought over into Greece by the Argonauts.

Argivâ primum ſunt tranſportata carinâ;
Ante mihi notum nil niſi nomen erat. *Mart.*

V. 535. *A hideous dragon* ---] *Tarchon*, which, according to the learned and ingenious Mr. Bryant, ſignifies a hill with a tower, or temple on it, was in later times rendered *Trachon*; from whence the region Trachonitis received its name. This word, it ſeems, was ſtill further ſophiſticated by the Greeks, and expreſſed Δρακων, *Dragon*: from whence in a great meaſure aroſe the notion of treaſures being guarded by *Dragons*. The Gardens of the Heſperides, and the Golden Fleece at Colchis were entruſted to a ſleepleſs ſerpent. The dragons are repreſented as ſleepleſs; becauſe in towers there were commonly lamps burning, and a watch maintained. The eyes of the dragon were windows in the uppermoſt part of the building, through which the fire appeared. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 553. *Lies Colchos*, ---] All the countries which lie on the north and north-eaſt parts of the Euxine, the region of Colchos, and the country at the foot of Caucaſus, were of old eſteemed Scythia, and theſe the Greeks looked upon to be the boundaries, northward, of the habitable world.

V. 556. --- *Æa* ---] The region termed Αια, above Colchis, was a name peculiarly given by the Amonians to the places where they reſided. Among the Greeks the word grew general; and Αια was made to ſignify any land. But among the Egyptians, as well as among thoſe of Colchis Pontica, it was uſed for a proper name of their country.

It was owing to this, that the name given to the chief perſon of the country was *Aiates*. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 626. --- *coeval tree*, ---] It was the common

opinion of the ancients, that the *Hamadryads* lived and died together with their trees, and therefore were extremely grateful to thoſe, who at any time preſerved them. The Scholiaſt tells a remarkable ſtory to this purpoſe: A perſon called Rhœcus, obſerving a beautiful oak ready to fall, ordered it to be ſet upright and ſupported. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and bade him, in return, aſk whatever he pleaſed. She being exceedingly handſome, Rhœcus deſired he might be entertained as her lover: which ſhe promiſed, and accordingly ſent a bee to ſummon him. But the young man, happening to be playing at dice when the bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing, that he drove it from him. The nymph, provoked at this uncivil treatment of her embaſſador, in revenge deprived Rhœcus of the uſe of his limbs. He alſo ſpeaks of another nymph, who was grateful to the man that preſerved her oak.

——— τότε δ' ἐξίες ἠίκα νύμφαι.
Call. Hymn. in Del. v. 83.

V. 662. *The names of Agreus and of Nomius*] Thus Callimachus:

Φοῖβον κ' Νόμιον κικλήσκομεν, ἐξ ἑτι κεἰνω
Ἐξότ' ἐπ' Ἀμφυρσῷ ζευγήτιδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππους,
Ἠθέῳ ὑπ' ἔρωτι κεκαυμένος Ἀδμήτοιο.
Hymn. ad Ap. 47.

Ἀγρεὺς and Νόμιος were undoubtedly the names of Apollo; but they were alſo beſtowed on his ſon Ariſtæus, on account of his fondneſs for a country-life, and his many uſeful diſcoveries.

Αἰδρέσι χάσμα φίλοις,
Ἄγχιστον ὀπάονα μήλων,
Ἄγρεα καὶ Νόμιον
Τοῖς δ' Ἀριστᾶον καλεῖν. Pynd. Pyth. ix. 115.

V. 671. *To him they gave their numerous flocks to feed,*] Almoſt all the principal perſons, whoſe names occur

occur in the mythology of Greece and Italy, are repreſented as ſhepherds. It is reported of the Muſes, that they were of ſhepherd-extraction, and tended flocks, which they entruſted to their favourite Ariſtæus; the ſame whom Virgil ſtiles *Paſtor* Ariſtæus. *Bryant.*

V. 685. --- *ſhowery Jove,*] Jupiter is frequently repreſented under the character of *pluvius*, or the diſpenſer of rain, both by poets, painters, and ſtatuaries. For it was his province, as chief ruler of the air, to direct not only the thunders and lightnings, but the rain. Virgil has given us a noble deſcription of the *Jupiter pluvius* in the following deſcription:

——— cum Jupiter, horridus auſtris,
Torquet aquoſam hiamem, & cælo cava nubila rumpit.
Æn. ix. 670.——*Spence's Polym.*

V. 693. --- *and by theſe winds detain'd,*] For theſe Eteſian winds, the hiſtory of which the poet has juſt given us, blew north-eaſt, and conſequently in a direction the moſt unfavourable for them who were ſailing up the Euxine.

V. 735. *Old ocean thunder'd;*] This ſtorm ſeems to have been copied by Virgil, *Æn.* i. by Lucan, Ovid, and Valerius Flaccus.

V. 813. *With cold indifference* ---] The great outlines of Jaſon's character are piety, humanity, and valour. The ſentiment before us is replete with philanthropy, and prejudices us highly in favour of the hero of the poem.

V. 861. *His golden locks,* ---] Milton thus deſcribes Adam's hair:

——— hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring. B. iv. 303.

The circumſtance of the hair hanging like bunches of grapes has been juſtly admired. But it is literally tranſlated from the deſcription of Apollo's hair in the Greek poet.

——— χρύσειαι δὲ παρειάων ἐκάτερθε
Πλοκμοὶ ΒΟΤΡΥΟΕΝΤΕΣ ἐπιῤῥώουσι χιόνι.

The word *βοτρυόεντες* could hardly be rendered into Engliſh by any other word than by *cluſtering*. *Warton's Obſerv.*

V. 867. *Nor dar'd the heroes,* ---] Thus Heſiod in Scuto, ſpeaking of Hercules,

——— οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ
Ἔτλη ἐς ἄντα ἰδεῖν χαλκῷ ἐλθεῖν.

There was probably, in the old pictures of Apollo, a certain brightneſs beaming from his eyes, and perhaps diffuſed all over his face; in the ſame manner, as the body of the principal figure is all luminous and reſplendent in the famous nativity of Correggio, of the Transfiguration by Raphael. What made me then ſuſpect this, was the ancient poets ſpeaking ſo often of the brightneſs of Apollo's face, and the beaming ſplendours of his eyes. Virgil does not only compare his Æneas (under whom is generally ſuppoſed to be meant Auguſtus) to Apollo for beauty; but, in another place, he ſeems to call Auguſtus himſelf (who was really very beautiful) by the name of this God. *Spence's Polym.*

V. 771. *Then like an arrow* ---] Virgil has adopted this compariſon, where he repreſents Cloanthus's ſhip as moved forward by Portunus:

——— Et pater ipſe manu Portunus euntem
Impulit: illa noto citius volucrique ſagittâ
Ad terram fugit, & portu ſe condidit alto. *Æn.* v. 241.

V. 900.

V. 900. --- *with curls unclipp'd,*] Nothing was deemed by the ancients more eſſential to the beauty of a young perſon (and Apollo was always repreſented a youth) than fine, long hair. Hence the epithets *crinitus* and *intonſus* are ſo often given to Apollo.

——— crinitus Apollo,
Nube ſedens. *Virg. Æn.* ix. 638.

——— ſic tibi ſint intonſi, Phœbe, capilli. *Tibull.*

V. 946. *The Megarenſians Soönautes nam'd*] They are called by our poet in this place, and by Theocritus, Id. xii. 27. Νισαῖοι Μεγαρῆες; from Niſa, which, as the Scholiaſt informs us, was the name of their dock. It was ſo named from Niſus, ſon of Pandion, and king of this people.

The Megarenſians, going out to plant a colony in Heraclea, were driven by diſtreſs of weather into the river Acheron, which, from the protection it afforded them, they called *Soönautes.*

V. 1028. *But fail'd, unhappy!* ---]

Sed non augurio potuit depellare peſtem: *Æn.* ix. 328.

The fate of others he had oft foreſhewn,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own. *Pitt.*

V. 1029. *Here, in a covert* ---] This deſcription of a boar hid among the ruſhes, and the terror of the neighbourhood, reminds us of the following beautiful lines of Ovid, who is deſcribing the Caledonian boar:

Concava vallis erat, quo ſe dimittere rivi
Aſſuerant pluvialis aquæ: tenet ima lacunæ
Lenta ſalix, ulvæque leves, juncique paluſtres,
Viminaque, & longæ parvâ ſub arundine cannæ:
Hinc aper excitus, medios violentus in hoſtes
Fertur, ut excuſſis eliſus nubibus ignis.

Ov. Met. L. viii.

V. 1167. --- *Parthenius* ---] This river rises in Paphlagonia, and derives its name from the cheerful meadows through which it flows. *Strabo.*

V. 1176. *Thy groves, Cytorus,* ---]

Thy groves of box, Cytorus, ever green. *Pope's Il.* B. ii.

Hence things made of box were called *Cytoriaca.*

Sæpe *Cytoriaco* deducit pectine crines.

V. 1204. *The Amazonian cape* ---] The Greeks, who would fain deduce every thing from their own language, imagined, that by the term Amazon was fignified a perfon without a breaft. From this wrong etymology proceed all the abfurdities with which the hiftory of this extraordinary people abounds. They were in general Cuthite colonies from Egypt and Syria; and as they worfhipped the Sun, they were called Azones, Amazones, Alazones; which are names of the fame import. The moft noted were thofe, who fettled near the river Thermodon, in the region of Pontus.

Quales Thëiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulfant, & pictis bellantur Amazones armis. *Æn.* xi. 658.

V. 1220. *From Mars and Harmony* ---] The Amazons worfhipped the Deity from whom they received their name; viz. Azon and Amazon, the fame as Ares, the Sun. They worfhipped alfo Harmon, the Moon; which the Grecians changed to a feminine, *Harmonia.* So that by θεοῖ Ἄρεος καὶ Ἁρμονίης is meant the children of the Sun and Moon. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1251. --- *Tibarenians* ---] It is remarked of this people, that they are uncommonly addicted to laughter and buffoonery. Some have accounted for the

the abſurd cuſtom, here alluded to, from this cauſe. But it is difficult to aſſign a reaſon for the many abſurd cuſtoms which different nations have adopted. It has been recorded by grave hiſtorians, that the ancient Spaniards and the Americans follow the practice of the Tibareneans.

V. 1260. *Moſſynes call'd,* ---] Xenophon gives us the moſt authentic account of this people in the fifth book of his Anabaſis. He tells us, that they do thoſe things in private, which others do in public: that they talk to themſelves, laugh by themſelves, and dance alone, as if they were ſhewing their ſkill in public. Savage and indecent as the cuſtom, alluded to by our poet, may ſeem, Strabo aſcribes the ſame barbarities to the Iriſh, and Cæſar makes the ſame obſervations on the ancient Britons.

V. 1269. *But if his judgment err,* ---] Thus Pomponius Mela, L. i. c. 19. Reges ſuffragio deligunt, vinculiſque & arctiſſimâ cuſtodiâ tenent; atque ubi culpam pravè quid imperando meruere, inediâ totius diei afficiunt.

V. 1301. *But when he rung a cymbal* ---] This cymbal, or crotalum, was made, the Scholiaſt tells us, by Vulcan; Hercules received it from Pallas. The deſcription of this inſtrument is differently given by different authors. Our poet tells us it was made of braſs; others repreſent it as formed of a rod or reed cut in two; both parts of which, when ſtruck together, emitted a ſound after the manner of caſtanets. This latter deſcription agrees with the opinion of Suidas, and the Scholiaſt of Ariſtophanes.

V. 1386. *The laws of hoſpitable Jove revere.*] Thus Virgil, Æn. i. 784.

Jupiter (hoſpitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur)

Almighty Jove! who pleads the ſtranger's cauſe;
Great guardian God of hoſpitable laws. *Pitt.*

And Homer, in the words of Mr. Pope; Od. B. ix.

The poor and ſtranger are Jove's conſtant care;
To Jove their cauſe and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

V. 1430. --- *round the altar ſtood*;] The tombs, of which frequent mention is made by the ancient writers, were in reality high altars or pillars, and not, as has been ſuppoſed, monuments erected in honour of the dead. Such an one the Argonauts are ſaid to have found in the temple of Mars, when they landed upon the coaſt of Pontus. This was the expreſs object to which the Amazonians paid their adoration; as they lived in an age when ſtatues were not known. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1472. --- *Typhaonia's cave*,] Apollonius mentions an ancient Typhonian Petra in the hollows of the mountain. It was an Ophite temple, where the Deity was probably worſhipped under the figure of a ſerpent. Hence the poet ſuppoſes the ſerpent, with which Jaſon engages, to have been produced in thoſe parts. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1497. *Where Saturn firſt fair Philyra* ---] Saturn, to avoid being diſcovered by his wife Ops, while he was engaged with Philyra his miſtreſs, turned himſelf into a beautiful horſe.

Chiron, the famous Centaur, was the ſon of this nymph Philyra.

V. 1547. *Where on an oak* ---] The Greek here, and at v. 1399, is *δρυὸς*; but at v. 534 the word is *φηγὸν*, *a beech*: both which trees bearing maſt, they may perhaps be indiſcriminately uſed.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

V. 2. *AND teach thy poet, Erato,* ---] Apollonius with great propriety invokes Erato, the Muſe who preſided over love-affairs. For this book contains the loves of Medea and Jaſon, and abounds with the moſt beautiful ſentiments deſcriptive of the tender paſſion. Virgil's invocation of Erato, *Nunc age, qui reges, Erato,* &c. is a tranſcript of Apollonius, Εἰ δ' ἄνε νῦν, Ἔρατῶ, &c. Virgil ſeems to have copied our poet in this inſtance, at the expence of his judgment; for it is difficult to aſſign a reaſon for his invocation of this Muſe, when he was about to ſing, as he informs us, *reges & tempora rerum.*

The fourth book of Virgil, Servius tells us, is borrowed from this of Apollonius Rhodius. Virgil's Æneid, ſays Hoelzlinus, would not have been enriched with the epiſode of Dido, had not the amours of Hypſipyla and Medea been worked up ready to his hand by Apollonius.

V. 10. *Juno and Pallas* ---] Having conducted his heroes to the banks of the Phaſis, our poet ſhifts the ſcene, and takes occaſion to introduce the two Goddeſſes, Juno and Pallas, conſulting for the ſafety of Jaſon. There is a neceſſity for ſuch machinery, in order to preſerve the dignity of Epic poetry. And the propriety of its introduction in this place will be acknowledged, if we recollect, that on the ſucceſsful application of theſe Goddeſſes to Venus the future fortunes of Jaſon depend. There needs no greater proof of the beauty of this paſſage, than that it has been imitated by Virgil in that part of his firſt book, where Cupid is commiſſioned by his mother to kindle in Dido's breaſt a paſſion for Æneas.

V. 46.

V. 46. *A floating isle* ---] The Greek is Νῆσοιο πλαγκτῆς. Homer has a similar expression, Πλωτῇ ἐπὶ νήσῳ. Odyss. x. 3.

A floating isle! high-rais'd by toil divine. *Pope.*

V. 50. *Sat Cytherea on a polish'd throne.*] This whole passage is imitated by Claudian, who, speaking of Venus, says,

Cæsariem tunc forte Venus subnixa coruscо
Fingebat solis: dextrâ lævâque sorores
Stabant Idaliæ: largos hæc nectaris imbres
Irrigat; hæc morsu numerosi dentis eburno
Multifidum discrimen arat; sed tertia retro
Dat varios nexus, & justo dividit orbes
Ordine, neglectam partem studiosa relinquens.

V. 74. *To free Ixion,* ---] He, for making love to Juno, and boasting afterwards that he had dishonoured Jupiter, was hurled headlong by him into Tartarus, and bound to a wheel, which he was doomed to turn without intermission.

V. 79. --- *as o'er the world I stray'd,*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the Gods frequently assumed the human shape. Thus Homer, Odyss. xvii. v. 485.

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind. *Pope.*

——————— summo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras.
Ov. Met. L. 1.

V. 131. *With golden dice,* ---] The Greek is ἀστραγάλοισι. Homer has the same expression, Il. xxiii. 88. but it is omitted in Pope's translation.

V. 141. --- *Adrastæa gave,*] She was nurse to Jove when an infant. Thus Callimachus;

——— σὲ

——————— σὲ δὲ κοίμισεν Ἀδρήστεια
Αἴκνῳ ἐνὶ χρυσέῳ. Hymn. ad Jov. v. 47.

V. 149. *A ſweet round ball*; ---] It is partly from the wanton and playful character of theſe little Cupids, that they are almoſt always given us under the figures of children.

Thus Ovid;

Et puer es, nec te quicquam niſi ludere oportet:
Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos. *Ov. Rem Am.*

In conformity to this puerile character, Venus promiſes to reward her favourite boy with playthings.

V. 210. *To blameleſs Phrixus.* ---] See the Preface.

227. *At Colchos ſtill this barbarous rite prevails*:] Theſe extraordinary rites of the Colchians are mentioned by Ælian, in his fourth book. The earth and air are ſaid to be the principal objects of their worſhip. *Hoelz. and Schol.*

V. 235. --- *but friendly Juno ſhrouds*] Thus Pallas ſpreads a veil of air around Ulyſſes, and renders him inviſible:

Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him threw a veil of thicken'd air.
Homer's Odyſſ. B. vii.

Thus Venus conceals Æneas and his companions:

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit.
Virg. Æn. L. i.

V. 251. --- *the Pleiads ſet or roſe*,] The Pleiades are ſaid to be the daughters of Atlas by the nymph Pleione. They were ſeven in number. Their name is derived, either from their mother, or their number, or, more probably, from the Greek word, which ſignifies

ſignifies *to ſail.* They are called in Latin Vergiliæ, from the vernal ſeaſon when they riſe. They riſe about the vernal equinox, and ſet in autumn. See a further account of them in the Note on v. 448, B. ii.

V. 260. --- *Phlegræan war.*] The battle between the gods and giants is ſuppoſed to have been fought at Phlegra, near Pallene, in Theſſaly.

V. 299. --- *Athamas's fancied wealth to gain,*] Theſe ſons of Phrixus and Chalciope had ſailed from Colchis to Orchomenos, a city of Bœotia, to receive the inheritance of their grandfather Athamas.

V. 327. *As ſome good houſewife,*---] Virgil ſeems to have copied this ſimile from Apollonius. *Æn.* viii. v. 408.

> What time the poor, laborious, frugal dame,
> Who plies her diſtaff, ſtirs the dying flame;
> Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
> And lengthens out their taſks with half the night;
> Thus to her children ſhe divides the bread,
> And guards the honours of her homely bed. *Pitt.*

V. 356. *On Mars's iſle,* ---] One of thoſe iſlands called the Strophades, in the Ionian ſea.

V. 387. --- *the fierce Sarmatians*---] The Sarmatians, or Sauromatæ, were Scythians, who dwelt in the country that lies between the river Tanais and the Boryſthenes.

V. 413. *Had ye not firſt my feaſt partook* ---] The table was looked upon by the ancients as a ſacred thing; and a violation of the laws of hoſpitality was eſteemed the higheſt profanation imaginable.

V. 562. --- *a maiden dwells,*---] Virgil's deſcription of the Maſſylian prieſteſs is taken from this paſſage:

Hæc

Hæc ſe carminibus promittit——
Siſtere aquam fluviis, & vertere ſidera retro;
Nocturnoſque ciet manes: mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & deſcendere montibus ornos.
Æn. L. iv. 487.

V. 705. ------ *whom her friends had join'd*
In marriage---] The chief power of diſpoſing of their daughters in marriage, even among the heathens, was in their parents, without whoſe conſent it was not held lawful. Thus Hermione in Euripides:

Νυμφευμάτων δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς
Μέριμναν ἔξει, κ' ἐκ ἐμοῦ κρινεῖ τάδε.

V. 797. *Now riſing ſhades ---*] Here Dr. Broome's tranſlation begins, and continues to v. 1087; but not without conſiderable omiſſions which are ſupplied. Virgil has copied this exquiſite deſcription from our author. Both the poets deſcribe minutely the profound calm and ſtillneſs of the night, in order to render the agonies of the reſtleſs heroines more affecting by ſuch a contraſt. It is impoſſible to give us a more lively idea of their reſtleſs ſituation, than by repreſenting it in oppoſition to that general tranquillity which prevails through the whole creation. The ſilence of the night, which diſpoſes others to reſt, ſerves but to encreaſe their anguiſh, and to ſwell the tumult of their paſſion.

'Twas night; and weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn thro' the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flowery plains;
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs ſhare
In ſleep a ſweet forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen. *Pitt.*

That

That ſudden and beautiful tranſition at the cloſe of the deſcription, *At non infelix animi Phæniſſa*, is copied with the utmoſt exactneſs from the correſpondent line in our poet,

Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀ Μήδειαν ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβεν ὕπνος.

V. 813. *As from the ſtream-ſtor'd vaſe* ---] Virgil has imitated this ſimile, Æn. viii. 22.

Sicut aquæ tremulum, &c.

So from a brazen vaſe the trembling ſtream
Reflects the lunar, or the ſolar beam:
Swift and eluſive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the cieling ſhoot the dancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering ſplendor plays. *Pitt.*

V. 911. *This plant, which rough Caucaſean mountains bore.*] Caucaſus is called by Propertius, B. i. El. 12. the Promethean mountain; becauſe the magic herbs, for which it was famous, were ſaid to have ſprung out of the blood of Prometheus.

——————— An quæ
Lecta Prometheis dividet herba jugis. *Potter.*

V. 935. *As when her limbs divine* ---] We meet with this ſimile in the ſixth book of Homer's Odyſſey, who applies it to Nauſicaa ſporting with her fair attendants in the meads. Virgil applies the ſame ſimile to Dido, walking in the midſt of the city, with the Tyrian princes. See *Pope*'s note on v. 117. Od. vi. Some of the critics have thought that no paſſage has been more unhappily copied by Virgil from Homer, than this compariſon. But, it ſhould ſeem from ſome circumſtances in his ſimile, that the Roman poet rather imitated this paſſage of Apollonius, than that of Homer.

V. 936.

V. 936. --- *the Amneſian waves,*] or, rather, Amniſian, according to Callimachus:

——— Ἀμνισίδας εἴκοσι νύμφας.

They were ſo named from Amniſus, a city and river of Crete.

V. 988. *And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind expreſs'd.*] Some birds were of uſe in divination by the manner and direction of their flight; others by the ſounds they uttered; theſe were called *oſcines*, of which kind were crows.

Oſcinem corvum prece ſuſcitabo
Solis ab ortu. *Hor.* Od. xxvii. l. 3.

V. 1005. *Meanwhile the maid* ---] No poet has ſucceeded better in any deſcription than Apollonius has in the following. The anxiety with which Medea expects the arrival of Jaſon, expreſſed by her inattention and averſion to every other object, by her directing her eyes every way in ſearch of him, and by her trembling at every breeze, are admirable ſtrokes of nature. The appearance of Jaſon, flufhed with all the bloom of youth, advancing haſtily towards her, like the ſtar, to which he is compared, riſing from the ocean; the embarraſſment which his preſence occaſions, the ſilent admiration in which they ſtand gazing at each other, like two tall trees in a calm, are particulars which none but the imagination of a real poet could have put together, and can never be ſufficiently admired.

V. 1099. *The following night in equal ſhares divide;*] We have here a curious account of the ceremonies made uſe of in their ſacrifices to the infernal Deities. Hecate, the ſame with the Moon or Diana, was ſo called, either from her being appeaſed by hecatombs, or from the power ſhe poſſeſſed of obliging thoſe who

were

were unburied to wander an hundred years. Virgil applies to her the epithet of *ter geminam*, and Horace that of *triformis*. She was called in heaven Luna, or the Moon, on earth Diana, and in hell Proſerpina, Hecate, and Brimo from her terrifying appearance.

It ſeems extraordinary that Diana, who is the goddeſs of chaſtity, ſhould be repreſented as diſpenſing her favourable influence in illicit amours. But the mythologiſts inform us, that Diana and Venus are but one and the ſame divinity. The Scholiaſt on Theocritus, Id. ii. ſays, that it was cuſtomary, among the ancients, for the men to implore the ſun, and women the moon in their amours. Cicero, ſpeaking of three Dianas, obſerves, that the firſt was thought to be the mother of winged Cupid. *De Nat. Deor.* L. 3.

V. 1095. *With honey, ſweeteſt labour of the bees.*] Honey was a favourite ingredient with the ancients in their oblations to the gods, whether of heaven or hell. Homer, in his hymn to Mercury, calls it

——— Διὸς ἠδείαν ἐδωδήν.

Bees and honey are ſubjects which the Greek poets are particularly fond of introducing; and their country was plentifully ſupplied with theſe commodities.

V. 1155. *Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,*] Apollonius Rhodius, according to the common opinion, ſuppoſes Deucalion to have been a native of Greece, the ſon of Prometheus, the ſon of Japetus: but in theſe ancient mythological accounts all genealogy muſt be entirely diſregarded. He repreſents him as the firſt of men, through whom religious rites were renewed, cities built, and civil polity eſtabliſhed in the world; none of which circum-

ſtances are applicable to any king of Greece. We are aſſured by Philo, that Deucalion was Noah. *Bryant.*

V. 1245. *This baneful monſter was by Cadmus ſlain,*] Upon the report of the rape of Europa, her father, Agenor, ſent every where in ſearch of her, and ordered his ſon Cadmus not to return home till he had found her. Cadmus having traverſed a part of Greece without gaining any information of her, ſettled in Bœotia, where he built the city Thebes. Having ſent his aſſociates into a grove, conſecrated to Mars, to fetch water, a ſerpent, which guarded the place, devoured them. Cadmus, to revenge their death, ſlew the monſter; from whoſe teeth, which he had ſown, a body of armed men ſprung up. This is the fabulous account to which Apollonius alludes.

No colony, ſays Mr. Bryant, could ſettle any where, and build an Orphite or ſerpent temple, but there was ſuppoſed to have been a contention betwixt a hero and a dragon. Cadmus was deſcribed in conflict with ſuch an one at Thebes.

V. 1247. *An heifer to his ſeat* ---] πομπαῖος relates properly to divine influence, and πομπὴ is an oracle. An ox or cow was by the Amonians eſteemed very ſacred and oracular. Cadmus was accordingly ſaid to be directed πομπῇ βοός. *Bryant.*

V. 1285. --- *Amaranthine Phaſis* ---] This river is ſuppoſed to have derived its ſource from a nation of that name. The poet, in deſcribing the effects of this infernal evocation, has heaped together with great judgment, and in the true ſpirit of poetry, every circumſtance that is capable of exciting terror and aſtoniſhment.

V. 1288. *And now on Cauceſus,* ---] Apollonius introduces his heroes on the plains of Mars with the

utmoſt pomp and magnificence, thus artfully preparing us for the ſolemnities of the enſuing combat, on which the fate of Jaſon depends.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

V. 1. *O Goddeſs*, ---] The firſt and ſecond books contain, as we have ſeen, the voyage of the Argonauts to Colchis. In the book we are now entering upon, the poet has given us an account of the route they took on their return. And, in order to throw the utmoſt variety into his poem, he has conducted them to Greece by a way altogether new and unknown. He makes them ſail up the Iſter, and by an arm of that river, to the Eridanus, and from thence to the Rhone. Apollonius's geography is, in many inſtances, very exceptionable. The licence which poets are allowed, *quidlibet audendi*, is his beſt excuſe for inaccuracies of this kind. Scaliger, who ſeldom ſpares our author, does not ſcruple to aſſert, that, 'quod attinet ad ſitum 'orbis terrarum, ſanè imperitus regionum fuit Apol-'lonius. De Iſtro, dii boni! quas nugas.' But let it be remembered, that not only poets have trifled in their deſcriptions of this river, but that hiſtorians and geographers, who have attempted to explain its courſe, have given very different and inconſiſtent accounts of it. Many curious traditions, and entertaining pieces of ancient Greek hiſtory are interſperſed

terſperſed throughout this book. The ſpeeches of Medea can never be enough admired. Her ſentiments are admirably ſuited to her condition; they are ſimple, unaffected, and calculated to raiſe our pity. Our poet has diſplayed a luxuriant fancy in his deſcription of the nuptials of Jaſon and Medea; and he has painted the diſtreſſes of his Argonauts, on the coaſt of Africa, in the moſt glowing colours. This book appears indeed, in every view of it, equal, if not ſuperior to any of the foregoing. We meet with ſome obſcurities. The tranſlator confeſſes his inability to aſcertain the true ſenſe of every intricate paſſage. Let it, however, be ſome alleviation of his errors, that his guides have been but few, and they not always the moſt intelligent; and that no part of this book, except only the ſtory of Talus, has appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, before the preſent verſion was publiſhed.

V. 32. *Clung round each door*, ---] The cuſtom of kiſſing beds, columns, and doors, before they were obliged to quit them, occurs frequently in the Greek tragedians.

V. 33. *A lock ſhe tore* ---] It was cuſtomary for young women, before the nuptial ceremony was performed, to preſent their hair to ſome deity, to whom they had particular obligations. Medea, therefore, previous to her departure and marriage with Jaſon, preſents a lock of hair to her mother, to be depoſited by her in the temple of ſome deity to whom it was conſecrated.

V. 64. *I to the cave at Latmos* ---] Latmos was a mountain in Caria, in whoſe cave the moon was ſaid by the poets to viſit Endymion. Thus, in Valerius Flaccus, who ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye, we read;

Latmius æſtivâ reſidet venator in umbrâ,
Dignus amore deæ : velatis cornibus et jam
Luna venit. Lib. viii. 29.

V. 92. *Whoſe knees embracing*,---] Several parts of the body were conſidered by the ancients as the ſeats of virtues and vices, of good and bad qualities. Modeſty was aſſigned to the eyes, ſagacity and deriſion to the noſe, pride and diſdain to the eye-brows, and pity to the knees ; which, it was cuſtomary for ſuppliants, when they made their requeſts, to touch and embrace with reverence.

V. 123. *At twilight, ere*---] Xenophon, de Venatione, makes the ſame obſervation, ἐξίεναι πρωΐ, exire diluculo. The ſame remark is made by Oppian and others.

V. 143. *Colchians, far diſtant*---] This noble hyperbole has been copied by Virgil, Book vii. v. 515. where, ſpeaking of Alecto, he ſays,

With her full force a mighty horn ſhe winds ;
Th' infernal ſtrain alarms the gathering hinds.
The dreadful ſummons the deep foreſt took ;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains ſhook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound ;
The Veline fountains trembled at the ſound :
The thick ſulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blaſt that blew the flames of war :
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers preſt
With ſhrieks their ſtarting infants to the breaſt. *Pitt.*

This circumſtance of the mothers claſping their infants to their breaſts, is a very tender and affecting one. The poets ſeem particularly fond of it. We meet with it in the Troades of Euripides ; and Camoens, in his imitation of theſe ſtriking paſſages in Apollonius and Virgil, was too ſenſible of its beauty to omit it :

Such was the tempeſt of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurſes' arms
Shriek'd at the ſound: with ſudden cold impreſt,
The mothers ſtrain'd their infants to the breaſt,
And ſhook with horror. — *The Luſiad*, B. iv. p. 124.

V. 203. *The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,*] Mr. Warton is of opinion, that Virgil had this beautiful paſſage in his eye in the following lines:

Expleri nequit, atque oculos per ſingula voluit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia verſat.
Æn. viii. v. 618.

And thus *Spenſer*, in his *Fairy Queen*:

But Triſtram then deſpoiling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair light
Of the bright metal, ſhining like ſun-rays;
Handling and turning them a thouſand ways.
B. vi. c. 2. ſt. 39.

V. 292. --- *And, ere bright Cynthia* ---] By Selene, and Selenaia, is meant the ark, of which the moon was only an emblem; and from thence the Arcades, or Arkites, had the appellation of Selenitæ. When therefore it is ſaid, that the Arcades were prior to the moon, it means only, that they were conſtituted into a nation before the worſhip of the ark prevailed, and before the firſt war upon earth commenced. *Bryant.* This boaſt of the Arcadians, that they were a nation before the moon gave light to the world, is alſo thus accounted for by ſome ingenious writers: the Greeks generally ordered their affairs according to the appearances of the moon, eſpecially thoſe two of the new and full moon. The Spartans held it criminal to begin any great deſign till after they had conſidered the moon, as ſhe appeared when new and at the full. The Arcadians, contrary to this general cuſtom of the Greeks, tranſacted all their buſineſs of

importance before the appearance of the new moon, or that of the full; and were therefore called in derision, προσέληνοι, for their neglect of this religious ceremony. Which term of reproach the Arcadians applied to their commendation, and ſhrewdly affirmed, that they were entitled to this epithet, becauſe their nation was more ancient than the moon.

V. 301. *Hence roſe the marchleſs chief* ---] Seſoſtris not only overran the countries which Alexander afterward invaded; but croſſed both the Indus and the Ganges; and thence penetrated into the eaſtern ocean. He then turned to the north, and attacked the nations of Scythia; till he at laſt arrived at the Tanais, which divides Europe and Aſia. Here he founded a colony; leaving behind him ſome of his people, as he had juſt before done at Colchis. He ſubdued Aſia Minor, and all the regions of Europe; where he erected pillars with hieroglyphical inſcriptions, denoting, that theſe parts of the world had been ſubdued by the great Seſoſtris or Seſooſis. *Diodorus Sic.* L. i. p. 49. Apollonius Rhodius, who is thought to have been a native of Egypt, ſpeaks of the exploits of this prince, but mentions no name; not knowing, perhaps, by which properly to diſtinguiſh him, as he was repreſented under ſo many. He repreſents him as conquering all Aſia and Europe; and this in times ſo remote, that many of the cities which he built, were in ruins before the æra of the Argonauts. *Bryant.*

V. 311. --- *recording tablets keep*] The Colchians, ſays the Scholiaſt, ſtill retain the laws and cuſtoms of their forefathers; and they have pillars of ſtone, upon which are engraved maps of the continent and of the ocean. The poet calls theſe pillars κύρβεις: which, we are told, were of a ſquare figure, like obeliſks. Theſe delineations had been made of old,

and

and tranſmitted to the Colchians by their forefathers; which forefathers were from Egypt. The Egyptians were very famous for geometrical knowledge. All the flat part of this country being overflowed, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that they made uſe of this ſcience to determine their lands, and to make out their ſeveral claims, at the retreat of the waters. *Bryant.*

V. 451. *Riſe may my Furies,* ---] Thus Dido, in a fit of deſpondency and rage, threatens Æneas:

Et cum frigida mors anima ſeduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. *Æn.* iv. 385.

V. 526. *Curſe of mankind!* ---] Our poet, whenever he introduces moral ſentences, which is but ſeldom, takes care to do it with the utmoſt propriety; at a time when the occaſion warrants the uſe of them, and gives additional force and luſtre to the truths which they convey. Virgil has adopted this ſentiment of Apollonius on a ſimilar occaſion:

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
Æn. iv. 412.

V. 412. From the Greek word Ερως, in the original, Mr. Bryant has taken occaſion to give us the following curious account of Cupid and his emblems: Iris, the Rainbow, ſeems to have been expreſſed Eiras by the Egyptians. Out of Eiras the Greeks formed Eros, a God of Love; whom they annexed to Venus, and made her ſon. And finding that the bow was his ſymbol, inſtead of the Iris, they gave him a material bow, with the addition of a quiver and arrows. Being furniſhed with theſe implements of miſchief, he was ſuppoſed to be the bane of the world.

V. 550. *Turn'd from the murderous ſcene* ---] The remorſe and concern of Medea are very ſtrongly expreſſed by this ſimple action, of turning aſide and concealing her face from the ſcene of barbarity. Signs are ſometimes more ſignificant than words, however eloquent and pathetic; and ſilence is often the ſureſt indication of heart-felt ſorrow.

V. 613. *Where Cadmus' and Harmonia's tomb* ---] Cadmus ſettling in Bœotia, married Harmonia, or Hermione, the daughter of Venus by Mars. A conſpiracy being formed againſt him, he was obliged to quit Bœotia, and retire with his wife into Illyricum. They are ſaid by the poets to have been transformed into ſerpents. Of this transformation, and of the tomb, which the people of Illyricum erected to their memory, Dionyſius thus ſpeaks:

——————— ἴδοις περικυδέα τύμβον,
Τύμβον, ὃν Ἁρμονίης Καδμοιό τε ζῆμις ἐνίσπει.
Κεῖθι γὰρ εἰς ὄφιων σκολιὸν γένος ἠλλάξαντο,
Ὄσσοι ἀπ' Ἰσμηνοῦ λιπαροὺν μετὰ γῆρας ἵκοντα.

V. 644. *Of blood yet ſtreaming from his children ſlain,*] By Megara, the daughter of Creon king of Thebes, Hercules had ſeveral ſons, whom he ſlew in a fit of madneſs. Soon after this ſlaughter he left Thebes, and received expiation for the murder at Athens, according to ſome; but according to our poet, at Macris.

V. 689. *Wak'd the briſker gales in Argo's aid.*] In the original,

Μητρὸς δ' ἄϋσεν τοῖο πλόου, ὄρσεν ἀέλλας
Ἀντίκα.

Juno, anxious for the ſafety of her crew, and knowing they muſt viſit Circe's iſle, raiſed a ſtorm for that purpoſe; which drove them back, up the Chronian ſea, as far as the iſland Electris. By thus changing

changing their direction, ſhe ſhortened their voyage, and haſtened their approach to the iſland of Circe.

V. 727. *To the far Hyperborean race* ---] There are ſo many inconſiſtent fables among the ancients, reſpecting the country and ſituation of the Hyperboreans, that modern geographers have not been able to reconcile them. See *Geſner de Navigationibus extra columnas Herculis, Præl.* 2.

Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, ſpeaks of them as a people of high antiquity. Pindar places them near the iſles of the Bleſt, which were ſuppoſed to have been oppoſite to Mauritania, and celebrates their rites. See *Olymp. Od.* iii. and *Pyth.* x.

V. 728. *Griev'd for his favourite Æſculapius*---] Jupiter, incenſed that Æſculapius had reſtored Hippolitus to life, deſtroyed him with his thunder. Apollo, willing to revenge the death of his ſon, directed his darts againſt the Cyclops, by whoſe hands the thunder of Jupiter was formed. The god, for this offence, baniſhed him from heaven. See *Virg.* Æn. vii. v. 764.

V. 775. *With chalks* ---] In the original,

——— ἵνα ψηφῖσιν ἀπωμόρξαντο καμόντες
Ἰδρῶ ἅλις· χροιῇ δὲ κατ' αἰγιαλοῖο κέχυνται
Εἰκελοι.

The firſt line is obſcure; for it may either mean, that they made uſe of the ψήφοι as στλεγγίσματα, or ſtrigiles, for rubbing; or that, in rubbing, the ſweat dropped on the ſtones, ψηφῖσιν, and diſcoloured them. If this ſenſe be the true one, the following lines may, perhaps, be ſomewhat leſs exceptionable than thoſe already given:

To cleanſe their ſides from copious ſweat they toil,
Which, trickling down, diſtain'd the chalky ſoil.

This

This paſſage will receive ſome illuſtration from Ariſtotle, *περὶ θαυμασίων ἀκουσμάτων*; who aſſerts, that among other monuments of the Argonautic expedition this was one, *τὸ ἐπὶ τῶν ψήφων λεγόμενον. παρὰ τὸν αἰγιαλὸν ψήφους φασὶν εἶναι ποικίλας. ταύτας δὲ οἱ Ἕλληνες, οἱ τὴν ἴῆσον οἰκοῦντες, λέγουσι, τὴν χροιὰν λαβεῖν ἀπὸ τῶν ϛλεγγισμάτων, ὧν ἐποιοῦντο ἀλειφόμενοι.*

V. 783. *Here ſaw they Circe,* ---] We have the fulleſt deſcription of Circe and her habitation in the 10th Odyſſ. of Homer: from which book ſucceeding poets have been ſupplied with ample materials, to aſſiſt them in dreſſing out this entertaining fiction.

It is entertaining to obſerve, how different poets have written on the ſame or ſimilar ſubjects. And according as they have acquitted themſelves in working them up, we may form a judgment of their taſte and genius.

V. 932. *Till Themis thus* ---] Others aſcribe this diſcovery to Prometheus, for which Jupiter promiſed to releaſe him from his chains.

V. 946. *Shall in Elyſium's bliſsful plains* ---] The ſtory, here alluded to, is mentioned by ſeveral of the ancient mythologiſts. Medea, when in Elyſium, or the Fortunate iſlands, gained the affections of Achilles, who then dwelt in thoſe regions, and married her. The ancients are by no means conſiſtent in their accounts of theſe Elyſian fields. Some affirm them to be in the moon, others in the milky way. But it is more generally ſuppoſed, that they are ſituated in ſome fertile and pleaſant region on earth. *See Homer's Odyſſ. B.* IV. *and the note to v.* 765 *of Pope's Tranſ. and Geſner de Inſulis beat. Præl.* 2.

V. 1016. *Her young Achilles o'er the flame* ---] Thus Ceres, when ſhe undertook to bring up Triptolemus, in order to render him immortal, fed him all day with celeſtial

celeſtial food, and covered him all night with burning embers. His father Eleuſinus, obſerving this, expreſſed his fears for his child. Ceres, diſpleaſed with this behaviour, ſtruck him dead, but conferred immortality on his ſon.

V. 1047. The Syrens were Cuthite and Canaanitiſh prieſts, who had founded temples, which were rendered more than ordinary famous on account of the women, who officiated. With their muſic they enticed ſtrangers into the purlieus of their temples, and then put them to death. The female part of their choirs were maintained for a twofold purpoſe; both on account of their voices and their beauty. They were ſaid to be the children of the Muſe Terpſichore; by which is meant only, that they were the daughters of harmony. *Bryant.*

Orpheus, in the Argonautics aſcribed to him, has not only mentioned theſe Syrens, but given us the ſong, alluded to by Apollonius, which was ſo efficacious as to prevent the ill effects of the Syrens' muſic. We have the moſt particular deſcription of theſe enchantreſſes in the 12th book of Homer's Odyſſey.

V. 1054. *Who lur'd, in times remote,* ---] Among others, whom Ceres ſent in ſearch of her daughter Proſerpine, were the Syrens. She is ſaid to have given them wings, to enable them to explore the country with greater eaſe and expedition.

V. 1086. *From whoſe cleft ſummits flames* ---] Theſe flaming billows muſt have been very alarming to the ſailors, who were ignorant of the cauſe of them. The poet has therefore, in his deſcription of Scylla and Charibdis, with great judgment ſelected theſe remarkable appearances, which could not fail to excite terror and aſtoniſhment.

V. 1091. *Here o'er the ſailing pine the nymphs preſide,*]

ſide,] Virgil, in his 1ſt Æn. has made uſe of the aſſiſtance of the ſea-nymphs on a ſimilar occaſion.

> Cymothoe ſimul & Triton adnixus, acuto
> Detrudunt naves ſcopulo.

And Camoens, who ſeems to have been particularly pleaſed with this deſcription, has, in imitation of it, ſummoned together a vaſt number of ſea-nymphs to reſcue the navy from deſtruction. See B. ii. p. 48.

V. 1151. *His father caſtrated:* ---] One would not expect to find in ſo grave a writer as Heſiod any thing like that low kind of wit, which the double ſenſe of words gives riſe to. The taſte of the ancients, it has been ſaid, was too good for theſe fooleries. Yet his learned annotator is of opinion, that Heſiod has availed himſelf of the ambiguity of the word μῆδος. He thus diſcuſſes this curious ſubject in a note on v. 180 in Theog.

Omninò exiſtimo Heſiodum, & qui eum hac in re antecеſſerunt, aut ſequuti ſunt, *luſiſſe in ambiguo.* Vox μῆδος duo ſignificabat, *pudenda* & *conſilium*, cumque audiſſent Saturnum patri ἀποτεμεῖν μῆδος, datâ operâ ita rem acceperunt, quaſi narraretur ei pudenda reſecuiſſe, ut τερατολογίαις, quas hac de re habent, locus daretur; quamvis probè ſcirent conſilium ſeu conſiliarios intelligi, quorum ſuaſu Theſſaliâ excedere coactus fuerat Saturnus. Hoſce conſiliarios fugavit, & navibus in Aſiam redire coegit.

V. 1281. *Thus Pycteus*, ---] (*Note*, it ought to be *Nycteus.*) Antiope, the daughter of Nycteus, was deflowered by Jupiter in the form of a ſatyr. To avoid the anger of her father, ſhe fled to Sicyon, a city in Peloponneſus: where ſhe was protected by Epops. Nycteus at his death requeſted his brother Lycus to lay ſiege to Sicyon, but to ſhew

no

no compaſſion to Antiope. He, willing to comply with the requeſt of Nycteus, beſieged the city, killed Epops, and took Antiope priſoner.

V. 1283. *Thus Danaë*, ---] Danaë was the daughter of Acriſius. Having been informed by the oracle, that his grandſon ſhould bereave him of his life and crown, he ſhut her up in a tower of braſs. But Jupiter, according to the fable, made his way through the roof in a ſhower of gold. The meaning of which fable is; Prætus, who was ſurnamed Jupiter, bribed the keepers, and having thus gained acceſs to the priſoner, made her the mother of Perſeus. Acriſius being apprized of this illicit commerce, and the fruits of it, ordered the mother and her ſon to be locked up in a cheſt, and thrown into the ſea.

V. 1338. *Snatch'd from the flames*, ---] Jupiter being in love with Semele, Juno concerted the following ſcheme for the deſtruction of her rival. She appeared to Semele in the ſhape of Beroë, a nurſe, and inſinuated to her, that if her lover were really Jupiter, he would not diſguiſe himſelf like a mortal: and that the certainty of his divinity could no otherwiſe be aſcertained, than by his appearing before her with the ſame majeſty, which he aſſumed when he viſited Juno. Semele followed her advice; and Jupiter having ſworn by Styx to grant her whatever ſhe might aſk, approached her in the full blaze of his glory, and Semele was conſumed by his lightning. Jupiter being deſirous to preſerve the infant Bacchus, of whom Semele had been for ſome time pregnant, commiſſioned Mercury to deliver him from the flames, by taking him out of her womb, and conveying him to Eubœa. Here he was committed to the care of Macris. But Juno's reſentment being not yet ſubſided, ſhe forbade her favourite iſland Eubœa to give protection to the nurſe of Bacchus; who now fled for refuge to Phæacia.

V. 1505. *As when* ---] "The principal image (ſays Pope, Il. xiv. in a note on v. 457.) is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind by a multitude of ſimiles, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very vaſt: but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect." Since then the heaping together of ſimiles, when the occaſion requires, is conſidered as a proof of true poetical enthuſiaſm, it muſt be allowed that our poet, in this inſtance, as well as in many others, has ſhewn himſelf capable of riſing above that uniform mediocrity, which has, perhaps too haſtily, been aſcribed to him. For we have here an accumulation of compariſons the moſt elegant and appoſite. The deſpondent heroes are likened to ſpectres and ſtatues diſtilling drops of blood. Medea's fair attendants, lamenting their misfortunes, are compared to ſwallows, bereaved of their neſts and ſcreaming for their mother; and, immediately after, to the plaintive notes of dying ſwans.

This ſimile of the ſwallow is copied by Virgil, Æn. xii. 473.

V. 1649. *In Atlas' realm* :---] In Africa, where, according to Virgil, Atlas reigns:

Ultimus Æthiopum locus eſt, ubi maximus Atlas——

V. 1651. *The fair Heſperides* ---] They were the daughters of Heſperus, the brother of Atlas, and ſhepherdeſſes. Hercules carried off their ſheep (which, for their exquiſite beauty, were called golden) and ſlew the ſhepherd, whoſe name was Draco. The Greek word μῆλα, which ſignifies apples as well as ſheep, is ſuppoſed to have given riſe to the fiction.

Some are of opinion, that the fable of the ſerpent, who guarded the golden apples, and was ſaid to have been

been ſlain by Hercules, derives its origin from the Moſaic account of the fall.

V. 1749. *Thus ſees the clown,* ---] Tranſlated by Virgil, Æn. vi. 453.

——— qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
Aut videt aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam.

V. 1791. *For when brave Perſeus*---] It has been already remarked, that Danaë was incloſed in a cheſt by the command of her father Acriſius, and thrown into the ſea. This cheſt was caſt upon the iſland Seriphus, one of the Cyclades in the Ægæan ſea. It was found by a fiſherman, who brought it to Polydectes, king of the iſland. He received the mother and child with great tenderneſs: but falling in love with Danaë, and fearing the reſentment of Perſeus, now grown to manhood, he planned the following ſcheme for his deſtruction. Having invited the neighbouring princes to an entertainment, he deſired each of them to bring with him ſome rarities for the feaſt. Perſeus was required to bring on this occaſion the head of Meduſa, one of the Gorgons: an enterprize which the king imagined would prove fatal to him; but by the aſſiſtance of Minerva, he cut off the Gorgon's head; which, when he carried it to the iſland, turned its inhabitants into ſtone, and among the reſt, their king, Polydectes, who had ſent him out on the expedition. See *Pindar's Pyth. Od.* xii.

V. 1817. *His corſe the bright-arm'd heroes thrice ſurround,*] Virgil takes occaſion to mention the ſame cuſtom in the following words:

Ter circum accenſos cincti fulgentibus armis
Decurrere rogos: ter mæſtum funeris ignem
Luſtravare in equis, ululatuque ore dederunt. *Æn.* xi.

1870. *Your courſe, that cape once doubled,*---] It would

would contribute towards clearing this obſcure paſſage, if inſtead of ἴσος, we read ὑπὲρ. This conjecture may the more readily be admitted, as we meet with the ſame expreſſion, ἀγκῶνος ὑπὲρ ωξύχοντος, at v. 1626.

V. 1943. *There Talus* ---] The following is Broome's note, prefixed to his tranſlation of the ſtory of Talus.

The following verſes from Apollonius will appear very extravagant, unleſs we have recourſe to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his Minos writes thus:

Talus and Rhadamanthus were the aſſiſtants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to viſit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmoſt ſeverity. The poet alludes to this cuſtom in theſe words:

> Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
> The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores.

Talus is fabled to be formed of braſs, becauſe the laws, which he carried with him in his circuit, were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable, but the fable of the burſting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, aroſe from the manner of puniſhment practiſed by him; which was, by the opening of a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death.

V. 2093. *Inſtant emerging* ---] See on this ſubject Pindar's Pyth. Od. iv. towards the beginning.

V. 2096. ---- *Sintian Lemnos* ----] The Sintians were orginally Thracians; but ſettled afterwards at Lemnos.

V. 2118. *And added years to years exalt my verſe.*] It was cuſtomary with the Greeks, not only to ſing hymns, but to recite heroic poems in honour of the gods and heroes at their feſtive meetings.

NOTES

TO THE

RAPE OF HELEN.

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES, a Theban poet, flouriſhed in the reign of the emperor Anaſtaſius, about five hundred years after Chriſt. He is ſaid to have been the author of ſeveral poems; none of which have come down to us except this, which in many paſſages is corrupt and mutilated. There is an excellent edition of this poem by *Lennep*. There is alſo an old tranſlation of it by *Sir Edward Sherburne*; to whom I acknowledge myſelf indebted for ſome of his uſeful annotations.

Did the inſertion of this little poem ſtand in need of an apology, it might be made by obſerving, that the ſubjects of the two poems are not wholly diſſimilar. In the one is celebrated *the rape of Medea*, in the other *the rape of Helen*; two events of equal celebrity in ancient ſtory.

On the title of this poem Sir Edward Sherburne makes the following not unpleaſant remark: "The

word *rape* muſt not be taken in the common acceptation of the expreſſion. For Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more kind-hearted than to ſuffer ſuch a violence. It muſt be taken rather for a tranſporting of her with her conſent from her own country to Troy: which Virgil ſeems to inſinuate in the firſt book of his Æneid, where, ſpeaking of Helen, he ſays,

Pergama cum *peteret*, ——

The word *peteret* implies that the quitting of her country, and going along with Paris, was an act ſhe deſired, as well as conſented to; and thus much the enſuing poem makes good."

V. 2. *From Xanthus' fertile ſtreams* ---] The moſt celebrated river in Troas: it derived its ſource from mount Ida.

V. 10. --- *clown.*] The ancients eſteemed the art of huſbandry to be of all others the moſt honourable. The hands of princes ſuſtained at the ſame time the crook and the ſceptre. Paris, the ſon of Priam, king of Troy, is repreſented in this poem under the character of a ſhepherd. In our times the care of flocks and herds is committed to the loweſt orders of the people. Shepherd and clown are terms with us nearly ſynonymous. But we muſt endeavour to ſeparate from them the ideas of churliſhneſs and ill-breeding, when applied, as the ancients applied them, to heroes and kings.

V. 24. *With hymeneal ſongs for Peleus ſung,*] It was a fiction of the poets, that Peleus, the ſon of Æacus, and pupil of Chiron, married Thetis the daughter of Nereus; and that all the Gods attended at their nuptials on mount Pelion, except Eris or Diſcord, in whoſe preſence agreement and harmony could not long

long ſubſiſt. See on this ſubject *Catullus de Nupt. Pel. & Thet.* and *Valerius Flaccus*, L. i. v. 129.

V. 42. *His looſe locks* ---] The correſpondent lines in the original ought to be placed after v. 33. as *Lennep* rightly obſerves: to that place (immediately after the poet's mention of Diana) the tranſlator has reſtored them.

V. 56. *With deſperate hand* ---] The conjectural reading of *Voſſius* is here preferred; as it ſeems to contain more ſenſe and more poetry than any other. He reads,

——————— χειρὶ δὲ λαιῇ
Οὐδὲ τὶ κόλλοπ' ἔρυξε, κὴ ἦν ἐφυράσσατο πέτρην.

V. 79. *For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.*] Apples were eſteemed the ſymbol of love, and dedicated to *Venus*. They were alſo conſidered as allurements of love, and were diſtributed as preſents among lovers. Hence the expreſſions *μηλοβολεῖν*, and *malo petere*, in Theocritus and Virgil.

V. 89. *The cloſe-arch'd eyebrow*, ---] The ancients looked upon ſuch eyebrows, which our poet calls *βλεφάρων συνοχὴν*, as eſſential to form a beautiful face. See *Anacreon*'s deſcription of his miſtreſs, and *Theocr. Id.* viii. 72.

V. 99. *Summon'd her little Loves*, ---] They were ſuppoſed to be very numerous:

——————— volucrumque exercitus omnis amorum.
Val. Flac. vi. 457.

V. 116. *My bow this Ceſtus*, ---] The Ceſtus of Venus, of which Homer makes particular mention, Il. xiv. 216. derives its name ἀπὸ τοῦ κεντεῖν. To

which ſtimulating quality our poet alludes in the following line,

And with this Ceſtus I infix my *ſting*.

V. 205. *Beauty, their beſt defence, their ſtrongeſt mail.*]

——— κάλλος,
Ἄντ' ἀσπίδων ἁπασῶν
Ἄντ' ἐγχέων ἀπάντων. Anacr. Od. xi.

V. 267 and 268. ---*Iſmarus*--- *Pangræa*---] Mountains in Thrace. The former is alſo the name of a lake.

V. 269. *Now Phillis' riſing tomb*.---] Demophoon, ſon of Theſeus, on his return from Troy paſſed through Thrace, where he was hoſpitably received by Phillis, its queen, who fell in love with and married him. He having expreſſed his deſire to viſit Athens, his native country, Phillis conſented to his departure, upon condition that he would return on a certain day which ſhe ſhould appoint. Demophoon promiſed to be with her on the appointed day. When the day came, Phillis, tortured with the pangs of an impatient lover, ran nine times to the ſhore, which from this circumſtance was called in Greek *Enneados*: but unable any longer to ſupport his abſence, ſhe in a fit of deſpair hanged herſelf. See *Ovid's Epiſt.* ii. *Phillis to Demoph.*

V. 274. *Phthia* ---] A province and city of Theſſaly; the birth-place of Achilles. But, for a more particular account of Coluthus's geography, the reader may conſult *Lennep*'s note on v. 215. where he ſhews, (to make uſe of his own words) *quam fuerit in Geographicis* hoſpes *Coluthus.*

V. 296. *Him with delight* ---] Hyacinthus was a young prince of the city Amyclæ in Laconia. He had

had made ſo extraordinary a progreſs in literature, that he was conſidered as a favourite of Apollo. As he was playing with his fellows, he was unfortunately ſtruck on the head by a quoit, and died of the blow. The poets have enlarged on this ſimple ſtory in the following manner.

The wind which blew the quoit aſide, and gave it the fatal direction, they have called Zephyrus; whom they have repreſented as the rival of Apollo. Zephyrus, having received for his kindneſſes to Hyacinthus the moſt ungrateful returns, was reſolved to puniſh him for his inſolence: and having challenged him one day to a game of quoits, he ſtruck the unfortunate youth a blow on the temples.

The inhabitants of Amyclæ, ſays the poet,

——————— δηΐῳ ἀήτου
Σκυζόμενος, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνήγαγεν. ———

were diſpleaſed with the conteſt propoſed by Zephyrus, and withdrew Hyacinthus from the fight; or, perhaps (ſtill better to connect this with the following ſentence) they brought him out, and ſpirited him on to the fight, preſuming that his favourite God would enable him to come off victorious; --- αὐταῤ Ἀπόλλων, &c.

This is *Lennep*'s conjectural reading; which, whether the true one or not, muſt be allowed to affix a tolerable meaning to a paſſage that was before very unintelligible.

V. 302. *Earth with compaſſion* ---] From the blood that was ſpilt on the ground Apollo produced a flower, called after the name of his favourite youth. See *Ovid. Metam.* L. x.

V. 331. --- *Neſtor's ſon* ---] Antilochus, mentioned frequently in Hom. Il.

V. 333. --- *Æacidæ* ---] The deſcendants of Æacus. He was the ſon of Jupiter and Ægina: his offspring were Phocus, Peleus, Teucer, and Telamon.

V. 390. *Two gates of airy dreams ſhe opens wide*;] The fiction to which our author in this place, and Virgil in Æneid vi. allude, is borrowed from B. xix. of Hom. Odyſſ. It is imagined, that this ſtory of the gates of ſleep may have had a real foundation, and have been built upon the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians. See the note on v. 656. B. xix. of Pope's Odyſſ. Our poet has repreſented theſe fanciful gates as opened by *Night*; and with great propriety.

"The ancients, ſays *Sir Edward Sherburne*, painted Sleep like a man heavy with ſlumber, his under garment white, his upper black, thereby expreſſing day and night; holding in his hand a horn, ſometimes really ſuch, ſometimes of ivory in the likeneſs of one; through which they feigned that he conveyed dreams: true when the ſame was of horn, falſe when of ivory." Some have aſſigned as a reaſon, why true dreams paſs through the gate of horn, and falſe ones through the gate of ivory; that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being tranſparent, and ivory of falſehood, as being impenetrable.

V. 448. *For ſleep his elder brother's aſpect wears*,] Virgil, Æn. vi. 278. calls Sleep *conſanguineus lethi*.

V. 450. *Hence the ſwoln eyes of females*, ---] Hence, *i. e.* by reaſon of the likeneſs there is betwixt theſe two affections.

V. 464. *At Cytherea's* ---] The line in the original is obſcure, and uſually miſplaced. It is given to Hermione, but without the leaſt reaſon. It is here reſtored to its proper place; and is an obſervation which comes naturally enough from the mouth of Helen. See *Lemnep's* note on the paſſage.

V. 482.

V. 482. *Caſſandra from her tower* ---] Caſſandra was the daughter of Priam, and prieſteſs of Apollo. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy; but, on her refuſing to comply with the conditions on which it was given her, he rendered it ineffectual, by ordaining that her predictions ſhould never be believed. Hence it was, that, when Paris ſet ſail for Greece in purſuit of Helen, her prophecy, that he ſhould bring home a flame, which ſhould conſume his country, was not regarded. Her appearance therefore on the preſent occaſion is quite in character; and our poet has ſhewn his judgment by the repreſentation he has given of her.

END OF THE NOTES.